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THE BALKANS

FRONTIER OF TWO WORLDS

T H E
B A L K A N S

FRONTIER OF TWO WORLDS


BY
WILLIAM B. KING
AND
FRANK O'BRIEN

ALFRED A. KNOFF




NEW YORK

1947



THIS IS A BORZOI BOOK,
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FIRST EDITION

F O R

FAY AND SEVIM

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THE BALKANS

FRONTIER OF TWO WORLDS



I

WHERE IDEOLOGIES CLASH



THE BALKANS—the narrowest land area where the Russian land-world runs into the Western sea-world, and where fear, conspiracy, and Great Power intrigue are endemic—are today the arena in which Russian and Anglo-American policies are butting heads.

The closing months of World War II found the vast Russian armies moving across the Balkan peninsula, pressing the Germans as the vise of defeat was narrowing in central Europe. But these Russian warriors came also as occupation troops for this strategic part of Europe, and they came, too, as missionaries and protectors of a revolutionary politico-economic theory of government—Communism.

As postwar developments have shown, the Soviet had a master plan for the Balkans: label it communist imperialism or another step toward world revolution, as you will. To help implement this plan the Russians had in each of the turbulent countries a loyal communist core, trained and ready for the job to be done.

The Anglo-Americans also had a plan for the Balkans, a vague and wishful program at best, based on the hope that all liberated peoples would turn instinctively toward representative democracy as their way out of the horrors of war.

Each plan had as an essential component the strict limitation of the political and economic influence envisioned by

the other. Thus the Balkan countries have, since the war's end, been the scene of a more subtle and far-reaching kind of battle than any fought with guns. Its weapons have been indirection, subterfuge, and nerve-war techniques, and—though the influence from the East has thus far scored most of the points in this desperate struggle—the struggle continues.

The turbulent Balkans may be thousands of miles away in distance and even farther in customs and manners from the average Western home, but they are nevertheless a political and strategic frontier with which every man and woman should be familiar who is interested in permanent peace. The intelligent citizen of the Western world may know little of the Balkans' jumbled dynastic history in detail, but he cannot with safety remain unacquainted with the world forces at work there.

Problems precede solutions. The problems of the Balkans are complex and require an informational background, since what is going to happen in the Balkans depends on the working-out of events that have taken place there since the close of the war. The authors of this book believe that they can and should set forth these Balkan problems, along with sketches of the many new and important personalities that have arisen in the postwar Balkan world.

Today, like those who watched the fatal upbuilding of mutually destructive forces in a Sophoclean or Shakespearian tragedy, all of us are spectators of the fatal upbuilding of Great Power antagonism, against the grisly backdrop and within the fetid atmosphere of the just-concluded World War—an atmosphere that threatens, with little change of scenery, to produce from within itself a new tragedy of overwhelming proportions. If, as in classic tragedy, the opposing forces are inherently antagonistic, incapable of being adjusted to harmony or even to mutual indifference, then we are proceeding toward almost inevitable

conflict—almost inevitable, since it can be avoided only if one side or the other were to give way on fundamentals, only if basic changes were to come about which would create a new situation.

In the Balkan drama, as within the idiot compulsion of classic tragedy, both authors perceive the seeds of death, and both are anxious to do whatever can be done through the spread of information—information presented with a minimum of bias—to uproot those seeds if it be possible. As the background, in both information and thought, of the news dispatches they have for so long sent from within the Balkans, they hope that the book will serve to make more understandable the future news from there.

How has the Balkan conflict, whose elements and personalities this book means to describe, arisen? Partly through a very basic clash of political and social systems, but partly, as always, through economic conflict, and partly (again, as always) through strategic conflict. For it is now clear that we have once more fallen upon the spines of balance-of-power politics, and that Franklin Delano Roosevelt's dream of a world healing under the balm of collaboration is, at least for a period, dead. But balance-of-power politics has never in the past led anywhere but to eventual war, and consequently, the realization that we are again playing the old, old game of jockeying for position—pitting today against tomorrow, bluff against bluff, better weapons against superior man-power, space against time, wits against luck, pride of nationality against the human horror of war—is basic to everything else, is the master signpost pointing out the road we are following, a road whose perils are plain to be seen in the history books.

For a great many centuries now nations have played at this dangerous game, as at a marathon poker game in which the losers are first stripped of all property and then led off to pay the final bet with their death. There have been ex-

tended winning streaks. Small fry have become great, and some of the great have been expunged. But on the whole it has grown harder and harder for the little man to hold his place in the game, and the chips have been steadily rising higher in fewer and fewer, greater and greater piles. Rome and Byzantium, the Holy Roman Empire, the Ottoman Empire, Napoleon's France, Spain's glory, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Kaiser's Germany, Mussolini's brief Italy, Hitler's Germany, and Japan's sun have all gone down; Elizabeth-and-Victoria's imperial Britain bets with borrowed chips and magnificent control on the basis of the most successful experience in history; the long-time puppet players, China and India, are in the same game on their own—unknown future quantities courted for the potentialities of danger.

But massively conspicuous, with such stakes to wager as no other nation has heretofore dreamed of, each with real world dominance for the first time seemingly within reach, the two great people's empires—the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—today, with less question than ever before, control the game of World Power politics on a world scale.

Between these two giants there are at least superficial points of similarity. Each is immense in territory, population, and resources. Each bears the hallmark of the naturally strong as distinguished from those who (like Britain and France) have lived by their wits: an ingrained belief in its own way and its own strength, its confidence that everybody surely prefers it to any other; and each is inclined to pettishness if these beliefs be questioned. Perhaps even more important is the likeness that divides: the fact that each of the two is an exponent of a philosophy that it considers good for everybody, everywhere. Russia, with its blind faith in Communism, seeks to impose the world revolution. The United States, with its equally hearty faith in democ-

racy, follows a policy that seeks to install universal democracy. And Russia fears the democratic (and competitive capitalistic) "world revolution" in much the same way that we fear the Russian brand of world revolution.

The antagonism between Russia and the United States is more basic than that between Russia and Britain, or between Russia and France, because neither Britain nor France regards its domestic political faith as necessarily an article of export. Both limit themselves to the strategic problems created by their economic and military affairs—and strategic problems are far more easily settled out of court than are fundamental clashes between messianic political systems. This is another and basic pointer toward trouble, an element of wrath, for no fight is ever so bitter as a religious quarrel, nor any weapon ever so piously justified as one used on the heathen to persuade them to a better way of life.

And here the point should be made that one of the great strategic errors of the war—for the deployment of ideas can be as strategically important as the development of men and weapons—was that the terms of reference in this "religious" conflict were allowed to become confused. During the war, both Britain and the United States granted to Russia the use of the word "democratic" to describe her political system and position. In the way the Soviets utilized it, however, this political label—ill-defined but of high significance—has been, by American and British criteria, gravely twisted and distorted in meaning. Thus Russia has been enabled to befuddle every issue in such vital but politically backward areas as the Balkans by adopting a tag that should never have been granted her.

For Soviet Russia has no more right to the label "democracy," in the sense of political justice as understood and practised in Britain and the United States, than have Britain and the United States to the description "communist"

to denote their political and economic philosophies to people familiar with neither. Realizing their error too late, and in self-defense, the Atlantic Allies have had to invent the term "Western Democracy"—whereupon Russia now points to "Eastern Democracy" as the real article and vilifies "Western Democracy" as a perversion by the Western capitalistic world.

It remains to be seen whether any of the likenesses between Russia and the United States are unifiers, or whether all are the kind that divide. It is possible that some day these two vast nations may be drawn together by the good nature inherent in confident strength. But the cleavages between them—especially the cleavage between their rival missionary doctrines—are not the only difficulty. Equally formidable is the contrast in historical backgrounds.

Practically from its birth favored by nature and circumstances, the United States has grown to full strength with few factors opposing its development. By contrast, Russia's history is an almost unrelieved tale of woe. What are now the great unified spaces of Soviet Russia were for many centuries the prey of neighboring peoples and served as incubating grounds for whole new nations—Ottoman Turks, Magyars, South Slavs. During much of her history, poverty combined with exploitation by her own grasping, blood-thirsty regimes kept her almost prostrate, and thereafter she was used mostly as a great stupid pawn in European power politics. Although today she is at the highest pinnacle of power she has ever confidently occupied, her history of misrule, dupery, and conquest has left her—quite apart from the oriental character of her present regime—a suspicious, hard-bitten nation with a grudge against most of the non-Russian world. The insulated suspicion which, inherent in communist doctrine, sits naturally on such a foundation makes Russia very different from insouciant United States.

Nor should it be overlooked that Communism is basically a philosophy of wrath and regimentation, openly preaching and practising the doctrine that the great majority of people do not know what is good for them and must be led, pushed, bullied, or even tortured into a happy future; whereas democracy's basic faith is reposed in the good judgment and the sound character of the common man and in his ability to manage his own affairs through wise mass action.

It can still be hoped, however, that just as the past five decades in the United States have seen a steady growth in the regulatory function of democratic government—a compromise recognizing the variant theory that, whereas the common man may know basically what is good for him, his central government has got to have a great deal of sharp executive power to keep him out of trouble in specific cases, whether or not he really likes it—the coming decades may, if they can be kept free of major wars, see increased amity between Russia and the Western democracies to the point where the two regimes may so overcome their mutual antagonism as to avert armed conflict and the destruction of one or the other. This, of course, assumes a continuance of the basic good will with which the United States has up to now viewed the rest of the world and desired to live with it.

But the fact of present, here-now antagonism between the Russian and the American peoples, and between the doctrines which both apparently feel bound to propagate, cannot be blinked. And it is in the Balkans that this antagonism is found in sharpest relief, though it can be duplicated (or nearly duplicated) in several other regions—e.g., the Middle East and Manchuria.

Like most large-scale geographic terms, "The Balkans" is so loosely used that we might well define what is meant by it here. For the present authors, the Balkan nations are the Danubian states, with the exception of Germany, Aus-

tria, and Hungary, and with the addition of Albania, Greece, and Turkey—i.e., Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey.

It is a schizophrenic area of badly mixed peoples on mostly poor though strategically located land. It has been invaded, conquered, and put to the sword more times than the historian can count—by Crusaders, Russians, Ottoman Turks, and Germans; and this quite aside from the strong inclination its own people have (too often needled by Great Power interests) to fight among themselves whenever they have the peace and quiet in which to do it.

Each country, with the possible exception of that part of Turkey which lies in Europe, has irritating islands of some other Balkan or Great Power peoples in it. The Moslem, the Orthodox, and the Roman Catholic religions zealously dominate some regions, and the Orthodox and the Roman Catholics peer hungrily into each other's territories, politick to the hilt in their own regional affairs, and fight savagely on occasion. The Balkans have always bred anti-Semitism.

The Balkan area is the bridge from southeast Europe to northwest Asia, from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea. Its great river, the Danube, both militarily and economically strategic, courses from Central European Germania to the European-Asiatic Black Sea. It is peopled by something like eighty million souls of Turkish, Greek, Slav, Jewish, Magyar, and Latin strains (plus other minor strains), jumbled uncomfortably and irritatingly together in its mountainous interior. So woeful has its history been that most of these people bear well-nourished grudges against all the others, both as nations and as races, to say nothing of religious affiliations.

It can thus be readily understood how easy it has been for the Great Powers, bent on furthering their own aims, to meddle in the Balkans, aggravating the chronic strife there.

Nor, considering the peninsula's strategic position between East and West, North and South, Mediterranean-stream-of-history and oriental culture, is it hard to grasp the why and wherefore of this meddling. In its course—in the course of invasion and conquest, colonization and withdrawal—and also in the course of the search by backward and isolated peoples for roots promising firm growth in the world, the Balkan area has come to be dominated by distinct and antagonistic cultures. Turkey is Moslem—but it is also Turkish as distinct from Arabic. Greece stands upon her glorious history and needs look no farther for her cultural roots. Bulgaria and Serbia have the Pan-Slav *yen*. Rumania discovered her roots in the Roman conquest of what was then called Dacia, and counts herself Latin because of the offspring and the colonizers left behind; but she has found her modern Latin affinity in France, and apes everything French. Croatia bears a strong Germanic impress from her long association with the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Albania has her own history as ancient Illyria, but went Moslem with the Turk. Serbia, Greece, Bulgaria, and most of Rumania are Orthodox Catholic; Croatia and part of the Rumanians are Roman Catholic.

Today this already schizophrenic area is newly divided, but again on Great Power lines in the Balkans. Over Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Albania, and Hungary hangs the Red Star of Soviet Russia.

Sharply divided as though in another world, Greece and Turkey, viewing the apparently come-to-stay tactics of Russia in her area of the Balkans, snuggle ever closer into the orbit of the United States and Britain, whose navies ride the seas that wash the Greek and Turkish shores, seas that lead toward the non-landlocked, non-Russian world outside. It is along this division that Mr. Churchill pictured an "Iron Curtain," hung there by Soviet Russia in order to keep out the rest of the world. But Mr. Churchill's con-

ception proves nothing beyond Mr. Churchill's own opinion, the view he believes should be the British view. His "Iron Curtain" simile was, as usual, perfect in this respect; also as usual, it ignored any other possible view of the situation.

The facts are, however, that another view does exist—the Soviet view—and that Soviet Russia has an ideology, a regime, a people, and an army prepared to enforce that view. And herein lies the seed of conflict.

The Soviet view, discoverable by anybody who listens to Radio Moscow or reads any Russian newspaper (or, for that matter, any communist newspaper anywhere in the world), is that Russia faces an Anglo-American "Iron Curtain"—a curtain that shuts her in *along Britain's Empire Line* through Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Middle East and to India.

Now there is no denying that such a line of demarcation does exist between the Soviet world and the Western, or that the line does follow points behind which lie the seas and ports and canals, the air-bases and land-bases and communications, of Great Britain, the Low Countries, Gibraltar, North Africa, Malta, Italy, Greece, the Aegean Islands, Turkey, Palestine, Suez, the Irakian-Iranian oilfields and ports, and so to India and the Pacific. The first question is: Whose line is it, and is it Russian-created or Anglo-American created? If this be answered, the second question is: Why?

Here, then, are found the first fruits of the seed of conflict, whose riper fruits can be war itself—the conflict marked by the two Iron Curtains, and in character geophysical, racial, religious, philosophical, historical, economic, and strategical, with the wayward Balkans as its seeding-ground. The introductory picture of the Balkan situation given above explains why this peninsula should have become such a seeding-ground. And the explanation has two corollaries.

The first is that if the conflict can be suppressed in so natural an area of conflict, we may hope that it can be suppressed everywhere else. And the less optimistic corollary, of course, is that if it cannot be suppressed there, it perhaps cannot be suppressed anywhere.

II

YUGOSLAVIA—FREEDOM FOR WHOM?



Smrt Fascismo, Sloboda Naradu! Death to Fascism, Liberty to the People! This was the admirable battle cry with which Marshal Josip Broz-Tito rose to power in Yugoslavia. It is written on the sides of the Belgrade streetcars. It forms the official closing of all state correspondence. And a bill from a tradesman or an invitation to a concert is likely to end with it. To a people oppressed by four years of Axis occupation, the slogan came as a breath of fresh air, giving promise of new life and new happiness, of an end to misgovernment that has so frequently burdened Yugoslavia in the past. But the paint with which the four words had been slapped onto bare walls throughout Yugoslavia had hardly dried when people began to ask: What is Fascism? What is Liberty? Who are the People who are entitled to enjoy it?

Many things in Yugoslavia today are like that. Democracy, Liberty, Freedom—these are terms as revered in the pronouncements of the present Yugoslav government as in an American Fourth-of-July oration. But they just don't seem to have the same meaning in the two countries. Marshal Tito's regime is too often like a cross-eyed man crossing the street through heavy traffic: he appears to be looking in one direction while traveling in another.

There is a story, doubtless apocryphal, which has been retold gleefully throughout Yugoslavia. A minor ministry official (we'll call him Markic) was sent to Switzerland to

buy badly needed equipment. He made his purchases, had them packed, and saw them safely on the road to Yugoslavia. Then he sat down to write his minister. His mission was completed, he said, and his accounts were in order. But, he explained, he was not returning to Yugoslavia; and he ended his letter almost in correct form: "Death to Fascism, Liberty to Markic!"

There are a few who, like Markic, have escaped the distastefulness of Tito's communization of Yugoslavia. For the others, however, who hate and fear what is happening, there is no choice but to endure living in the midst of the double-talk of repression (in the name of freedom) and economic revolution (in the name of legal justice).

This is the regime with which American relations have been deteriorating since the end of the war, until by this time Yugoslavia has become the symbol of the conflict between the East and the West in Europe. The shooting down of two American transport planes by the Yugoslav army was simply an inevitable climax in the evolution of soured relations between Yugoslavia, as it proceeded rough-shod to establish a Russian-type totalitarianism, and the United States, moving cautiously and erratically toward the development of a foreign policy which should recognize our interest in political events throughout the world. It was fortunate that this painfully evolved policy had crystallized to such a point that we were able to counter the Yugoslav attack with our most positive diplomatic stand since the war's end. The tragedy of the slain fliers had the single fortunate consequence that it jolted the American public to a realization of the forces we face in the Balkan peninsula.

The war was still raging in northern Yugoslavia when the first officers of the United States embassy arrived in Belgrade to re-establish direct diplomatic relations with the government of Marshal Tito. It was a mission to the country of an ally who had fought bravely against heavy odds,

but who had been materially assisted in the last phase of the fight with supplies and vital air support from Americans and Britons. It was a mission to a government professing democracy and a love of freedom. As a gesture toward the expected revitalization of friendship, the post was raised from a legation to an embassy. It should have been one of the most congenial and satisfying diplomatic jobs in Europe. Events proved it to be one of the most harassing.

The source of the friction, which grew daily, was the American assumption that the Big Three agreements of Yalta, guaranteeing democratic processes in the Balkans, and Tito's own agreements, on which his coalition government was based, would be observed. America's postwar policy in Europe assumed that our country had an interest and an obligation to see that such agreements were carried out. To the ruling caste in the new Yugoslavia—deep in the task of imposing a new system on its people—this American interest was considered interference. From the beginning the role of American (and British) diplomacy in Yugoslavia was to complain that international agreements for democracy in Yugoslavia were being ignored. Thus, America and Britain became enemies of Tito's program of communizing Yugoslavia. Yugoslav officialdom countered by ignoring or denying the allegations in the Anglo-American complaints and by putting hundreds of petty difficulties in the way of the embassies' personnel.

Immediately after the war had ended the British and American military missions were ordered to leave, although the Russian mission continued its full-scale operations. The story of how the missions were ordered out of Yugoslavia demonstrates the air of calculated unfriendliness that prevailed.

Lieutenant Colonel Frank Lindsay, chief of the American Military Mission in Yugoslavia, was called to the office of General Arso Jovanovic, chief of the Yugoslav General

Staff. With him went the chief of the British military mission.

Without formalities the General said: "I am instructed by the Marshal to tell you that the missions must be closed. There is no longer any reason for their operating in Yugoslavia." And, though he stated that the ruling was to apply alike to all such military missions, the Russian mission continued for months and the French mission for a shorter time.

Taken aback by the suddenness of the dismissal, Lindsay seized the occasion to recount the assistance that the American and British missions had given to Yugoslavia. He recalled how the first Anglo-American officers parachuted into Yugoslavia to join the Partisan forces and took out the reports that gave Tito the governmental and popular following of the Allies. He reminded General Jovanovic of other officers who had come to maintain liaison with Allied headquarters in Europe and to assist with supplies dropped from Allied planes at a time when the Partisans needed them most. He talked with feeling and at length.

General Jovanovic replied that the supplies that the Partisans had received were much smaller than had been expected, and that anyway they were Yugoslavia's "right." Point by point he minimized each service that Lindsay had adduced. He did give some grudging praise to Allied personnel who had died beside Partisan troops, but it was the only intimation of appreciation in his whole harangue.

The interview occurred at the time that the Yugoslav army was claiming the capture of Trieste, although the German garrison there had surrendered to British troops. Careful to phrase it just short of being offensive, Jovanovic ended the talk by declaring:

"I know that Field Marshal Alexander is a soldier and a gentleman and that he will not continue to claim victories that are not his."

There was a definite chill in the air as the two officers left.

After the withdrawal of the military mission, the same unfriendly attitude continued against American diplomatic personnel. Yugoslav employes of the embassy were subjected to intimidation and arrest. U.S. Army Graves Registration personnel were accused of espionage as they traveled the country seeking out the temporary burial places of American airmen who had died on Yugoslav soil in the common fight. The Army Transport Command—for months the sole effective contact with the outside world for Americans in Yugoslavia—was hounded almost to the point of impotence.

The slavishly obedient press carried only warped or unfavorable news about the United States and Great Britain. There were hard-to-ignore rumors that young officers in the Yugoslav army were being psychologically conditioned for the "inevitable" war with England and America. These and hundreds of less tangible things made the American feel that he was sojourning in a country where he and all he stood for were on the official hate list.

While American diplomacy sought to implement the guarantees of democracy—the keystone of our planned post-war policy—the Tito regime was being subsidized by American-supported UNRRA. It is hard to say whether UNRRA's fundamental conception was high idealism or political ineptitude; but it is clear that the American right hand in Yugoslavia did not know what the American left hand was doing. In so far as Yugoslavia has bypassed the democratic forms that America felt should be guaranteed, the American embassy has failed in Belgrade. But perhaps the failure was unavoidable. In such a case, diplomacy can only be a voice of protest.

Apparently the task of diplomacy now is to understand

what has happened in Yugoslavia and how it happened and what will happen next. It must also be decided whether an expanding Communism which has effectively taken over Yugoslavia constitutes a threat, and if it does how it can be opposed at some future time in some other country.

III

YUGOSLAVIA—THE ROOTS OF REVOLUTION



YUGOSLAVIA is a new country, as countries go, born in the map-revising days of 1918. Conceived in the maelstrom of World War I, it was pieced together like a giant jigsaw puzzle from two previously independent countries and chunks of outmoded empires. Its people were united by a common Slav ancestry but divided by diverse cultural backgrounds and antagonistic religions. Only a student of Balkan history can unravel the dynastic intrigues, the religious hatreds, and the economic conflicts that lie in the backgrounds of the Orthodox Serbs, Macedonians, and Montenegrins, the Catholic Croats and Slovenes, and the Moslem Bosnians. Volumes could be, and have been, written about the Germanic, Italian, and Turkish influences on these various peoples. But, though the past is confusion, the postwar present shows a surprising uniformity. Marshal Tito's program in Yugoslavia has made it possible to speak of the country as a whole. For the first time the same thing—for good or bad—is happening to everybody. Religious enmities have been replaced by class conflicts. Both Catholic and Orthodox churches have become the butts of government oppression.

With its economic lifelines in the winding Danube and the blue Adriatic, and its political heart given unashamedly to Russia, Yugoslavia has guaranteed itself a place of importance in future European developments. This elongated country stretching from the Greek border to the Austrian

has been an important economic highway in the past and will continue to be in the future. In the past it has also been a vital military highway, from the days of the Roman Empire to those of World War II.

To understand the Yugoslavia of today one must start with a basic fact: a revolutionary civil war has been fought and won in Yugoslavia, won by a tightly organized, efficient, and superbly directed little group of Communists around Josip Broz-Tito. The fact that this revolution was fought concurrently with the great European battles of the war hid its significance in a way that served the revolutionaries well.

The civil war in Yugoslavia was won before the outside world understood clearly that it was being fought. What has happened in Yugoslavia since its liberation from the Nazi occupation has been simply an implementation of this revolution. Every postwar move from the abolition of the monarchy to the nationalization of commerce and industry was implicit in the program of that small band of Partisans who formed themselves to fight an uneven battle against the invaders.

This Partisan movement was the creation of Tito and his colleagues of the prewar communist underground in Yugoslavia. It fought with bravery and daring. It deserved the admiration and respect with which its existence was greeted by the war-harassed peoples of America and Britain. It was a constant thorn in the side of the Germans, who sought repeatedly to annihilate the army that seemed to spring from the stony hills to torment them. But it also was a revolutionary army, mapping a new future for Yugoslavia, although many soldiers in its ranks probably did not realize this.

We are concerned here with postwar developments, but it may be well to look into the background of the communist party of the country. It sprang from a relatively ineffective underground movement in 1941 to become master of

Yugoslavia in 1945. What is frequently forgotten is that in the elections of 1920—the first held by the infant Yugoslavia—the communist party won 58 seats in the constituent assembly, establishing itself as the third strongest party in the new nation.

Russia, still bleeding from war and revolution, was as frightening to and little understood by the outside world then as she is now. A pretext was quickly found by the Royal Yugoslav government for outlawing the communist party, and it was driven underground. What could no longer be seen was no longer feared, but in the furtive and illegal existence forced upon them the Communists of Yugoslavia forged their weapons and hardened and trained their leaders for the future.

One can know little of the history of an underground movement (Communists keep their own counsel on such matters even in the days of victory), but it does appear that the party fell into ineffectiveness immediately after its legal dissolution. Ideological differences among its leaders combined with ruthless official persecution to nullify its influence in preponderantly peasant Yugoslavia. However, in 1937 the party was purged of bickering and undisciplined members and was united under a determined brand of leaders who put their program above ideological differences and action above theory. The foremost of these was Josip Broz as secretary-general of the Yugoslav communist party. Thus Broz-Tito—his purge (that apparently essential preliminary for every up-and-coming dictator) accomplished early—was all set for the vistas which were to open for him less than five years later.

Even in his days of princely opulence, living the life of luxury in the homes of former princes of Yugoslavia, Broz-Tito, the peasant-born former metalworker, keeps his early career as secret as he did during his life as a fugitive worker in the ranks of his illegal party. The most persistent reporter

finds blank years, divergent accounts, and unexplained events when he attempts to reconstruct the life of the man who came out of the dim communist underground and from the field of guerrilla warfare to don gaudy uniforms and rule his country in the name of his harsh politico-economic religion.

Notwithstanding reports that he is a Russian, Broz-Tito was born May 25, 1892, in the neat, squat, stuccoed peasant house of his grandfather in the Croatian village of Kumrovec. The village, a typical poverty-stricken peasant settlement, straddles a muddy stream trickling through the rolling fields of the province of Hrvatsko Zagorje. When in May 1946 Tito returned to this province, there was the ring of typical political nostalgia in an informal talk he gave to a group of peasants:

"I understand you, since I too from my sixth year had to hoe corn. At seven o'clock in the morning I went to school, and later after lunch had to go back once more into the fields to hoe."

The future Marshal of Yugoslavia was still in his early teens when he left Kumrovec to learn metalworking in near-by Sisak, a small town 35 miles south of Zagreb. In those days Croatia was under the rule of the bumbling and cumbersome old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Dissatisfaction with political and economic conditions was general among the people, and it was natural that a political-minded youth like young Broz should plunge into the conspiratorial atmosphere with enthusiasm.

He was already deeply involved in labor politics when in his twenty-third year his life and the course of history were changed by the revolver shots with which a young student named Gavrilo Princip assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary in near-by Sarajevo.

Tito probably applauded the assassination. Most revolution-minded Slavs did. But in the world mobilization that

followed he was conscripted into the hated Austro-Hungarian army. Quickly he solved his personal problem in this matter by deserting to the Russian army in the Galician campaign of 1915. In prisoner-of-war camps of crumbling Tsarist Russia the young Croatian laborer caught the revolutionary fever which was sweeping the Russian army and the country behind it. Somehow—the method, like most of his life story, is his own secret—Broz-Tito switched to the Bolshevik revolutionary army. This army, like another he was to create and lead two decades later, though formed on a shoestring fought through to victory.

From the communist victory in Russia his course was set. It was a course that carried him into prison and into the life of a fugitive, but also to the head of his country's government. Back in Yugoslavia with his mission as a fighter for the world revolution, Broz-Tito assumed a place in the leadership of his old union, the metalworkers. His radical agitation soon made him a marked man on the police books of King Alexander's Communist-hating Royal Yugoslav government. It was in those days that the pseudonym "Tito" began to be signed to articles by Broz in the illegal communist press. Workers in the communist underground use pseudonym on top of pseudonym to hide their identity from the police or even at times from their colleagues. The name "Tito" has no other significance.

Broz-Tito's communist activities centered in Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, and there in 1928 he was indicted and sentenced to six years in prison. The charges were relatively minor, involving the dissemination of subversive literature. In another rare reference to his past, Tito told an audience in Zagreb on May 15, 1946, on the occasion of his election as a freeman of the city:

"I lived much in this city in my youth, in the days of the hardest struggle, but I never believed I would become a citizen of Zagreb. In 1928 I almost became a citizen of your

city, but I was arrested and sentenced to six years at hard labor, so my desire came to nothing.”

The next peak in Broz-Tito's career came with the civil war in Spain. He became an important cog in the machine set up to smuggle men from the Balkan countries to fight on the side of the Republican forces in their losing struggle against General Francisco Franco's reactionary rebels. In Paris he established secret headquarters which became one of the final stations in the underground railroad that furnished false papers to get leftist sympathizers across the border and into the international brigades that formed the shock troops of the government army. There is no evidence that Broz-Tito himself fought in the Spanish war, but many of the men he helped to reach Spain from Yugoslavia were to turn up a few years later as his top lieutenants in the Partisan army.

Training and experience had prepared Broz-Tito for the role he was to play in Yugoslav and world history. But on the outbreak of World War II in 1939 the Yugoslav Communists—like their far-flung colleagues from New York to Paris—were not interested in the “imperialistic war.” The invasion of Yugoslavia on April 6, 1941, by hordes of Germans and Italians apparently found the Yugoslav communist party as unprepared as it did the inefficient and unpopular Royal Yugoslav government. Many key Communists were in jail, where they remained until they were taken out and shot by the invaders. It is to the Communists' credit, however, that they made a quick recovery. Broz-Tito, who had been living in Zagreb under an assumed identity—as Tomanek, a Czech engineer—called his closest followers into a conference on strategy on the day that German troops entered Belgrade. They met in the back room of a simple milk shop and decided on resistance.

Immediately thereafter Broz-Tito fled to Belgrade—where the communist party apparently was stronger in

quality of membership if not in number. There he began organization of the resistance with Alexander Rankovic, who at 35 years of age in the days of victory which were to follow became minister of interior of Republican Yugoslavia and as such head of the all-powerful secret police, OZNA.

At the same time there was another man planning big things in Axis-occupied Yugoslavia—Colonel Drazaljub Mihailovic, who but for fate and his own ineptitude might have been the boss of Yugoslavia today. Instead he died ignominiously before a firing squad, a figure of ludicrous tragedy. Mihailovic was a career officer in the Royal Yugoslav army, and apparently an efficient one by Royal Yugoslav army standards, which weren't very high. He served as military attaché in several Balkan capitals. Despite his extreme nearsightedness he was in those days a gay and personable soldier, and his voluble French made him welcome in the drawing-rooms of the diplomatic sets he knew. Just before the invasion of Yugoslavia he was accused of too intimate relations with British military circles and was transferred to a post in Croatia as a form of punishment. He was there when the lightning invasion came, disrupting the Yugoslav army in a matter of hours.

It was always a part of the Yugoslav general staff program to use guerrilla warfare in any defense action, and to this end an official Yugoslav Chetnik organization formed an integral part of the country's defense. Its job was to organize guerrilla activity behind the enemy lines. "Chetnik" is an ancient term stemming from the days of the struggles against the Ottoman occupation of the Balkan peninsula. Ever since the wars of the nineteenth-century Chetniks had proved their value, particularly in Serbia. The name so captured the imagination of the common people that this bit of

magic historical lore was, quite understandably, incorporated into the army organization officially.

Mihailovic was not the man whom the pre-invasion general staff had chosen to head the Chetnik irregulars, though he was a member of the organization and a leading exponent of guerrilla warfare. The man who had been designated for the job was one Kosta Pecanac, a hero of former wars. He failed before he began: in the first year of the occupation he threw in his lot with the quisling premier of Serbia, the aged Milan Nedic.

Avoiding capture after the defeat of the Yugoslav army, Mihailovic made his way through Bosnia to the hills of western Serbia, taking a small group of followers with him. He set up headquarters on the plateau of Ravna Gora on May 11, 1941, and in the following August established contact with the British.

Thus, within little more than a month after the curtain of defeat had been drawn around Yugoslavia, hiding its sufferings and hopes from the outside world, the nuclei of two resistance movements had developed. Scattered uprisings were inevitable in Yugoslavia. The Serbs, the Montenegrins, the Bosnians, and the Croats have longer histories of struggle against foreign occupation than of self-governing freedom. It was foreordained that they should revert to their ancient hostility to the new invader. Both Mihailovic and Tito realized this. One of the main concerns of each was to rally as much as possible of this spontaneous hostility to his own banner.

It would seem that Mihailovic started with the stronger hand. He had the magic name of "Chetnik" as his own. Behind him he had the plans and preparations of the Yugoslav general staff for guerrilla warfare. He had the backing of the exiled Yugoslav government as soon as they should discover him. And he had an excellent prospect of material

support from Britain. The forces against him were mostly of his own making: he appears to have had no conception of the tremendous political and ideological forces elsewhere struggling for domination. His nearsighted world centered in Serbia; his was a mental blindness that led him to compromises and co-operation with the enemy without regard for the consequences of these outside his own bailiwick. Confident of eventual Allied victory, he seems to have had no purpose other than to keep a force armed but immobilized for the war's end. That Allied headquarters in Cairo approved this plan does not free him from the blame for it. He pandered to the snobbish Serbian idea that the collapse of Yugoslavia had been caused by Croatian duplicity—a conception that prevented his movement from becoming a national one. He quickly decided that the chief enemies of Yugoslavia were the communist-led Partisans and not the Axis invaders; and this decision led logically to collaboration with the Axis. There is no question that the Partisans *were* the enemies of the Yugoslavia that Mihailovic represented and sought to preserve. The answer, however, was not co-operation with the enemy and the quisling governments—a co-operation that was proved to the satisfaction of every foreign correspondent who attended Mihailovic's subsequent trial. It was a course that could lead only to the firing squad that finally claimed him.

Perhaps Fate dealt her cruelest blow to Mihailovic in allowing him to appear for a time as a world hero. Credited with deeds he never accomplished, and overpropagandized by a calculating exiled government, he inevitably had to face the deflation of a pricked balloon. And perhaps his greatest personal tragedy was that he ever rose above the rank of colonel. He was not the man to deal with the job that faced him. His trial (if it may be called a trial) must await its chronological place in this account because its political significance outweighed its military.

In this preparatory phase of the resistance the Communists had more nebulous advantages. They had a program and a cadre of tough, fanatically loyal leaders to carry it through. Early they decided upon resistance and continued resistance by all means at hand—a program calculated to appeal to the peasants and hill populations of Yugoslavia. They had the moral support of Russia, a distinct advantage in any Slav country. The best evidence indicates, however, that Russian material support never went beyond providing wireless-communication facilities and establishing the Free Yugoslavia Broadcasting Station on Russian soil. The Communists during their years of underground preparation for revolution had cached small stores of arms and ammunition. not enough for an army but enough to get started.

The main handicap that the Communists had to overcome in organizing their Partisan uprising was that the communist program of 1941 had no wide appeal among the Yugoslav masses; and with typical efficiency and hardheaded realism they set about overcoming it. Germany's invasion of Russia on June 22, 1941, brought the aims of the Communists and of the Yugoslav people into a single focus. It also diverted the main German force from Yugoslavia to the Russian front—a prime condition for successful guerrilla warfare. Masterstroke of the communist leadership at this point was the complete de-emphasis of Communism in the Partisan movement. They renounced all claims to monopoly of political power in order to develop their movement on a nationwide scale. The communist party gave place to a popular front. National liberation, not Communism, became the watchword. Party members were disciplined for putting Communism above democracy.

One of the frankest statements of this new communist line came from Lieutenant General Sreten Zujovic, an old Communist, in an article published in December 1942. In it he wrote:

Today, in calling together all the peoples of Yugoslavia for armed struggle against the invader, she [the communist party] has eschewed all narrow conceptions, all narrow and selfish interpretations of this struggle. From the start she has placed the struggle on the widest possible basis, that of a patriotic, anti-fascist war of all decent patriots, regardless of nationality, religion, or political outlook.

In 1945, after the battle had been won by an army rallied on this broad basis, Zujovic was named minister of finance in Tito's cabinet, a cabinet in which every key post was given to a Communist. On March 27 of that year he made a speech in Knez Mihailova Square in the center of Belgrade. Now that the Communists were in the saddle and subterfuge was no longer needed, he shouted:

"The future construction of our state must be based on Tito's policy. Who does not follow that policy is not a friend of the country. Those who stand apart are wretches. The people have not yet started their reckoning with the national enemies. Comrades, don't you notice those who only talk and grumble? Do not wait for any decree or law, but seize such speculators by the throat, put them in prison, and do not let them speculate against the small employee, workman and peasant. Let the national court be unmerciful, be rough, because rough are the circumstances we bear!"

Call that early communist de-emphasis political abnegation, call it expediency, or call it brutal fraud; the fact remains that it worked. Tito's army grew from a communist cadre to a truly national army of a million men and women. It was a constant source of irritation to Germany, and by the end of the war it was in undisputed possession of liberated Yugoslavia. That possession spelled Communism for post-war Yugoslavia.

Tito's claim to greatness as chief of the Partisan movement lay in his ability to maintain his force in being in the face of repeated all-out efforts of the Axis occupiers, aided

by quisling divisions, to liquidate his army. Even Partisan histories of the war years date events and developments in terms of the seven Axis offensives which sought to destroy Tito. He not only managed to escape each offensive—in one his force was completely surrounded—but also finished with sufficient strength to begin harrying the enemy immediately and to reoccupy lost territory as the main offensive strength was drawn off to other tasks on Germany's multifront war.

Retreat strengthened Tito's army. Since civil populations, which had aided the Partisans during periods of advance, could not remain to face the murderous cruelty of the Axis and the quisling forces, they were forced to leave their homes and retreat with the Partisan army. There were no civilians with the Partisans. The ranks were made up of men and women, mothers and children. To flee with the Partisans was to become a soldier or an integral part of the military organization in some capacity. So Tito's army grew. A nasty rumor had it that when Partisan units needed reinforcements they purposely carried out sabotage in the close vicinity of a village or small town, and then warned the population to flee with them before the Germans should arrive to carry out inevitable reprisals. It is unlikely, however, that such tricks were necessary. On the other hand it is clear that, by contrast with resistance movements in some other countries, the danger of reprisals from the enemy against civilians was not a prime consideration in the war plans of the Partisan movement.

It was a cruel and merciless sort of war that the Partisans fought and faced. As captives they could expect prompt execution by the enemy. As guerrillas constantly on the move they had no means of maintaining prisoner-of-war camps. They fought and lived in unbelievably difficult terrain. They faced an enemy who outnumbered them and carried superior equipment. Their retreats found them carrying their wounded or leaving them to doubtful fates

buried in subterranean hospitals. The ragged men and women of Tito's Partisans deserved their reputation for heroism.

While the Partisans fought bravely and well, it must be remembered that a good part of the enemy strength that they faced was of as pure Yugoslav blood as themselves. In addition to the Germans and Italians, their constant enemies were the Chetniks, the Ustashi, the Domobranici, the Nedic Militia, and the army of Independent Croatia, to name only a few of the quisling armed forces in dismembered Yugoslavia. The liberation of Yugoslavia would have been less difficult had Yugoslavs given less generously of their manpower to the enemy.

First uprisings against the invaders took place in Serbia in June 1941, before there was any clear delineation between Partisans and Chetniks. But this popular defiance was soon to crystallize into the two rival factions. In this initial phase regular army officers, who looked to Mihailovic as their leader, played an important part in clearing the enemy from western Serbia, while Partisans captured and occupied the town of Uzice, important for its small-arms factory.

Although the Partisans held Uzice they shared the arms output with the Chetniks. It even appears that the Partisans at this point were prepared to put themselves under the command of Mihailovic, perhaps because of his military experience and his paper plan for guerrilla warfare. Tito actually visited Mihailovic's headquarters in an effort to work out a plan of joint command for future resistance fighting. His condition was that the Partisans retain their distinctive emblems and organization, which already included a complex system of political education carried out by political commissars attached to each unit. It is not known whether Mihailovic saw this as a sly effort to supplant him and infiltrate communist teachings into the ranks of his force, or whether he simply refused to surrender any of his sup-

posed authority. In any case, from this point the breach widened to extreme hatred and open warfare.

With Mihailovic committed to inactivity and the Partisans to all-out resistance, many of the more martial-minded of the Chetnik bands immediately threw in their lot with the Partisans. This was a process that was to continue until the end. Apparently glad to see the Partisans get it in the neck, Mihailovic sat quietly on his mountain, Ravna Gora, while the Axis drove the Partisans from Serbia in the first of seven major campaigns against them. The Partisan flight marked the end of resistance in Serbia until the last phase of the war. Their arrival in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro ignited revolt in those provinces and set Tito on his road to eventual victory.

There is conflicting evidence as to how and where the open warfare between the Partisans and Chetniks began. Each side charged the other with the first aggression. It is clear beyond doubt, however, that by the spring of 1942 (in what is known as the Third Offensive) the Partisans were driven out of Montenegro by two Italian Alpini divisions assisted by strong detachments of Chetnik troops. From that point onward there was no doubt about where the Chetniks stood in this jumbled warfare of quislings and invaders on one side and Partisans on the other.

It is a mark of Tito's military acumen that with the growth of his army he never lost sight of the fact that his army was, and would continue to be, essentially a guerrilla force. He organized his followers as a regular army, but he fought them as an irregular force, depending on retreat and surprise raids, calculating strategy on the necessity for capturing supplies and harassing enemy communications and not upon holding territory, and depending on popular goodwill for sheer existence.

Tito's contribution to the global war was his defeat of Axis strategic and economic aims in Yugoslavia. He voided

the country's usefulness as a line of communication to Mediterranean theaters of war and between Axis countries. For the Germans his mere existence was a continuing threat on their southern flank. Widespread resistance operations forced the Germans to withdraw to main towns, and thus to modify drastically their plans to exploit the country's manpower, minerals, and food supplies. Tito changed Yugoslavia from an area to be pacified by quisling police under Gestapo direction to an area of unproductive defense liability calling for the constant presence of Axis armies far greater than had been needed for the initial conquest of Yugoslavia.

IV

YUGOSLAVIA— REVOLUTION ACCOMPLISHED



POSTWAR Yugoslavia should be of intense interest to intelligent Americans because it has become a classic example of how a communist minority can take over control of a country, imposing their revolution on an unwilling population. Finesse and new efficiencies have developed since the Russian Bolsheviks did the job nearly three decades ago, though the main outlines are unchanged.

Because of its direct relation to postwar developments, a glance at the military and political development of Marshal Josip Broz-Tito's Partisan movement is interesting. In the autumn of 1942 he began to weld the guerrilla detachments that fought under his command into an integrated National Liberation army of corps, divisions, and brigades. It was not until May 1943, however, that officers and non-commissioned officers were named with specific ranks and commands. By the end of November 1943 Tito's Partisan army consisted of eight army corps totaling some 27 divisions. At that point, as his movement assumed governmental control over liberated territories, he instigated military conscription for all persons between 18 and 50.

It was obvious that civil authority of some sort would have to be established in territory liberated by the Partisans. With this aim in view, Tito called a congress of representatives of various parts of Yugoslavia to meet in the little

Bosnian town of Bihac on November 26, 1942. This group organized the Anti-Fascist Council of National Liberation. Known as AVNOJ (*Anti-Fasisticko Vece Narodnog Oslobođenja Jugoslavije*), it held sway until it was replaced by the republic less than four years later; and it cast the shadow—even if a far from clearly defined shadow—of the Tito-bossed republic that was to follow.

Initial action of the AVNOJ was to adopt and broadcast a six-point program promising:

1. Eventual liberation and true democratic rights for all peoples of Yugoslavia.
2. Inviolability of private property and a general opportunity for private initiative.
3. No radical changes in the social life of the people except the replacing of reactionary authorities with popularly elected representatives.
4. Renunciation of coercion or lawlessness.
5. Assurance of equal rank for Yugoslav army officers joining the Partisans.
6. Promise of a federated system of government in Yugoslavia.

Even accepting certain differences in definitions of such terms as democracy, it can hardly be contended that, except for liberation, liquidation of "reactionary authorities," and federation, the promises were carried out at all. Instead, the "program" was just another in the series of lullabies sung to the freedom-loving people of Yugoslavia while their fate was being prepared by a group of skillful conspirators.

The second meeting of AVNOJ, and probably the most important during the war, was held in November 1943 at Jajce, which had become the seat of the Partisan general staff. The Council of National Liberation was transformed into a legislative and executive body. Tito became civil as well as military boss under the title of president and minis-

ter for national defense. He also assumed the rank of Marshal of Yugoslavia, and his real name, Josip Broz, was revealed for the first time. Tito has since added to and consolidated the absolute powers he assumed at Jajce, but he has never relinquished any of them. The Jajce meeting adopted resolutions renouncing King Peter and the exiled government in London, reiterating the federation principle, promising swift trials for war criminals, and demanding Italian territory. The latter resolution laid claims to Venezia Giulia, which has since blazed in newspaper headlines as a major problem of the peacemakers.

The professed democratic aims of Tito's movement, plus the undeniable fact that he was carrying the burden of Yugoslav resistance, furnished the basis for a rift in the exiled government in London. As early as May 1944 it was clear that King Peter, the schoolboy king who had grown to manhood in exile, was going to jettison Mihailovic in a government shuffle which would find a place for Tito and his movement. What the London exiles did not realize was that Tito had no intention of being a part of any government that was not totally his own.

A leading promoter of the idea of compromise between the two "governments of Yugoslavia" was Dr. Ivan Subasic, a prewar statesman of distinction and heir to the leadership of prewar Yugoslavia's largest political bloc, the Croat Peasant party—a position held by Dr. Vladimir Macek. His effort toward a rapprochement within the democratic ideology professed by Tito was doubtless correct, but he did not correctly estimate the man with whom he was dealing. For all his good intentions, he ended in the limbo of politicians who guess wrong.

From June 14 to 17, 1944, Tito and Subasic held the first of their conferences and reached preliminary agreements for compromise. By the end of the year they had agreed to the principle of a "united Yugoslav national government"

and "free elections" for a constituent assembly. In the months since, both Subasic and the U. S. State Department have charged that Tito has failed to live up to the democratic guarantees embodied in those agreements.

King Peter, with a discernment beyond his years—perhaps because a Balkan monarch is born with an extrasensory perception of conspiracy—smelled a rat. He attempted to wreck the move toward coalition by dismissing Subasic. The latter, however, intent on his ill-fated compromise with Tito, refused to be dismissed and left London early in 1945 for Belgrade. On March 7, 1945, Tito announced his new cabinet. He was the undisputed boss, but Subasic was given the portfolio of foreign affairs, and five others from the former London government were fitted in. To the outside world it looked like a true coalition government, but some noted that old-line Communists were retained in the key positions that held sway over the daily lives of the Yugoslav citizenry.

The friction beneath the surface of the uneasy alliance with Tito popped into the open when, on the eve of the Big Five Council of Foreign Ministers in London, it was announced that Subasic had suffered a stroke of apoplexy and would not be able to head the Yugoslav delegation to this important international meeting. Though the apoplexy story did not stand up, it was thereafter clear that Tito might accept coalition as window-dressing for world consumption but that he would brook no interference with the communist program in Yugoslavia. Sleek, plump, and hard-boiled Edvard Kardelj, a top man in Tito's communist hierarchy, went to London instead. Since that time Kardelj has been foreign minister in fact, though never in name.

His efforts to compromise with Tito a dismal failure, Subasic resigned from the cabinet in October 1945 on the ground that his agreement with Tito the year before had never been carried out. Gray-haired, mousy, and ineffective

Milan Grol, whose nervous stutter has grown worse since he also came back from London under the impression that Tito genuinely planned a truly national government, resigned as well. Effective opposition to—or even leavening of—Tito's program of communization was destroyed.

Perhaps the breakup of the Tito-Subasic coalition makes more sense against the background of the politico-economic program carried out in Yugoslavia from liberation onward.

As an integral part of his Partisan movement, Tito had a ready-made government for Yugoslavia long before the country's complete liberation. Paralleling the National Liberation Committee was the subsidiary liberation committee for each town and village, all set to move in as the German army should be forced to move back. These liberation committees were usually composed of people already in the Partisan ranks or of those who had worked underground in the area sabotaging the enemy and preparing for the Partisan advance. In all cases they were "politically dependable" for the task that lay before them. In addition to restoring disrupted community functions, they brought with them the secret police, the People's Courts, and all the machinery with which Tito's program for Yugoslavia was to be put in force. The political education program of the army was transplanted bodily to the civil population. A system of identification cards and universal political dossiers was introduced. Schools became the tools of the new ideology. Food and jobs served as tools to uproot opposition.

The communist party, as such, was rarely in evidence. Its adherents worked instead through subsidiary organizations such as the Anti-Fascist Women, the Anti-Fascist Youth, and similar groups. Units of these organizations sprang up immediately after the arrival of the liberation committees and became important arms in carrying out the program. A "Dom Kultura" (Hall of Culture) was established and became the center of adult political education. Large com-

munities were divided and subdivided for better control, each block having its leader to check up on the political "reliability" of the neighborhood.

At Kultura meetings Marxist-slanted papers on current events and Yugoslav affairs were read—a sensible idea, perhaps, in war years when newspapers were scarce and liberated zones were cut off from the rest of the world. But after the war in a city like Belgrade a lawyer or a college professor might find himself coerced into attending a meeting at which a shoemaker, a laborer, or some other old-line Communist sat and read articles from the daily press.

Liberation committees issued identification cards (called *legitimatizias*), a system that enabled them to get a quick check on all the population. The war had been over for almost a year before private Yugoslav citizens were permitted to travel from one community to another without police permission. A more effective weapon of the Yugoslav regime against the Yugoslav citizen was the political dossier or *characteristika*. It noted a man's past record and an estimate of his current political dependability as seen by his block leader. The type of work a person could get and even the type of rations available to him were dependent upon this dossier. The mere implied threat of an adverse entry on a man's *characteristika* was sufficient to keep him silent whatever his reaction to political developments around him.

The Yugoslav people are not naturally a sheeplike race. More than subterfuge and cunning was needed to saddle them with a distasteful program. When more was needed it was provided by OZNA, the secret police. This force was organized in 1944 at about the time that conscription was begun by the Partisans. It began as a counterespionage arm of Tito's general staff, an obviously necessary function so long as the country was divided between quislings and resistance. It grew and developed to pervade all Yugoslav life.

Its jails sprinkled the country. Its agents were everywhere. Its very name was mentioned in a whisper. From military counterespionage it developed an interest in the political thoughts of the lowliest Yugoslavs. In the name of national defense it probed into the private affairs of all against whom there was the slightest suspicion of political disaffection. A Yugoslav remarked one day: "We've always had a secret police in Yugoslavia, but never before one so efficient as this."

A significant thing about the Partisan seizure and consolidation of control in Yugoslavia—a feature that the Yugoslavs themselves constantly make quite a point of and with some justification—was that there was at no stage a bloody "terror" with out-of-hand mass executions. Such excessive terrors have marred Balkan history many times in the past, and Tito's Partisans were careful to eschew a repetition. Many persons were executed as the Partisans cleared their country of "enemies," and many more were sent to jail, but it was all done through due process of law. Opponents of Tito's regime would be hard put to produce evidence of executions without formal trials, even during the days of the liberation struggle.

The important point in this, however, is that Tito's government, his all-pervading police force, and his court system are all cut from the same cloth. Although full formality of judicial procedure is observed, it is still the communist party carrying out its program as surely as if it had moved through the land dealing out summary punishment with machine-guns.

Establishment of a People's Court in each liberated community was an initial step with the assumption of governmental control by liberation committees. Each court consisted of three judges—usually all laymen—and it had no jury. They lost no time in meting out justice of the type needed to insure continuing the Partisans in control.

The effect of the assumption of power by the Partisan movement was to wipe out all laws of the old Yugoslav monarchist regime. Few laws were promulgated to take their place, and the courts therefore had few laws to interpret. Their work was by rule-of-thumb, and the rule in this case was to support the ideology of the Partisan leaders by court process.

The official view of the role of the People's Courts was given in a statement of the Public Prosecutor, published in the Belgrade newspaper *Politika* on December 1, 1945:

Our People's Courts are the agencies entrusted by the people with pronouncing social justice in concrete cases and with realizing social interests. As long as they fulfil the social will and carry it out properly, they answer their purposes and are really popular judges. But the very minute their decisions become contrary to social interest and the people's will, they fail to fulfil the duties entrusted to them by the people. They can no longer pronounce sentences in the name of the people and accordingly cease to be People's Courts.

No mention of law. No mention of individual rights or justice. Imagine trying to present a defense argument before a court ordered by its ideological bosses to "realize social interests"!

And the Public Prosecutor wasn't fooling when he said that courts would be dissolved if they failed to mete out the sentences expected from them. Several instances were published in which judges had been removed and defendants put on trial a second time because the original sentences were too light. In one case—it created considerable interest in Belgrade in 1945 because of the well-known personalities involved—the judges not only were removed but were themselves put on trial because they had violated "social interests" by releasing a group of defendants with only perfunctory sentences.

Professional claquees also became an almost integral part of the courts. When defendants were brought into court,

spectators—admitted only by special passes—shouted imprecations and condemnations. Sentences were cheered or booed. A judge has been known to change a sentence in the midst of passing it because of the violent displeasure shown by the mob of spectators in the court—a natural enough reaction if the judge himself wanted to stay out of jail. “The citizens present approved this decision,” was a frequent tag-line on reports of trial proceedings published in the Yugoslav press.

That this type of judiciary system should result in a perverted kind of justice is not surprising. Take, for instance, the case of an unfortunate man named Milivoje Arnautovic. The following is a translation without embellishment of part of the account of his trial as printed in *Politika* on December 15, 1945:

One day in 1942 a woman collapsed on the sidewalk in Alexander Nevadovic Street. It was early in the morning and people going to work gathered around the unknown woman covered with blood. While this was happening, a worker with a gun in his hand was running away in the direction of Njegosheva Street. A policeman hurried after him, calling to passers-by to help arrest him. Suddenly a young man named Milivoje Arnautovic appeared from somewhere and grabbed the fugitive, delivering him to the policeman. A volley of blows fell on the worker's shoulders.

The wounded woman was Jelena Matic, the well-known Gestapo spy. The man running away with a gun was Iliya Mrgic, a young furrier. He knew, as everyone did, that Jelena Matic was sowing death in Belgrade; and so the decision had finally fallen that she must be scratched off the register of living people.

The court took the view that the guilty Milivoje Arnautovic had not known that Iliya Mrgic had shot a Gestapo spy, and that because of this he had helped the policeman arrest the fugitive. Nevertheless, he is guilty of helping the occupiers' servant and cannot escape justice.

Arnautovic was sentenced to four years at forced labor and loss of civil and political rights for two years. At that, he was pretty lucky. Four years is considered a very light sentence for a court intent on "realizing social interests."

Here is another case that stands out among the tens of thousands brought to trial on charges ranging from collaboration to making excessive war profits. Two Belgrade merchants, Sreten Krstic and Milutin Krstic, were sentenced to five years' loss of national honor, two years' prison labor, and confiscation of all of their property for selling fruit to Germans during the occupation. The sentence was "light" because—and this is a direct quotation from *Politika* (June 1, 1945)—"the court found them guilty of having worked with the occupiers, but as a mitigation [the] court took into consideration the fact that they had also helped the National Liberation movement considerably during the time of the occupation and after the liberation of Belgrade."

Read this court decision in the light of the knowledge that to have been discovered helping the Partisans during the occupation meant sure death. It makes sense, rather, only in the light of one obvious conclusion about Yugoslav post-war policy; through drumhead-court process Tito's regime carried out a complete nationalization of Yugoslav industry and major trade channels. What started under the appearance of legitimate punishment for outstanding collaborators ended as the confiscation of every industry and the complete liquidation of the assets and property of the industrial and commercial middle class.

This economic communization of Yugoslavia was almost completed before the general public realized what was going on. Frank announcement of such a far-reaching nationalization program might have caused a popular upheaval which would have threatened the Partisan hold on Yugo-

slavia. At least Tito must have thought so; there seems to be no other excuse for the subterfuge.

When there were no grounds to support charges of collaboration, industries and commercial establishments were taken over through confiscatory levies against wartime profits. In the latter cases the defendants rarely were jailed, but the levies fixed by the courts invariably covered not only the value of their businesses but also their personal property, even including clothing and household furnishings. There also were hundreds of unpublicized cases in which property owners made presents of their industrial holdings to the government. This was sometimes due to a fear that to await court process would be to invite a jail sentence; but just as often it was the result of a broad hint from a government stooge that it was expected. In a society where such vague activities as "economic sabotage" and "sympathy with subversive elements" are crimes, it would take a stupid man to ignore a hint that he should "demonstrate his patriotism" by presenting his business to the government.

Two cases picked at random from the hundreds given publicity in the Belgrade press indicate the scope of this program of nationalization by court process.

The communist party daily organ, *Borba* (of Belgrade), reported on December 1, 1945, that twelve members of the management and supervisory boards of the Bata Shoe and Rubber factory had been found guilty of collaboration with the enemy by the district People's Court in Osijek. Dr. Tomislav Bulat, director general of the company, was sentenced to death by hanging, and confiscation of property. Radoslav Lorkovic, technical manager of the factory, was sentenced to death by shooting, permanent loss of national honor, and confiscation of property. Sentences for the other defendants ranged from seventeen years down to one year

of forced labor; all had their property confiscated. In addition, all the property of the Bata company was confiscated, consisting of three associate companies, an iron smelter, and a coal mine.

On December 17, 1945, *Borba* reported the trial of the Wissung metal works company before the war profits commission of Belgrade. One strange charge was that the company's products had been sold on the black market during the occupation, and that the company books of occupation days had been falsified in order to conceal the disposition of the products. For similar confounding of the invader, industrialists in other occupied countries were considered heroes! *Borba* noted that "the trial was a very lively one" since the company's chief stockholder, Vladimir Stanojevic, repeatedly insisted that he had been "a war loser rather than a war profiteer." Despite the preliminary finding of the government-appointed referee in this case that the company had made war profits of 2,500,000 dinars (\$50,000), the court levied 3,000,000 dinars against it, plus a thirty-percent fine for being two days late with its fiscal reports to the court; and the payment was required within one month.

The decree for confiscation of war profits gained during the occupation specifies as "war profits" any amount cleared over 25,000 dinars (\$500) and including "expenditures for investment, repairs, or payment of debts." Exempt are craftsmen with only one helper and one apprentice, and farmers not using hired labor.

Thus, by the words of the decree, every business that operated during the occupation was made liable for the total amount of its gross profits over the three-year occupation period. In practice the court-fixed levy was never less than confiscatory, even in cases in which industries and business establishments had continued operations for only a few weeks or months under the German occupation.

It must be said that Tito's Yugoslav government appears

to run its new industrial and commercial empire with fair efficiency. Commercial outlets are administered by two governmental combines known as Na-Ma (an abbreviation for People's Stores) and GRANAP. Current stocks are almost entirely confiscated goods and UNRRA supplies. It is difficult to know what they will sell after these two free sources dry up, since the government has done nothing to reopen the trade channels through which Yugoslavia received most of its prewar consumer goods. Through lavish consignments from UNRRA, industries ranging from mines to textile plants have been put back in operation despite the difficulties caused by war destruction and the shortage of replacements for worn machinery. Tito's new Yugoslavia has shown real efficiency in getting the largest possible amount of supplies from UNRRA with a minimum of accounting, but this efficiency has been reflected in many other ways as well. In a country that probably suffered from war devastation proportionately as much as any other in Europe, bridges and railroads have been repaired in record time; rehousing has gone forward; and grain production has been almost returned to prewar levels. There is no doubt about it: totalitarianism is efficient, if you forget the human element.

When American correspondents were first permitted to work in Belgrade after its liberation, a military censorship was still in force—understandably so, since the war was still being fought on Yugoslav soil. Significantly, however, any attempts by correspondents to interpret social and economic trends as moves toward Communism in Yugoslavia were taboo. The process was just beginning in those days. A year later, with nationalization by court process virtually complete and political domination established beyond reasonable prospect of overthrow, the official attitude was different. Officials boasted of their progress toward the sovietization of Yugoslavia.

The point is made in the following excerpts from an address before a legislative committee by Minister of Industry Andrija Hebrang,* in which he explained the need of communistic planning:

Planned economy has defeated the archaic economy of the capitalistic world. . . . It has proved during the period of peaceful development and during the war its enormous advantages and transcendancy over capitalistic economy. The introduction of planned economy in a country must be preceded by radical changes in its social and economic structure. Without such changes the introduction of planned economy cannot be imagined. Planned economy represents the financial basis of society on an advanced—i.e., socialistic—stage of development. Yugoslavia has not as yet reached that stage. It is in a peculiar transitory phase of development . . . [which] sustains inconsistent elements. In addition to the very strong elements which serve the government as a powerful lever for the execution of a planned economy, such as key positions in industrial production, transport, banking, trade, and co-operatives, there are many other elements which cannot be included in or subjected to direct programming, such as private commerce, about 2,000,000 small peasant-farming estates, and individual craftsmen.

This temporary inconsistency, peculiar to our transitory phase of development, constrains the amplitude of direct programming, fixes its limits, and dictates the methods of programming which correspond to our situation. The Soviet Union has accumulated a very rich theoretical and practical knowledge of programming and planned economy. This experience and knowledge, if correctly employed, will be of enormous benefit to us. . . . The general state plan is not to be applied only to industry and husbandry. It must also cover cultural development, education, progress of science and art, improvement of health institutions, and social insurance for the people.

* Hebrang, prewar secretary of the Croat communist party and a veteran of a ten-year jail term for his underground work, resigned from the cabinet on June 14, 1946, because of ill-health.

Despite his lapses into economic double-talk, Comrade Hebrang has made it clear—if there is anyone left who doubted it—that total Communism is Tito's aim.

On November 11, 1945, Tito held an election for a constituent assembly. All foreign observers agreed that the mechanics of the voting appeared proper and that there was no evidence of intimidation or coercion at the polling places. In short, it was an orderly election. But why not? Tito's slate of candidates was the only one offered. All Opposition elements in the government had resigned in impotent disgust before the election. The Opposition press had been effectively muzzled well in advance of the day of voting. Tito's liberation committees, with their strong arms of police and People's Courts, had held sway for months, effectively blocking adverse public discussion of the official candidates. Whether true or not, there was a conviction on the part of a large section of the population that the police had contrived a complicated system of ascertaining how each person voted.

If the term "free election" refers only to the day of the voting, then the Yugoslav election was probably as "free" as most. But if it means the right to an unhampered, rough-and-tumble pre-election campaign, then there was no freedom in the Yugoslav election.

It was no surprise to anyone when the first act of Tito's constituent assembly was to abolish the monarchy. This was in the cards from the beginning. It is only fair to say that, with the exception of a few die-hard Pan-Serbs, the passing of the Karageorgevic dynasty caused few tears in Yugoslavia. Young King Peter was an unknown quantity in his home country. He had been king in his own right for less than a month when he had to flee the invading German armies. There was counted against him the always inept and sometimes vicious rule of his father, King Alexander, and

of his uncle, the Regent Prince Paul, during the between-war years. The decision as between king and republic was not a decision that disturbed the little man in Yugoslavia.

On the face of it the new constitution drawn up by the assembly for the Federative People's Republic of Yugoslavia is an admirable document. It guarantees freedom of speech, of press, of religion, and of private property. It guarantees the immunity of the home from entry without search warrant and insures to an accused person the right of legal representation in court. It frankly envisages a controlled economy, specifying that foreign trade, mineral wealth, and all means of production and communication are under full control of the state. It breaks with Yugoslav tradition to give suffrage to women and to separate church and state. As in many other ways, the constitution follows the Soviet Russian model in putting supreme authority in a presidium rather than a single president. As a document of human rights there is nothing wrong with the new Yugoslav constitution, but the Partisan past has proved that one must look to deeds and not to documents for an understanding of Yugoslavia.

It is in the federative principle of the constitution that Tito did a truly great thing for Yugoslavia. In this nation of diverse nationalities, federation was such an obvious solution that foreign observers were never able to understand why it was not adopted long ago. Instead, after the formation of Yugoslavia the Serb nationalists, under the leadership of the Karageorgevics, dominated the army and the government—a policy that alienated other nationalities, weakened and disorganized their nation, and made it easy meat for the German invasion.

Fanned by calculated German policy the hatred between national groups in Yugoslavia flamed to new violence during the years of occupation. (Croatian Ustashi terror against the Serbian population in Croatia probably matches the

worst brutality that can be blamed on the Germans anywhere in Europe; to name two examples, both Croatian Ustashi and Serbian Chetniks waged murderous war against the civilian population of Moslem communities in Bosnia.) It is to the lasting credit of Tito's new government that these internecine racial feuds have been de-emphasized.

V
YUGOSLAVIA—
AND OPPOSITION DESTROYED



BY FEBRUARY of 1946 the government of Marshal Josip Broz-Tito's devising was in complete power in Yugoslavia; his political opposition was silenced; he was ensconced in the royal palace of the late regent with the titles of premier, minister of national defense, commander-in-chief of the army, marshal of Yugoslavia, and a member of the supreme presidium. Old communist comrades were in every key position of the country. One might have thought he had accomplished his mission, but this was not quite the case. There were repeated reports of sabotage of military and industrial installations. The government announced the arrest of a group with a secret printing press on which they were turning out calls to arms against the regime. There were forces outside the country, composed of refugees, openly plotting for Tito's overthrow. Men whispered of the possibility of an uprising in the spring. Draga Mihailovic was still at large, refusing to flee the scene of his defeat, and his name still held a bit of magic for those who hoped against hope for a change in Yugoslavia.

On March 13 Mihailovic was captured, hungry, sick, and virtually alone in his barren mountain hideaway. What faint prospect there had been of an armed uprising within Yugoslavia died at that moment, but more was needed for Tito's purposes. Mihailovic the legend and Mihailovic the hope had to be destroyed; and with him had to be destroyed all

the forces that had opposed the rise of the Partisan movement.

The trial of Mihailovic was a propaganda show—for Yugoslavia mostly, but for the outside world as well—to destroy forever the chance that the ghost of Mihailovic might ever come back to haunt Tito's regime. It succeeded in its purpose: first, because Yugoslav Communists, like their colleagues over the world, are master propagandists; and second, because there was a mountain of legitimate evidence to show that Mihailovic's Chetnik army had almost from the beginning been a co-operative arm of the Axis in its battle against the Partisan resistance.

The approximately one hundred foreign correspondents who gathered in Belgrade for the Mihailovic trial were granted unprecedented facilities for thorough and fast coverage of the story. The Yugoslav radio was given over almost entirely to the trial. Microphones carried out the tedious details of the trial as it unfolded, supplanting the Communist-slanted propaganda that was its usual daily fare.

Long before his capture Mihailovic had ceased to be a real political force in Serbia, and was even less of a military force—and he had never had much following in other parts of Yugoslavia. Up until the time of his trial, however, there was a latent sympathy for the man who had projected into modern times the legendary name of Chetnik. Those who sympathized with Mihailovic fell into two groups: the first were those who refused to believe that he was guilty of collaboration and felt only that he had lost an unfortunate civil war with the Partisan army; and the second were those who said that even if there was a bit of collaboration to be charged against him, he had fallen into it only in a desperate effort to prevent a communist revolution in Yugoslavia.

By his own testimony, given before a live microphone into which he could have said anything he wished, Mihailovic disappointed both groups. The first he disappointed

when he admitted collaboration by most of his forces and said that he had known about it all along. The second group he disappointed by refusing to state bluntly that he had fought the Partisans because he did not like the kind of regime that he feared they would set up, that they had set up, and that was now trying him for his life. Both defense and prosecution questions gave him the opportunity for such a statement, but he replied with a mild, "I have nothing against the Communists."

Mihailovic was doomed from the beginning of his trial; if he did not know it, he must have been the only one in the large courtroom that did not. If he had answered the question about why he fought the Partisans with a quick, sharp blast at Tito's regime and the court that was trying him, the Mihailovic legend doubtless would have lived—and the resulting death penalty would have been no more final than the execution that he got. The reason for his choice of answer probably lay in the character of the man on trial, the man to whom history had given a role he was too small to play.

The figure presented by Mihailovic in court was that of a defeated man, vacillating and uncertain, sometimes obviously dissembling and at other times too resigned to care what answer he made. Sometimes he seemed as concerned as the court with the historical ramifications of his trial and complained more bitterly of what he called the prosecutor's "insults" than of the charges against him. Ill health obviously was a contributing cause of the poor showing he made on the stand. He testified that he was suffering from leukemia, which probably accounted for his attacks of fatigue. There were the inevitable reports from abroad that he was drugged. While no foreign observer could positively deny this, there was certainly no evidence of it. His voice and walk were steady and he followed the questioning closely.

Those who knew Mihailovic in his prewar days as a career

soldier and military attaché in neighboring states have described him as a gay, gregarious person who liked nothing better than a night of drinks and leisurely conversation, either serious and conspiratorial or light and convivial. Those who knew him during the war years have described him as a man become abnormally introspective and ascetic, living the difficult life of his mountain headquarters. He resented opposition from any quarter. He resented directives from the Allied command in Cairo and quickly grew bitter over the failure of British supplies to arrive in huge quantities despite the fact that those were Britain's most embattled days. One British liaison officer who saw much of Mihailovic while attached to his headquarters described him as a man with a "Jesus complex" who, when opposed in anything, took on an expression which seemed to ask: "Why do you crucify me this way?" That "crucifixion look," said the officer, always served to end the discussion so far as Mihailovic was concerned. These facets of his character, evolved during the war, were all apparent in Mihailovic's attitude during his trial.

Taken at his own estimate of his war years, as revealed by his testimony, one can come only to the conclusion that Mihailovic was an ineffectual commander who could not control his subordinates and whose political acumen was insufficient to deal with the forces released by war, occupation, and revolution. If one accepts without reservation the prosecution's contentions, then Mihailovic becomes an arch-scoundrel who had halted at nothing to oppose a popular uprising which aimed only at ridding the country of the Axis. These were difficult alternatives for the outside world which for years had heard the tremendous propaganda build-up of Mihailovic as one of the war's great heroes.

It was easy to believe that Mihailovic had little control over his lieutenants as one observed them at the trial, shifting blame and dodging responsibility. One wondered why

the movement had not collapsed of its own weight long before it did. It has been frequently brought out that Mihailovic, in his waiting strategy, was only carrying out suggestions of the Allied high command, as did the resistance forces in France and several other European countries. It is a matter of undisputed record, on the other hand, that when he was asked to carry out specific acts of sabotage against the Germans he either refused or procrastinated to such a point that the British liaison mission was withdrawn from his headquarters.

The plea that he was acting in what he thought was the best interest of his country was no better plea for Mihailovic than it was for Laval of France or Quisling of Norway. Behind the fog of propaganda and counterpropaganda it was clear that Mihailovic was an Axis tool, even though perhaps an unwitting one. The price he paid was the current one on the world political market.

The testimony which the rescued American fliers wished to present on Mihailovic's behalf could not have changed the overall picture of his guilt. Part of the charge against him was that of double-dealing. He apparently hoped up until the last days of the war that his arrangements with the Axis would be forgotten in the war which he seemed to believe would break out immediately between the Anglo-Americans and the Russians. The fliers could have testified to what they saw in brief stays with the Chetniks, but they could not have contradicted the documentary evidence that Mihailovic himself admitted was genuine, nor could they have offset the damaging admissions of Mihailovic and his lieutenants on the stand.

What has the direct role of Russia in Yugoslavia's communist revolution been, and what will it be in the future? These are questions that Americans will do well to examine.

The Russian Red army played an important part in the

liberation of parts of Yugoslavia from the Germans.* As a result there were a number of Russian units in the country at the war's end. However, most of these were quickly withdrawn. There was never anything approximating an occupation force, although it naturally could not have been known by that name even had there been one. It has been claimed—and denied by Yugoslav officials—that there are numbers of Russians unofficially in Yugoslavia to assist in such technicalities as perfecting the secret police. And there must of necessity have been Russian training cadres in Yugoslavia to help convert the Yugoslav army from a guerilla force to an auxiliary arm of the Soviet army, which cannot be regarded as accomplished.

While Yugoslavia cannot be considered as being under the thumb of Russia, it is definitely in the Russian orbit. There is no need for Russian armies in Yugoslavia when the Yugoslav army has been reorganized to act as an eventual auxiliary arm of the Red army. There is no need for Soviet political advisers in Yugoslavia when the country is completely dominated by men who have spent their lives learning the Marxist dogma as interpreted by Lenin and Stalin.

So far as Yugoslav internal affairs are concerned, the role of Russia is that of a dominant shadow ever present in the background. Men who would seek to foment revolution

* Russian soldiers who fell in the fighting in Yugoslavia were buried where they fell. Thus, in Belgrade there are scattered in parks and on roadsides bright red tombstones marking the graves of the Soviet soldiers. They serve as constant reminders of the "debt" the Yugoslav people owe to Russia, or better still of the fact that the new Yugoslavia is tied intimately to Russia for the future. There are probably more American airmen who lie buried in Yugoslavia than there are Red Army infantrymen. A small fraction of the Americans are buried in a neat little cemetery on a picturesque hillside a few miles from Belgrade. Hundreds of other temporary graves have been located by U.S. Army Graves Registration teams, but official interference has prevented the reburial of more than a fraction of the total who died on Yugoslav soil in the fight in which we stood as allies. With constantly deteriorating relations between the United States and Yugoslavia, it appears that the temporary graves of most of the Americans will have to be sufficient for a long time.

against Tito frankly admit the futility of such a dream as long as Russia stands behind Tito. There are still men inside and outside Yugoslavia who plot against Tito in the true Balkan tradition, but they do not plan with real hope. The occasional sabotage, the occasional leaflet furtively stuck into a mailbox, are symptoms of such planning, not an effective consequence of it. Tito's regime is entrenched in Yugoslavia and each month that goes by strengthens it. The same cunning that made his revolution possible will keep it in power, barring outside intervention—i.e., another world war. The tools of efficient totalitarianism are designed to grow sharper with time. Tito has those tools and knows how to use them.

Their opportunity for open political opposition destroyed, their possibility of armed insurrection too far-fetched to consider, thinking Yugoslav people have, like other captive people before them, taken up the sly weapon of humor. Barbed jokes keep at least mental opposition alive as they are whispered in café corners and on quiet streets. One such story that went the rounds recently told of an old peasant woman who left her isolated home to visit a village.

"Who is this Tito that everyone talks about?" she asked.

"He is the man," replied a village official, "who chased out the Nazi beasts."

"May he live a hundred years!" murmured the old woman in pious peasant fashion.

"He is the hero who destroyed the murderous Ustashi," said the official.

"May he live five hundred years!" cried the old woman.

"He is the leader who defeated the Chetniks and gave us democracy," said the official.

"May he live a thousand years!" shouted the old woman. "And now if he would only get rid of these damned Partisans I would pray for his eternal life!"

VI

TRIESTE—A PROBLEM IS BORN



THAT diamond-shaped wedge of land on the Italo-Yugoslav frontier known as Venezia Giulia or the Julian March, with its mingled Italian and Slovene populations, was inevitably an area of dispute following World War II. History and circumstance decreed that both Italy and Yugoslavia should claim it at the first opportunity presented for once more redrawing European frontiers. But it was postwar history that changed the "Trieste problem" from a localized land dispute to a major struggle between the East and the West, between "Russian expansion" and "capitalistic encirclement."

Any government that controlled Yugoslavia at the end of the recent war would have pressed claims for a rectification of the country's northern frontier with Italy. The extent of the demands—for the whole area that Italy had won from the dismembered Austro-Hungarian empire in the peace settlement of 1919—would have been substantially the same whether from Yugoslav monarchy, democracy, or communism. The settlement of 1919, taken against the advice of President Woodrow Wilson and ignoring some of his main points for permanent peace, has rankled in Yugoslav souls ever since.

Desire for this important strategic area and the key port of Trieste was no sudden impulse of Yugoslavia's communist dictator, Marshal Josip Broz-Tito. Far from it; it

is the one point in his postwar program that won the unanimous approval of the people of Yugoslavia. However, when the Tito regime finally showed itself in its true communist colors, it became clear to the Western Powers that a Yugoslav Trieste would in truth be a Russian outpost. And therein lies the meat of this tale.

Communism, always efficient at indirection, was once more revealed as using legitimate nationalistic aspirations to expand its European empire. The United States, Great Britain, and France, unable to deny a large degree of justice in Yugoslavia's claims, nevertheless felt impelled to save Trieste from the communist maw in the scramble of power politics that followed the defeat of Germany. No wonder that it was such a difficult problem. No wonder that it came near to wrecking the Paris Peace Conference of Twenty-one Nations and tried the tempers of the Council of Foreign Ministers. With the hodgepodge of stresses and strains of world politics, laminated with century-old racial struggles and conflicting nationalisms present in the Trieste problem, only a sublime optimist could hope for a really permanent solution in the present East-West struggle for power and strategic position.

The original area in question was the territory between the Italian frontier of 1914 and the Italian frontier of 1920—a hilly and comparatively barren area disputed for centuries by Adriatic and Central European powers. Both Italy and the Balkans fear it as a springboard for further expansion to the west or toward the east—just what it has been since the days of the barbarian invasions of ancient Rome and the later sweeping conquests of Napoleon. Available population figures are widely divergent and of doubtful value, but it is possible to say generally that the urban population is mostly Italian and the rural population mostly Slovene. By the time the problem reached the Paris peace tables the Yugoslavs had obtained a large section of the dis-

puted territory by default or by simple possession, and the question was narrowed, in effect, to the fate of Trieste and its immediate hinterland. The steps that led to the bitter peace conference wrangle ably demonstrate communist tactics in the settlement of world problems.

Trieste and the Venezia Giulia, then an important trade outlet of the cumbersome Austro-Hungarian empire, was the bribe promised to Italy by France and England in 1915 for entry into World War I on the side of the Allies. It was strictly a question of the highest bid; Germany had refused to raise the ante beyond a promise of the South Tirol for Italy's doubtful military services. By the end of the war in 1918, however, circumstances were different. The Austro-Hungarian empire of the Hapsburgs had dissolved in defeat. Nationalistic-minded South Slav groups combined to form the brand-new state of Yugoslavia, which they clearly would never consider complete until it should include the Slovenes of Venezia Giulia. Although these new factors materially changed the problems of reshuffling Europe, Italy—even before the days of strutting Mussolini's dreams of an expanding empire—insisted on her pound of flesh.

Woodrow Wilson supported the Yugoslav cause in the peace negotiations but succeeded only in winning personal unpopularity in Italy. Cynically the big powers left Italy and Yugoslavia to settle their boundary bilaterally, an action that left the infant Yugoslavia helpless but to accept the terms of militarily powerful Italy. The 1920 Treaty of Rapallo gave Italy all of her demands except the Dalmatian coast. Although this treaty provided that Fiume was to become a free city, the Italians heaped insult atop of injury by annexing it as well. The impotent Yugoslavs had to recognize this bit of international hijacking by treaty in 1924.

Despite promises of minority rights, Italy began a vigorous program of Italianization of the Slav population in the newly annexed territory. This program of assimilation was

intensified to the point of brutal cruelty under the Fascists. Slavs were forced to Italianize their names and were forbidden to speak the Slovene and Croat languages. National, political, religious, and cultural activities were suppressed. Population groups were deported and southern Italians flooded into the area to crowd out those remaining. It was just the sort of program guaranteed to cause trouble later.

When, at intervals during the Trieste squabble, Marshal Tito and his Yugoslav cohorts spoke of a bilateral settlement between a strong Yugoslavia and a defeated Italy, it was evident that they were mindful of a distasteful bit of history. When they attempted—in the face of world opinion that territorial adjustments should await the peace settlement—to win their point by a military grab, they probably remembered that such things had succeeded before. It is perhaps human to turn the tables on an old enemy and use all the familiar weapons with which you yourself have been wounded. But it does not, unfortunately, help to build a permanent world peace. New injustices continue to rankle until the day when a new upheaval offers a chance for new battles and further revenge.

More hatred for the future was cooked up when Italy invaded Yugoslavia simultaneously with the Germans in the spring of 1941, annexing large areas of Yugoslavia along the Dalmatian coast. Since this was territory Italy long had coveted and planned to incorporate into Italy proper, the same repressive measures against the Slav population were begun. Thousands of documents attest to the cruelty of this occupation.

Just as armed guerrillas rose in Yugoslavia, there was a rising of resistance forces among the Slovenes of Venezia Giulia as early as 1941. By the end of 1942 this movement, as an integral part of the general Slovene uprising, was under the direction of, although out of physical contact with, Marshal Tito's Partisan headquarters. It is interest-

ing to note that in this Slovene uprising, which paralleled Partisan activity in the heart of Yugoslavia, Edvard Kardelj was the leading political figure, and the chief military organizer was Alex Bebler. These men, both old-time Communists, were among the most important of the Yugoslav delegation to the 1946 Paris Peace Conference which sought to solve the Trieste problem.

The Slovene national organization in Venezia Giulia was incorporated into the Slovene Partisan movement on August 10, 1941. An underground committee was immediately set up in Trieste to organize and co-ordinate activity throughout the area. Just as Tito's main Partisan movement was prepared and designed to take over the government of Yugoslavia with the retreat of the Germans, so was the auxiliary Partisan movement of Slovenia prepared to take over the disputed Venezia Giulia as well as Yugoslav Slovenia with the collapse of Germany. This is exactly what happened, resulting in the first of a long series of postwar crises over Trieste, a series which unfortunately appears likely to continue far into the future.

In the final months of the war Italian anti-Fascist elements also were active there, as they were in Italy proper. They were, however, loosely organized and could not compete with the tight and disciplined force of the Communist-led Slovenes. In this general area there were two Italian partisan organizations: the Garibaldi and the Osoppo. The former, largely Communists, threw in their lot with the Slovenes; the latter, representing the Italian resistance parties of the Action—Socialist, Liberation, and Christian Democratic—remained loyal to the Italian committee of national liberation which sought to retain Venezia Giulia as an autonomous province of Italy.

Thus the lines were drawn as the American Fifth and the British Eighth armies fought their way up the Italian peninsula and Marshal Tito's forces fought their way northward

in Yugoslavia. Trieste harbor and its hinterland assumed a great deal of importance in Allied planning for the final blow against Hitler and for the maintenance of occupation troops destined for Central Europe. In addition Anglo-American policy, vague on many things, was crystal-clear in its insistence that there should be no territorial changes in Central Europe until the peace settlement. Tito, on the other hand, had announced as early as November 1943 his claim on the whole of Venezia Giulia. Tito's history should have taught the Allies that he would not be particular how he accomplished his aim. As events unrolled—with diplomatic bungling on our side and patent insincerity and unkept promises on the other—it is no wonder that friction occurred. The remarkable thing is that there was not more serious trouble.

To recount the steps leading up to the momentary stabilization of the Venezia Giulia situation, with establishment of the Morgan line between Allied and Yugoslav zones of administration, serves only to show the mistakes we made on one hand, and on the other the methods of those with whom we dealt. Looking back today, we can see that Tito's Ministry of Information could announce to the foreign press in Belgrade on May 19, 1945, that the presence of Yugoslav troops in Venezia Giulia "does not in any way prejudice the decision of the peace conference, which will bring the final decision as to whom these territories should belong for Yugoslavia also is against all unilateral annexations." And, looking back a briefer distance to that peace conference, we can recall that Tito's right-hand man, Edvard Kardelj, said in Paris on September 28, 1946: "The Yugoslav delegation cannot accept it that the conference should impose its will on the Yugoslav people. It declares with greatest clarity that it will not sign a treaty with Italy containing the provisions just adopted. Yugoslavia will not sign the treaty and will not withdraw any of her forces from

northwest Istria." It may prove helpful in the future to remember that such conflicting declarations are possible in dealing with Tito's Yugoslavia.

In regard to eventual Anglo-American military needs in Trieste and Venezia Giulia, in the winter of 1944 Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, supreme Allied commander in the Mediterranean theater, began negotiations with Marshal Tito. He visited Tito in Belgrade in February 1945 to clinch those talks. What happened at that highly secret meeting has never been announced. It is almost certain, however, that Alexander did not pin his Yugoslav host down to a signature on a concrete agreement. It would appear that the two soldiers had a pleasant visit together, talking affable generalities and each concluding that the other would not seriously interfere. Alexander certainly returned to his headquarters in Italy believing that when his forces linked up with the Yugoslavs he would have control of the Trieste area. Tito apparently was equally convinced that if his forces got there first he could take control, hold it, and begin incorporating Venezia Giulia into his new Yugoslav communist state.

There were claims and counterclaims about which army got there first, though in retrospect it does not seem to make much difference. When the 2nd New Zealand Division of the British Eighth Army crossed the Isonzo River, it met Yugoslav-controlled Partisans east of Monfalcone, a town about twenty miles in front of Trieste. They found that German pillboxes on the hillsides overlooking the road into Trieste had been silenced by the Partisans, but as they moved forward they had frequent clashes with German troops. After a brief action inside the city, the New Zealanders took the surrender of 7,000 German troops.

Although the Yugoslav radio on May 1 was still calling for the Triestini to rise against the enemy, the Yugoslav general staff announced on May 3 that Trieste had been

freed by Yugoslav troops on April 30. This last announcement ignored the fact that the New Zealanders were still taking the surrender of parts of the German garrison on May 2 and 3.

In this jumbled situation New Zealanders and British naval units occupied parts of Trieste controlling the sea-front and commanding hills, but the Yugoslavs were left in control of the city. It was an explosive situation that missed being open conflict only through the caution of the military. Guns were openly pointed at each other as both groups took up strategic positions in the city, and conflict was threatened when the British quietly moved to take up commanding heights outside.

This was not the situation that the Allies wanted, obviously, because you can't run a military port in a mad-house. It was not what Tito wanted, because his hold on Trieste was dubious at best and his sneak play to grab control was stirring up an international tempest. Nevertheless, while the gale blew from military to government levels the Yugoslavs in Trieste were working like mad to install their form of Partisan-sponsored communist government. It was the same process that had taken place in hundreds of Yugoslav towns and villages, but this was the first time that the whole process had been carried out under foreign eyes.

The Italian council of national liberation, made up of resistance groups unconnected with Tito's Partisan movement, took over the Trieste city hall and were waiting there when the Yugoslav troops arrived. Perhaps they hoped to control the government of the area or at least have a strong voice in it because of their prior claim. Whatever their plan, they got short shrift from the Yugoslavs. The council was disbanded and a number of its members were arrested and deported to Yugoslav territory. Then Tito's ready-made Partisan government was installed and went about its business of cleaning up all opposition through the now

classical Partisan formula of secret police and People's Courts.

While arguments continued on an international scale about control of the area, the Yugoslav Partisan government continued operations for 45 days, feverishly working to put all spheres of social and economic life under its thumb. Allied military sources have estimated that during the forty-five days of Communism in Trieste more than 10,000 Italians were deported to Yugoslavia, more than half of whom never returned. Industrial and commercial concerns were confiscated. The familiar routine was working smoothly. Lacking world interference, Trieste would have become a tightly organized communist city.

Meanwhile, diplomacy plodded on its stumbling course seeking an interim solution for Venezia Giulia which should be short of complete surrender to Tito's *fait accompli*. To untangle the jumble of simultaneous British and Yugoslav occupation of Trieste, Lieutenant General W. D. Morgan, Alexander's chief of staff, visited Belgrade to confirm the agreement presumably reached between Alexander and Tito. He insisted, apparently more specifically than Alexander had, on control of the port of Trieste and its lines of communication to Austria by road and rail, with establishment of Allied Military Government (AMG) in the area from the lines of communication westward. This demand included withdrawal of Yugoslav troops from the area.

Morgan and Tito had three fruitless sessions. At the first meeting, the usually perfectly poised Tito was visibly nervous. He turned and twisted in his chair, lighted cigarettes and put them out a moment later, and fidgeted with his pencil. It appeared to officers present that the Yugoslav Marshal was expecting a virtual ultimatum from Alexander's headquarters. Unfortunately Morgan soon put Tito completely at ease by making it amply clear that he had

come for what was no more than a discussion. He obviously had no power to modify or amplify the demands of the Mediterranean command, being in the difficult position of a soldier pushed into a diplomatic job. One exchange between the men was typical of the situation.

"You have the advantage of me," Morgan said. "You are both the chief of your army and your own prime minister."

"That's right," replied Tito, "and I'm sitting in this chair as prime minister."

Tito frankly admitted that a political occupation of Venezia Giulia was going forward rapidly and that "a Slovene government" was planned for the former Italian territory. In so many words, he added that he planned immediate annexation.

A few days later (May 10 to 12) Field Marshal Alexander made a second visit to Tito. The failure of this meeting was acknowledged in England, but already the argument had become a top concern of the governments in Washington and London. On May 12 in Washington, U.S. Undersecretary of State Joseph C. Grew said that the Venezia Giulia controversy "raises the issue of the settlement of international disputes by orderly process rather than unilateral action."

The American and British ambassadors in Belgrade followed through on May 15 with notes from their respective governments demanding Tito's withdrawal of his troops from the area considered essential to the Anglo-American military.

The red sun of an unseasonably hot spring day was sinking behind the spacious gardens of Tito's palace, the former home of royalty, when the two official cars rolled by the well-guarded gates. Tommy-gunners snapped to rigid attention as the cars moved to the wide-stepped entrance.

At exactly 6 P.M. American Ambassador Richard C. Patterson and British Ambassador Ralph Stevenson stepped

from their cars. Two generals stood on the steps to greet them. There was unsmiling formality in the salutes and handshakes. Ushered immediately to Tito's second-floor office, the ambassadors were greeted by a smile and further handshakes. There was no small talk about the weather. This was serious business, and the group realized it.

Stevenson, speaking clipped German, explained to the Marshal the contents of the identical notes that he and Patterson carried from their respective governments. The British Foreign Office and the American State Department, he said, choosing his words carefully, held firmly to their conviction that frontiers should not be changed by unilateral military action. They demanded that Tito withdraw his forces from the disputed Venezia Giulia territory pending the decisions of the peace conference.

Then Tito replied, slowly and calmly, also using German. He was surprised to receive the demands, he said. He promised a quick answer. Since Patterson's German is limited and so that there should be no misunderstanding, the British ambassador translated Tito's remarks into English. On finishing, he turned to an English-speaking general present and asked:

"Was that a correct translation?"

"It was correct," the officer replied.

Hands were shaken all around again and the two ambassadors withdrew. The whole visit had taken exactly twelve minutes.

It was almost a month (June 9) before an agreement was reached for division of Venezia Giulia into two zones of occupation, separated by the now-famous Morgan line. During that time tension reached riot proportions in Trieste and spread to other parts of the world as well. American military and diplomatic personnel were ordered to prepare evacuation plans from Belgrade which could be carried out on an hour's notice. The Yugoslav army was rumored to be

making feverish preparations to fight rather than withdraw. Field Marshal Alexander felt called upon to alert his troops in Italy for possible action; in doing so he compared Tito's methods to those of Hitler and Mussolini. High-school students paraded through the streets of Belgrade chanting "Take my life but not Trieste!" and "Trieste for Yugoslavia!"

Tito finally agreed to a face-saving compromise which permitted him to leave 2,000 troops on the Anglo-American side of the line, but under the command of Allied Mediterranean Headquarters. In the classic tradition of communist diplomacy, he was withdrawing in the face of necessity, meanwhile making his plans to forge forward again at a later date with all means available.

By presenting the Anglo-American position to Tito in the first place as a generalized military problem, we probably misled him into believing that the United States and Britain were unconcerned over the political future of that little sector of European soil. And there is every reason to believe that our policy-makers had failed to consider the problem at all until it had developed into a full-blown crisis. We began our demands on the basis of military necessity for lines of communication. Then, in the middle of the argument, we switched our ground to that of the general principle that no frontiers should be changed until the peace conference. Having shouted the principle to the world with pious fury, we then accepted an agreement which gave Yugoslavia two-thirds of the disputed territory to do with as she pleased.

No wonder Tito was constrained to try a few tricks. He had every reason to believe they would work against such fuzzy thinking.

VII

TRIESTE—CAN IT BE SOLVED?



IN MID-JUNE of 1945, as an interim solution to the Trieste problem, a line was drawn through the heart of the disputed territory of Venezia Giulia dividing the Anglo-American sphere of military occupation from the Yugoslav. Each agreed to keep its territory in trust for the decision of the peace settlement. Since then, however, Communist-directed Slavs have completely incorporated the eastern portion into Yugoslavia in everything but name and at the same time have made every effort possible to experienced underground workers to keep the Anglo-American-controlled western part in continual turmoil.

These factors—plus certain weaknesses in AMG rule in the Anglo-American zone and plus excesses and violence on the part of Italian elements there—constitute a necessary background to the final deadlock which resulted at the Paris Peace Conference of Twenty-One Nations and the difficulties that faced the Council of Foreign Ministers.

It must be remembered that the drawing of the Morgan line gave over to Yugoslav military occupation two-thirds of the disputed territory of Venezia Giulia. This included almost all of the rolling, soil-poor, rock-strewn Istrian peninsula and the more mountainous lands running northward along the prewar Yugoslav frontier. It excluded the important naval base of Pola at the tip of the peninsula that juts strategically into the Adriatic Sea. But it included

Fiume, of bitter historic memories. In effect, American and British troops were left in control of only Trieste and a thin strip of barren land stretching northward covering lines of communication into Central Europe.

There is a modern and unique majesty about the port and city of Trieste, that narrow, sprawling coastal basin which lies at the foot of the rugged hills that almost plunge into the water of the Adriatic. It is more Germanic than Italian in its physical characteristics, and its people have an inbred separateness that prompts them to reply: "I am Triestini," when asked whether their nationality is Italian or Slovene. It is a modern city by European standards. Unlike the great cities of Europe which have grown along the banks of the great river systems since the beginning of civilization, Trieste's existence was predicated upon the railway and had to await its development.

Until the 1840s there was only a sleepy fishing village on the site of Trieste. Few could have imagined that it was to grow rapidly to be the third greatest southern European port, after Marseille and Genoa. Sparked by a dream of Central European domination of the type that was to cause the rise and fall of Adolf Hitler less than a century later, the old Austrian empire developed Trieste and made it her principal outlet to the world. By the dawn of the present century railway lines stretched to Vienna, one even to Bohemia. Trieste became the port of Austria, Bavaria, and Hungary, as well as for what were to become Czechoslovakia and the northern part of Yugoslavia. There were no rail routes into northern Italy because that section was served by the port of Venice.

When, after World War I, Trieste was ceded to Italy, it immediately and inevitably declined in importance. Austria and Czechoslovakia turned to other outlets through the German North Sea ports. It could not compete with Venice for Italian trade, and the economic needs of the Slovenes

were blocked by the political barrier of the Italian frontier. True, Mussolini's Italy made physical improvements in Trieste; its shipbuilding continued on a major scale and some of its industries survived. Its distinctive culture disappeared, however, and in general the years of Italian possession were years of eclipse for Trieste.

As has been said, when the Morgan line was drawn to divide the disputed Venezia Giulia into zones of Anglo-American and Yugoslav occupation, the Yugoslavs lost no time in carrying out a program that amounted to annexation. From a pro-Yugoslav point of view it was logical that this area (generally designated as Zone B) should be rapidly incorporated into the Yugoslav state—as logical, for them, as for Czechoslovakia to return to its pre-Munich frontiers without waiting for a peace conference to abrogate the dismemberment of 1938. The argument can be strengthened on the basis that Yugoslavia had lost this area to Italy in a bilateral treaty of 1924, whereas the Czechs had lost their lands through the fateful Munich agreement in which Britain and France had yielded to Hitler. In addition, it was generally assumed that there would be eventual rectification of the frontier in favor of Yugoslavia. Even Italians recognized this. Those close to the situation quickly recognized that the bone of contention was to be the city of Trieste, its hinterland, and its communication lines. Despite all this, however, there was the formal agreement on the part of Yugoslavia that its hold on Zone B was not annexation but military occupation, which was to be carried out without prejudice to the eventual Peace Conference decision.

So far as a visitor to Zone B in the spring of 1946 could see, the only concession to formality was the existence of a lira currency, issued by the Economic Bank of Istria, Fiume, and the Slovene Littoral. The currency value was based on the Italian lira, but the notes had the appearance and bore the Red Star decorations of the Yugoslav dinar. For the rest,

the Yugoslav regime was going about the task of establishing itself along the lines and through the techniques that had proved effective, though sometimes roughshod, in Yugoslavia proper. People's Courts were functioning, government committees were dominating social and economic life, and Tito was being sold to the people as the invincible leader by every means of propaganda from newspapers to signs and mottoes painted on every building in sight.

This action gives additional meaning to the Yugoslav squawk against the French compromise line approved at the Paris Peace Conference. In addition to depriving Yugoslavia of Trieste, this compromise line, while giving Yugoslavia considerably more territory than was comprised in Zone B, would have forced withdrawal of Yugoslav troops from a square of territory in northwest Istria, south of Trieste. Obviously the Yugoslavs do not want to withdraw from a territory already effectively annexed. To do so would damage the effects of their previous propaganda and would also give the outside world too close a look at the methods used in their effective communizing program.

There have been no substantial charges that Italians as a race have been singled out for mistreatment in the communization of Zone B. To its credit, communist theory eschews chauvinism. However, the moneyed commercial middle class is an enemy of the current phase of Communism in Yugoslavia. Because of that, many urban and coastal-dwelling Italians engaged in industry and commerce have probably felt the pressure of the new regime much more strongly than Slovenes, who for the most part eke out poverty-level livelihoods on rural peasant holdings.

As surely as Yugoslavia has imposed Communism on Zone B, the Allied Military Government of America and Britain has given every encouragement to democracy in Trieste and Zone A. By its very nature, democracy cannot be imposed; nor is it a simple matter to nurture it to quick fruition in an

area that has never before known true democracy. Working against the apathy of people who have known only the despotism of Austria-Hungary or the worse repression of Mussolini's Fascism, and faced with the frank and often violent opposition of the Slav-Communist underground on one hand and imported Italian thugs on the other, AMG naturally failed to foster democracy. In the circumstances, AMG deserves considerable credit for having prevented complete chaos—although more than one day of true chaos did exist.

The presence of a corps of British and American troops in Zone A and twice as many or more Yugoslav soldiers in Zone B—both behaving as though the Morgan line were a potential battle-marker rather than a temporary diplomatic frontier—gave the area the atmosphere and appearance of war, not of peace. This was just one more factor that made democracy harder for AMG and Communism easier for the Yugoslavs. Military commanders in Zone A were genuinely fearful of a Yugoslav parry across the Morgan line in an effort to settle the Trieste problem by force. Certainly some of the Yugoslav military preparations justified them in taking full precautions, which as good soldiers they did. Thus the American 88th Division, attached to British XIII Corps, was probably the only American division at home or abroad on a fully operational basis six months after the war was over. It was certainly one of the busiest American divisions. In addition to maintaining and patrolling positions on the Morgan line, it was carrying out a full infantry-training program plus specialized training in riot control.

During the forty-five days during which Yugoslavs were in undisputed political control of Trieste, they managed to establish a fairly complete governmental setup and also made an indelible impression on the average Triestini of what their rule would be if they returned. Both factors were reflected in the work of AMG which followed. It was an

integral part of the final agreement setting up the Morgan line that the system of regional government left behind by the Yugoslavs would be used by AMG if and where its members proved capable and representative of the population.

The loyalty of these groups was to Yugoslavia and its communist ideals. They had been established to carry out the political annexation; of necessity their program consisted of control of press and education and repression of political opposition. AMG, on the other hand, was charged with establishing an impartial administration, permitting a free press and free expression of political opinion, and encouraging a rapprochement between Italians and Slovenes. The Yugoslav-established local governments and AMG could therefore have worked together only if one side had given up its guiding principles. This was so patently unlikely that one wonders whether the Americans and Britons did not in the first place accept that provision of the agreement—with its easy out—with tongue in cheek. It would be even harsher criticism to suggest that responsible Allied leaders ever thought it would work, for this would presuppose their almost complete ignorance of all political factors involved.

In any case, the inevitable collapse of AMG-Yugoslav co-operation came in early August, less than two months after AMG took over. The administrative groups left behind by Yugoslavia were termed inefficient and nonrepresentative of the population. A general order of AMG established local governments under the direct control of the military government. As a result of the general order, the Slovene elements of the population halted all co-operation with AMG. The deposed administrative elements remained in being without governmental authority but with the support of the Slovene section of the population. Their governmental authority removed, the groups set themselves propaganda and obstructionist tasks: criticized and hindered AMG on every side, and tried to block by intimidation the

political revival of Italian elements. And there is the background for the riots, general strikes, street fighting, and assorted bloodshed that made such sensational headlines in the months that followed.

However, though disruption and upheaval were their aims, the Yugoslavs cannot be saddled with the blame for all the disorders that rocked Trieste. With a little more intelligence AMG could have avoided some bloodshed. And Italians must take their share of the blame. By some perverse ineptitude they celebrated almost a year of Slav intimidation, which was winning them considerable sympathy, by importing a number of strong-arm squads to beat up Slavs and wreck their buildings.

No day-by-day chronicle of the ebb and flow of violence and disorder in Trieste could help much toward understanding the forces at work in this area, to which the press has so rightly overapplied the cliché "explosive trouble spot." But a consideration of the spirit that made all this possible may be useful for the future.

By the very nature of their designs the Yugoslavs, deposed from their control of local administration, were bound to take advantage of every weakness of the AMG to spread discontent and stir up violence. It was AMG's mistake that too many such weaknesses appeared and were allowed to persist. Faced with the opposition of a highly intelligent group, versed in propaganda methods and scheming maneuvers, AMG sought to maintain control by straightforward authority rather than by such keen political thinking as might have countered or vitiated the opposition.

As a step to maintaining order, AMG organized the Venezia Giulia police, which was recruited from Italians and Slovenes and trained by British military police on the pattern of the London police force. The nonco-operation policy of the Slovenes insured that the force should be top-heavy with Italians. The Slovenes immediately complained

that some of the recruits had seen service in the former fascist police. Unfortunately, this was true in some cases, and the tainted officers were removed methodically—which was not fast enough. It was unreasonable to expect Italian policemen to be neutral about the political fire they were asked to handle. They were not. Also that model for the Venezia Giulia police, the London police force, is admittedly the best in the world—for London. But to expect its methods to be equally effective in Trieste might be compared to expecting London bobbies to have succeeded in keeping order in our American Southwest in Billy the Kid's day. It took experience to show all this to AMG. Originally the Venezia Giulia police carried only truncheons and bright smiles; eventually, in the wake of riot and bloodshed, they patrolled the streets in twos and threes and carried sub-machine-guns.

One specific incident of disorder and death serves to demonstrate the interplay of AMG ineptitude and cold-blooded calculation by the Communist-directed Slovenes. It was in March 1946. The Four-Power Boundary Commission (representing America, Russia, Britain, and France) had just arrived to study the situation on the spot—just at the time when AMG wanted tranquillity and the Slovenes wanted a violent demonstration of upheaval. Apparently on the assumption that the boundary commission was going to count the number of Slovene and Italian flags hanging from windows in Trieste and base their recommendations on that single statistic, AMG decreed a flag code which among other things forbade the display of flags from public buildings. To enforce this order, squads of Venezia Giulia police went about tearing down flags, only to have every one replaced as soon as they had left. It was absurd, and it might have been funny, but it wasn't.

In a Slovene suburb of Trieste called Servola two Slovene flags were hung from a church belfry. This being illegal, it

was an invitation to the Venezia Giulia police to invade the neighborhood and tear down the flags, since there could be no toleration of such bold flouting of AMG's flag decree. The police came expecting trouble. They arrived in three jeeps and two trucks and enough guns for a small battle. Servola was expecting them. Small boys hiding in the belfry tolled the bell to alert the population to the police officers' arrival. It was a signal for the people to pour into the streets. They crowded about the police cursing and belaboring them with threats. From somewhere a shot rang out. Police said it came from the crowd; the Servola folk insisted it had come from a policeman. (A trial was held about five months later to try to settle this point, as though it were the key to the tragedy.) The police answered the shot with a volley into the crowd, killing two persons and hospitalizing eighteen others. They then drove away, leaving the flags still waving from the belfry and thirty-three-year-old Giovanna Genzo, mother of three children, and forty-year-old Giorgia Bonifacio lying dead in puddles of blood.

It was the incident that the Slovene leaders needed. A general strike was called in protest and a strangled city was provided as Exhibit A for the boundary commission. The corpses attained an importance they had never known in life when they were starred in a gigantic funeral which evolved into a mass demonstration of tens of thousands swarming through the streets chanting "Tito!" and "Yugoslavia!"

Even if—and this is one theory—the Communists planned the whole thing with cold calculation, sacrificing two of their followers to propaganda needs, the fact remains that two persons were killed because AMG felt called upon to regulate flag-waving.

One of the unspectacular difficulties faced by AMG in Trieste and Zone A lay in keeping a balance between the unbiased goal that school officers set for themselves and

the efforts of interested groups to inject specialized propaganda into the school system. The more obvious hurdle was cleared with the decision to teach no history less than twenty-five years old. This obviated the necessity for taking a position on both Italy's role in the war and the rise of Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia.

It was decided to teach the children in their mother-tongues, requiring classes in Slovene, Croat, and Italian. Suitable textbooks were a major difficulty. Slovene and Croat texts printed for use in Yugoslavia were written as though the world had started with Marshal Tito and gave the impression that the main purpose of education was to deify him. These were immediately rejected for use in Zone A schools. Even Italian books printed for use in schools in Italy proper, although passed by AMG authorities for use there, had to be edited before they met the neutral standards for Trieste.

Slovene agitators countered AMG's sterilization of the schools with continuous protests on large and small matters, and, more directly, with bribing teachers to teach the deification of the Partisan movement behind the backs of AMG inspectors. When teachers were fired for this *sub rosa* activity, the agitators then screamed that Slovene culture was being mauled about in fascist fashion. The Slovenes also bitterly stigmatized some teachers, and especially the consultant in the AMG's education division, as Fascists and demanded their removal. AMG, insisting on proof before taking action, ignored as a ground for dismissal any teacher's opinion on the Partisan government which had existed briefly in Trieste. The consultant was a particular target of Slovene hatred. The Yugoslav government had convicted him *in absentia* in Ljubljana and sentenced him to death for fascist activity during the war. Despite this, AMG retained his services because his work was valuable and also apparently to prove that AMG was not to be

bullied. It is doubtful, however, whether his efficiency made up for the bitterness whipped up about him in the Slovene press.

Several times in the year between the drawing of the Morgan line and the Paris Peace Conference, general strikes were called in Trieste under the leadership of the Slovene-Communist labor federation, Sindacati Unici, lasting with paralyzing effectiveness from three to twelve days. These politically motivated strikes always found their greatest support among the laborers in the shipyards of Trieste and near-by Monfalcone—men who, working under conditions and for wages that in the United States would rate as below-subsistence, never once caused a work stoppage for the purpose of improving these economic conditions. Nor did their leaders ever suggest such a course—perhaps for fear that such a movement might prove hard to halt after (if ever) Communism should take over once more in Trieste.

AMG always reacted to the strikes by martyring the strike leaders through arrest and imprisonment, actions that inevitably welded the workers into tighter and more fanatical groups. Had AMG been closer to the people it was governing, it might have weaned the laborers from the leadership that was using them for political purposes without regard for the loss of working time that ravished their meager pay envelopes. This might have been done, though perhaps it would be too much to expect of a soldier government heavily larded with British officers acclimatized to colonial administration and with American officers anxious to go home. But it was at least worth trying.

There were many things, too, on the credit side of AMG's ledger in Trieste. Uniquely in the postwar world, AMG in Zone A was a "stake-holder" government, faced with the problem of administration without knowing what the future sovereignty of the area would be. Thus it was deprived of the advantage inherent in such a program of parallel in-

digenous government as automatically solved many problems in other occupied territories. AMG and its officers tried hard to tread the narrow path laid down for them by conditions. Many, because of the open antagonism of the Slovenes and a genuine regard for Italy, favored the Italian side of the struggle in private conversation. To their credit, though, this attitude was seldom implemented in official action.

AMG maintained throughout a completely free press, although as an organization it was constantly attacked by extremists on both sides. Unpublicized in the midst of riot and disorder, AMG carried on an extensive public-works program of repairing homes and roads, provided medical supplies to the needy, improved hospital facilities, assisted displaced persons, and made real advances in industrial rehabilitation. There was some unfortunate friction between American and British officers in AMG, such as seems to be typical of all the joint nonmilitary activities of the two peoples. The Americans accused the British of scheming for the future, and the British held Americans responsible for what they considered unrealistic decisions on policy. It is sad that this self-created difficulty should have been added to the unavoidable ones from without. The chief of AMG, Colonel Alfred C. Bowman, an American who should have been above it, shared in the conflict. He was willing to encourage the belief that unpopular decisions had been promulgated by British officers, overriding his better judgment. In turn, he himself was openly criticized by some British officers for blocking solutions they preferred. Bowman, a big genial man with a small moustache and a harassed look, made no secret of his desire to return to Los Angeles where before the war he had been deputy city attorney. And who can blame him?

This chapter has already told of an incident that happened during the visit of the Four-Power Boundary

Commission in March 1946. It was an ineffective bit of diplomatic window-dressing that provided an excellent excuse for a series of riotous demonstrations but apparently did little to solve the fundamental problems of the future of the area. As an agency of the Foreign Ministers' Conference, this commission of American, French, Russian, and British delegations, each top-heavy with its own geographers, ethnologists, and economic experts, came to Trieste to formulate a joint solution. They spent several weeks gathering data, taking junkets into the hinterland, and interviewing people who knew (or thought they knew) the factors involved. Then they went away and each national group drew up its own recommendations, based on the preconceived notions of the governments that had sent them out.

There was something sadly comical about the way this commission carried out a routine inquiry behind such a screen of secrecy from the international press representatives in Trieste as no general ever threw about his battle plans. One could not forget that President Woodrow Wilson had sent a similar mission to make an identical study of the same area in 1919; after that investigation, too, the questions involved were settled according to the exigencies of international power politics. It is hard to believe that any one of the experts of the 1946 Boundary Commission truly believed—even at that date, six months before the peace conference—that very much depended on his scrutiny of the region's oft-sifted ethnographical lore. It should have been amply clear to him that the lines already had been drawn and that the Trieste problem was just another facet of the struggle between the East and the West.

The plot to keep American and British correspondents uninformed about the doings of the Commission reached really absurd proportions. Philip E. Mosely, chairman of the United States section, ticked off his associates for drink-

ing with correspondents in the bar of the hotel in which both the commission and the correspondents were living. Even greetings in the hallways were furtive and embarrassed as though vital information might shine from some commissioner's eyes.

When the time came for the Commission to tour the Yugoslav-occupied Zone B, it was top secret so far as press relations were concerned. But the correspondents (as they have a way of doing) knew that something was in the wind and prepared to go along. The payoff in this absurd game of hide-and-seek arrived when a worker in the Yugoslav propaganda organization turned up to provide the correspondents with the Commission's route in detail. Naturally the public of Zone B, amply forewarned, gathered for an uproarious welcome to the Commission all along the way, shouting the slogans the Yugoslavs wanted them to shout and creating the impression the Yugoslavs wanted them to create. One group of correspondents who got separated from the main party had one small town turn out a full-dress demonstration for their sole benefit, complete with bouquets for the visitors. After this bit of farce, it was difficult for correspondents to take the Commission seriously.

By the time the peace conference met in Paris, it was clear that the final compromise on Venezia Giulia would give most of the territory to Yugoslavia, with Trieste being made a free city under international sponsorship. From there, the Yugoslavs with Russian support carried the fight forward to internationalize Trieste with a form of government which would make it, in everything but name, an integral part of Yugoslavia. A Belgrade newspaper reporter summed up this view in a frank comment to an American colleague: "We are going to get Trieste, whether under internationalization or under whatever you want to call it. We are not going to give up until we get it."

This was unofficial comment, but it fitted perfectly into

Yugoslav policy as unfolded at Paris and at the Council of Foreign Ministers which followed in New York.

As diplomats gathered up their briefcases after the Paris Peace Conference, both Vice Premier Kardelj of Yugoslavia and Foreign Minister Nenni of Italy sounded off to the effect that neither country would sign an unfavorable treaty on the disputed area—which would seem to guarantee that turbulent Trieste is to continue its role as one of the world's trouble spots.

VIII

RUMANIA—FABULOUS COUNTRY



MERELY by virtue of being Balkan, any country in that strategic peninsula may be called a key country; but among all of them Rumania, because it combines strategic position with man-power and superior natural resources, may be the true key country of the Balkans. Succeeding chapters will deal in detail with Rumanian personalities, political and economic situations, and the Great Powers' struggle over her. What is needed as preface is a brief air-view of this fabulous country and people, which in a material way turned out to be Hitler's No. 1 European ally in World War II. There can be no doubt, on the basis of the record of that war, in Europe, that among the defeated it was Rumania—not Italy, nor Hungary, nor Finland—that made a contribution second only to Germany. From her forty-odd million war-reluctant people, Italy provided fewer actual combat troops than did Rumania from the fourteen million of population she had left during the war after she lost Bessarabia and Bukovina to Russia and Transylvania to Hungary. Hungary's contribution was not even comparable. And Finland's valiant but small army hardly got beyond its own frontiers. But Rumania's armies went entirely across southwestern Russia and curved down through the Caucasus Mountains to the threshold of the vital Soviet Caucasus oil-fields. Rumania provided the bulk of the man-power in assaulting the Crimean peninsula, the loss of which cost

Russia her command of the Black Sea for much of the war. Rumanian forces won as many victories as Italy's uneager warriors yielded defeats.

Rumania thus emerged from the war as Europe's Mighty Midget, a wight of sobering potentialities, once for all discrediting Bismarck's dictum that he would not trade the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier for all the Balkans.

In other circumstances, with the main strategic lines drawn otherwise, with different enthusiasms operative, and with, perhaps, foot-slogging man-power at a lower premium, Rumania would not be quite so important as she proved to be during the war of 1939-45. However, only the joined battle can ever dictate the actual circumstances of war, and Rumania's demonstrated potentialities remain potentialities at least. The story that follows of Soviet Russia's virtual incorporation of Rumania shows the extreme importance that Russia attaches to these potentialities.

Rumania has two principal advantages. (Or disadvantages, if one be a Rumanian casting an eye back over that country's almost unrelieved tale of conquest and subjugation which runs from Roman to modern times.) These are position and wealth.

As presently constituted, Rumania is situated about half in a plain which is the final extension southwestward of the great Russian steppes, and half in an easily penetrated upland which is a part of the mountainous backbone of Europe. The country is thus a double-ended springboard, the plains (or eastern end) a jumping-off base for southern Russia; and the mountainous (or western end) a series of gateways to Central Europe.

One can travel from Constanza on the Black Sea through Bucharest, through the great oil-fields around Ploesti, and then through the Carpathian Mountains until the plains of Hungary are reached through such conveniently low and broad passes that the worst of them only rarely require the

motorist to shift gears. In fact, so broad and gently sloping are the great rich valleys of the Carpathians in Rumania that the motorist can pass through one of Europe's wildest areas of mountain country with only a faint perception of the height and the ruggedness of the country to either side of him.

Passes almost as easy reach up into Czechoslovakia and eastern Poland. Thus the road is open from Germany, Austria, and Poland into Rumania and thence to Russia. Or the road is open from Russia through Rumania into Poland and Austria, and thence to Germany.

On the south, across the Danube, the smaller flats of the Dobrudja region run deep into Bulgaria. To the west the more difficult "Iron Gate" country following the course of the Danube nevertheless leads toward Yugoslavia and to the Adriatic Sea.

Add to these conditions the fact that the Danube itself—flowing as it does from Germany through Austria and Yugoslavia to where it runs along the south of the Rumanian plains as the boundary between Rumania and Bulgaria, finally to swing north to its broad mouth on the Black Sea—is one of the most important European waterways if not the most important. Strauss's "Blue Danube," actually a broad, muddy stream, is as useful a burden-carrier as those American Big Muddies, the Mississippi and the Missouri. Especially since a war that wrecked many of Europe's railbeds, destroyed her rolling stock, and wore out her few good highways, have the waterways become important. Soviet Russia now controls European lands as far west as Austria, including the whole Danubian course through Hungary and Yugoslavia, so that the broad brown back of the Danube is valuable to Russia as a carrier integrating her economic plans in the Balkans and all of Central and Southern Europe. And it would be just as valuable an integrator to those same lands if their role were to become that of a

forward military bastion spanning the gap between the Black Sea and the Adriatic and linking southern Germany to southern Russia.

Rumania can thus be conceived of strategically as the hub of a wheel whose spokes radiate north, south, east, and west to lands, peoples, and resources important both economically and militarily—if it is ever strictly proper to separate these two reciprocating phases of national life. In World War II, Rumania was utilized by Germany as the massing point for German and Rumanian forces which—with so fine a network of communications behind them—hurtled forward a thousand miles into Russia before they were halted, and choked the rest of Russia off from her great food and factory country, the Ukraine. Russia is now determined that if Rumania should again become militarily important, her role must be reversed in Russia's favor.

Besides thus serving as a double-ended strategic springboard, Rumania is in her own self equally important economically in either peace or war. She grows enough wheat to be an exporter in normal times. She grows great masses of fine vegetables and fruits, and has a good food-processing industry. In addition to the Danube she possesses a road, rail, and telephone-telegraph-radio system that is above average for the Balkans and for much of Europe. She has automobile assembly plants (American), repair and maintenance shops for all rolling stock, locomotive shops (easily convertible to tank factories), cotton mills, a paper industry, and well-developed port and docking facilities on the Black Sea and the Danube. Rich in minerals and food, she is a little better than halfway along the path of industrialization.

Important, however, as are her other natural resources, in an oil age it is her oil that outweighs everything else, so that if this were all Rumania had it would still make the country a prize. Germany's war machine could never have turned without Rumania's oil to lubricate it, without the

gasoline from Rumania's refineries to propel it; and Germany's collapse followed not long after her loss of the Rumanian oil and refinery industry.

And Russia is equally dependent. While she has oil resources of her own that are greater than Rumania's in bulk, so huge is the Russian economic and military machine that her resources can seldom exceed her requirements. Oil and its derivatives constitute the main single item in her armistice and reparations demands on Rumania, and the SovRomPetrol was one of the first of the combined Soviet-Rumanian enterprises that followed the creation of a Communist-controlled government in Rumania. Today, Rumania's oil wells are producing as much as they did before the war, and her refineries are doing a bigger business than they did then.

But a land without people is but empty space.

The Rumanian people call themselves by Latin and Latinlike names, speak a language obviously derived from the Latin, and (as was said in Chapter I) think of themselves as a Latin people. An ancient column in Rome celebrates the Roman conquest of what was then called Dacia and is now Rumania. From that conquest, and the colonizing that followed it, Rumanian historians trace the descent of the present Rumanian people.

The northwestern part of Rumania—the Carpathian Mountains area called Transylvania—is and has been for centuries an area of dispute between the Hungarian and the Rumanian peoples, a dispute aggravated by German colonization. In southern Rumania the long Turkish rule left small Turkish racial islands, with some of the leading families bearing Greek names, the Ottoman Turks having sent Greeks from the Phanar district of Constantinople to rule Rumania. To the east, in Bessarabia (now held by Russia), Rumanian and Slav have inextricably mixed into

a racial no-man's-land, with large centers of Jewish population complicating the problem.

Today, withal—after centuries of conflict on their soil and an almost continuous history of subjugation to some greater power—the Rumanian people are an evasive, shifty group, skilled in the dupery, sharp dealing, deceit, and opportunism which foreign rule imposes on a people. Along with these qualities, however, they have another that amazes the historian who digs into their past: a dogged fidelity to their own language, customs, and racial history, which has persisted through and survived centuries of subjugation during which other languages, customs, and races were forcibly imposed upon them—centuries in which their history was often forgotten by everybody except one or two wretched clerics of the Orthodox Church hidden in the Transylvanian wilds, church and mountain having always been the Rumanian's refuge from his conqueror. From this long drowning, history, race, and people have emerged amazingly intact and full of pride and determination.

But it is the pride and determination of a people that has for so long known the victor's tread on its neck that it has learned all too well how to deal with him—and thus by habit with everyone: through evasion and deceit. "To be Rumanian," so runs the saying, "is not a nationality, but a profession." It is against this background that the Rumanian political scene must be viewed.

IX

RUMANIA—IS IT BURLESQUE OR TRAGEDY?



MUCH of that flavor of Rumanian life which brings the country so frequently into the news is attributable to the many richly unusual characters who speck the national life. Even on a stage dominated by a Great Powers' struggle, personalities still count, and events are as different as might be expected with so different a cast.

"Cast" is an appropriate word here, for one always has a slight sense of unreality in Rumania—of living in the midst of a burlesque of rational life, though a burlesque in which the characters are likely, for motives clearly apparent only to them, to go suddenly dead serious and perpetrate a tragedy in the midst of a farce. Thus an especial detachment is required of the spectator to Rumanian affairs, an attitude in which the ability to be amused as well as bemused is helpful in catching the true highlights—which accounts for what might otherwise seem irreverently light references in some of these pages on this extraordinarily Balkan Balkan country. A single incident (to which one of the authors was witness) serves remarkably well to epitomize such slightly daffy proceedings.

As on almost every important occasion, on Rumanian Unification Day—commemorating the nineteenth-century joining of the two ancient Rumanian provinces as a united kingdom—a considerable crowd gathered before the Royal Palace on the great misshapen square in the middle of

Bucharest known as "Carol's Desert" because King Carol once had the buildings formerly there summarily cleared away so that he could see farther from the royal windows. The crowd had come to take advantage of a national holiday to shout, "Long live the King!" The Communists and Rumania's Communist-dominated government had chosen, as on other similar occasions, to take this as an implied "Down With the Communists!" (As, indeed, it was. Both sides, with the peculiar sensitivity of the Balkans, were acting fiercely on nothing but inference.) The Ministry of the Interior—most important ministry of all in a police state as constituted in Europe because it controls the police and gendarmerie—was conveniently situated just across the square from the palace, and from there the gendarmes had as usual come forth, armed with tommy guns to break the crowd up. The atmosphere was becoming, as almost always, dangerous.

None of this crowd had been summoned there by anybody; the people in it had simply gathered to let off steam. Especially was this true of a seventeen-year-old girl from a quiet, respectable family, known to the author. The author was astonished to find this girl milling about with the crowd, shouting at the top of her lungs for her king at the imminent peril of the top of her head. The author, present by the compulsion of duty alone, told her she was in danger and first advised her, then attempted to order her, to go home to safety. She refused to budge; instead, with the light of joy in her eye, she whisked off into the midst of the crowd. Respectable, usually even meek, schoolgirl that she was, she was first and foremost Rumanian, and she was having the time of her life risking that life for a sentiment. She said later that she had had "a wonderful time" that day, and only looked blank when reminded of the several dead and the larger number of wounded who had been left when the affair was over.

This young woman's indifference to violence typifies her Rumanian race and largely typifies the abnormal inclination of the whole Balkan peninsula to burst into violence. But the fact that she was exhilarated by the peril, that instead of shunning it she plunged into it eagerly, is even more indicative. It was a good show and she wouldn't have missed it.

The dead who died there will be commemorated, and the commemoration will probably evoke further violence from those who killed them, in order to prevent discredit, and this will bring on fresh commemorations and new grudges. And if those who claim the dead should come to power, they will avenge their dead with more violence, to be commemorated, remembered, and cherished as a grudge.

Such tangles require Solomons, and the Balkans have produced few if any Solomons, so that their affairs grow more instead of less tangled. But short of a Solomon, the Balkans, and Rumania alone, can supply almost everything.

Lead character in the Rumanian tragicomedy is the Good Prince, young King Mihai, descendant at once of Queen Victoria, the Hohenzollerns of Germany and the destroyed Romanovs of Russia. Most important of all, Mihai—who was twenty-three when he led his country's surrender to Russia, the United States, and Britain on August 23, 1944—is the son of his power-hungry, grasping, hardworking father, King Carol II of Rumania, in whose stead Mihai is now for the second time King of Rumania; son also of his quiet, intelligent, well-bred mother, who is Helen of the Greek royal house but who talks and acts as though she came directly instead of indirectly from Britain's orderly monarchical family. Nor, in analyzing this young man's make-up, should his storied, beautiful, traveled, life-avid grandmother, Marie, be forgotten.

Behind Mihai, popular monarch of a Soviet-captive realm,

lie intelligence linked with the blind Hohenzollern greed, energy with the strain of the Romanovs' decadent sloth, and the Hohenzollern-Romanov urge to rule royally merged with the constitutional delicacy of Britain's House. Which of these strains will eventually emerge as the dominant characteristics in Mihai—if his career lasts long enough for him to mature in it—it is still impossible to tell.

He is a very big young man, who looks as though he might run to fat in the future. Accustomed from his youth to being king, Mihai carries off the role well. He is easy, erect, watchful, and commanding without effort. At least while still in his twenties, he is pretty much the romantic school-girl's conception of what a king should look like: big, auburn-haired, blue-eyed, snub-nosed, and capable of smiling easily, with a smile that brings out dimples. As he grows older his resemblance to his father, Carol II, increases, except that he has more chin. But there is the same somewhat beetling brow, the face which in repose strikes the onlooker as a little sullen. His manners, however, are faultless, even more than necessarily gracious. The withdrawn, slightly sulky look may be the product of real shyness; for, strange though it may be in a young man who has for so much of his life been in the limelight, Mihai is genuinely shy.

He warms up best over talk of motors, automobiles, planes, and speedboats. He is an accomplished mechanic, has a garage full of American and specially built top European cars, which he tends himself. He is a pilot, and his ambition once was to own a B-17. He is a reckless speed driver on the road and in town, and with cars and speedboats is a considerable menace to his adoring subjects. However, they do not seem to mind this too greatly, and the royal household concentrates on hoping that the King can be kept from killing himself with speed, leaving the public to look out for its own safety.

The Queen Mother, Helen, is at present the strongest

single influence in Mihai's life. He apparently follows her advice closely, and her good-humored intelligence may account for the fact that Mihai has not come to more grief than he has with his hard-to-handle Soviet conquerors.

Mihai feels at home with the British, who, royalists to the bone, know precisely how to handle a king. He speaks English, French, German, and Rumanian with about equal fluency and with a soft slur in his rather high-pitched, indolent-sounding voice. He seems to enjoy American company just as much, though for the opposite reason that most Americans have no idea of being anything but themselves and thus treat the King with a greater equality than he is commonly used to. To this he reacts well, apparently feeling that so long as his guests are sincere they are all right. This in turn impresses American visitors, who come away with the conviction that the King is a true democrat. Whether this is true, or whether his reaction to Americans is an isolated case applicable to them only, will probably not be known until and if he has the chance to rule his country on his own and more or less according to his own ideas.

On the whole, however, Mihai appears to have more of the worthy and fewer of the disagreeable characteristics of his mixed forebears than had his father, and at least promises a less turbulent, self-seeking reign. One important clue in that direction is the obvious fact that Mihai is not endowed with his father's formidable energy, a failing which may go far to keep Mihai out of trouble and also help him to be a more constitutional monarch—which, at any rate, is what Mihai says he wants to be.

By all odds the next most important Rumanian, and perhaps historically far more important depending on how Mihai's future turns out, is the aged Iuliu Maniu, head of the National Peasant party and thus leader of the Opposi-

tion to the communist regime, and most influential Rumanian nationalistic leader in centuries.

Maniu's career is one of the most packed and significant to be found in Europe today. As a young man and in middle life, he was one of the chief contributors to the ruin of the then apparently all-powerful, everlasting power and glory of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. As an old man in his seventies, Maniu has, with a firmer and stronger hand than anybody else's, raised the standard of revolt against Soviet dominion over his country—a revolt which will have meaning everywhere in Russia's security cordon, where there are many who dislike Communism, do not want it in their country and do not feel that it is applicable there, who dislike Soviet imperial rule, and who profess political and international beliefs more nearly approaching those of the West.

Maniu is a small, pink-and-white old man with a large, thinly covered head, very level china-blue eyes, and a gentle disposition which can nevertheless stir into deep, implacable wrath. When he has made up his mind about a thing, his obstinacy is the despair and (from time to time) the undoing of monarchs, politicians, and diplomats accustomed to more pliable material. But in the all-pervading chicanery of Rumanian life, Maniu stands out like a mountain peak for his unbending honesty, his lack of material self-seeking, and his loyalty to principle.

Maniu started life with the advantage, in Rumanian politics, of hailing from Transylvania, that most bitterly contested and therefore most nationalistically Rumanian of all the Rumanian provinces. This start, however, came at the end of the last century, when Transylvania was still under Hungarian rule.

As a young lawyer he went to the Hungarian parliament as a representative of the Rumanians in Transylvania.

There he soon became a center, for his brilliant and fearless debating tactics, of Rumanian nationalistic purposes. Since those early days he has commanded so profound a devotion from the Rumanians in Transylvania—who outnumber Hungarians there about three to two, if any statistics at all from Transylvania can be believed—that this province is often called “the Kingdom of Maniu.”

During and after World War I, Maniu fearlessly continued to combat the Hungarians in the name of a Rumanian (or at least an independent) Transylvania, and got sent to the front for his trouble. He had meantime interested himself in the Czech and the Slovenian, Croatian, and Serbian struggles against the Austro-Hungarian rulers. At the end of the war, finding himself involved in all those movements, he played a prominent part in the breakdown of the Empire all the way from Prague to Vienna and Croatia, but emerged with what to the Rumanians seemed the biggest prize of all: complete one-man control of Transylvania. For a year he presided over the independent Transylvanian Republic. Then, achieving Rumania’s dream of a thousand years, he made his mother country a gift of her longest-lost province, bringing Transylvania into the fold and (in Rumanian eyes) making Rumania at last a truly united country.

His nearly thirty years’ dangerous struggle against the haughty Austro-Hungarians and his great success at the end of it would alone have marked him forever as a hero of Rumanian history comparable only with the very greatest of the past. But Maniu’s triumphs continued. Uniting all the many peasant movements in the country, by 1928 he emerged as the top political figure within the newly enlarged realm, and top enemy of the Bratianu-family-led Liberal Party, which had for so many decades ruled the country almost unopposed that it had lost its liberal character and

become as conservative as it was revolutionary in the 1850s.

Made prime minister at the head of his National Peasant party, Maniu started in to achieve a long list of internal reforms: liberalization of police procedures, methods, and powers; restoration of free speech and press; a start toward cleaning up the nation's graft-ridden administrative machine; and more and better education.

Here Maniu's deficiencies as a politician first became evident. It has since been plain that he is primarily a great nationalistic fighter, by far at his best in the opposition, but far less skillful as administrator than as critic. The fact that his party possessed no other man of anything like his own quality also became apparent. Though a great deal that was badly needed was accomplished and the nation knew its most liberal period of government, his reforms showed a tendency to bog down. Maniu alone was not sufficient to halt corruption where so many of his associates played at it.

These weaknesses have persisted. Today Maniu is still the pillar of rectitude and fair dealing that he always was; but owing to party loyalty he has never been able to get rid of associates short of there being downright criminal convictions against them. Likewise, as Maniu has grown older, so has his clique. The youth of his party has not had its proper chance. Today the National Peasant party is a party of sometimes (even often) discredited old men, with one magnificent old man at their head.

The Russians and the Communists have by implication endowed Maniu with the primary importance he and his following deserve in Rumanian politics by singling him and his party out as their most hated and feared enemies. And every attempt possible has been made to bring the old man and his party into disrepute—the latter being an easier target than the former. There can be no doubt that the National Peasant party as a whole has three basic tendencies, faith-

fully representing the inclinations of the majority of the Rumanian people: anti-Sovietism, anti-Semitism, and anti-Magyarism.

The National Peasant party (here including Maniu and the bulk of the Rumanian people) hates and fears Soviet domination. In the country as a whole there has been and still is a strong current in favor of "getting along with Russia." At the outset of Rumania's postwar period, following her surrender in August 1944, the general sentiment was in favor of furnishing to Russia, through communist participation in the government, a guarantee against future Rumanian treachery toward Russia. That sentiment, however, was strictly upon the international plane; it did not come out for sole communist control of the country, for the communization of the country, or for sole Soviet domination.

But Russia has insisted upon sole communist-Soviet control, has allowed the Rumanian Communists to seize such single internal control that the communization of the country is inevitable—and this has cost her that *modus vivendi* spirit of cautious co-operation which she had to work with in the beginning. Thus national sentiment against Russia and the Communists has rapidly crystallized as the Russians and the Communists have ever more firmly demanded single dominion.

Maniu, unfaltering nationalist, born Transylvanian, and long the nation's dragon-slayer, leaped against this new menace to his country's territorial and political integrity. Through the summer of 1945, after the National Democratic Front government came to power and his party had been eliminated from the government by Mr. Vishinski's decree, Maniu and his Peasant party came rapidly to the fore as the nation's bulwark. Along with the growing openness of its opposition both to the Russians and to the Communists, these adopted an ever stronger vengeful attitude toward Maniu and his party. By the fall of 1945 they had

driven the party—with its old-time enemy, the National Liberal party, now become ally-in-distress—virtually underground. The nation's cities and towns were plastered with communist posters reading "Down with Maniu! Down with Bratianu!";* attempts by those parties to meet or to campaign were broken up by armed gangs or the police and gendarmerie; and in communist gatherings actual shouts were heard of "Death to Maniu and to Bratianu—enemies of Russia and the people!"

By the Moscow Accord of December 1945 these parties—National Peasant and National Liberal—were restored to legal being, and the Groza Front government promised liberty to meet and to campaign, plus free press organs. This accord, however, led only to an interlude, not an armistice. The campaign against Maniu and his associates, allowed during January 1946 to fall into temporary abeyance, was gradually whipped up afresh until by early spring it was again on in full force. Once more the streetcars, buses, and railroad trains, the streets, shops, walls, and every other medium of display, including of course all the communist and government newspapers, were filled with demands for the elimination of Maniu, Bratianu, and their parties from the national political scene. This campaign was skillfully co-ordinated with the gradual preparation for national elections, scheduled for September or October 1946, although the Groza government had in January promised "early" elections.

The master card was to be played at the trial of the Antonescu wartime government as war criminals. Although both ex-Marshal Ion Antonescu and ex-Vice-Premier Mihai Antonescu (distant cousins) and their associates had been taken captive by King Mihai on the day he surrendered to the Allies, and had been in Soviet custody ever since, their trial had always been mysteriously delayed.

* Leader of the National Liberal party.

Suddenly, in May 1946, the men were brought to trial, and the reason soon appeared. Both Maniu and Bratianu were called as witnesses, and it was evident that the government hoped to implicate both as war criminal associates of the Antonescus.

As a matter of fact, affairs during the war had proceeded in Rumania much as could have been expected in Rumania. The Antonescus, both good Rumanians, had done their best to play both ends to the middle. Maniu and Bratianu, but chiefly Maniu, had spent the greater part of the war sending in memos to the Antonescus, and the Antonescus had handled them with kid gloves. Maniu had been successful in getting many of his party members out of jail, and had repeatedly warned the Marshal against going beyond Rumania's old frontiers into Russia. He had actually been able to secure—chiefly through Mihai Antonescu, but certainly with the Marshal's secret knowledge—freedom to keep in touch with the outer world by radio, at first, and later by envoys sent out to negotiate for an armistice. Maniu had kept the Antonescus informed of the results of his secret radio communications and of the long-drawn-out armistice negotiations in Cairo for which he (Maniu) had arranged.

The chief of the tribunal at the People's Court trying the Antonescu government attempted to bring all this out to the discredit of Maniu and Bratianu. Bratianu, eighty-four years of age and in any case not very important, got off with only light interrogation, but Maniu was put through over five hours of questioning. The skillful old man took charge of the questioning, and came forth at the end with a record on the court's books of his continuous effort to end the war and make peace with Russia, and of his opposition to the Germans.

But the prosecutor made one fatal slip, which proved that the government, and the Russians, had erred badly when they allowed the old man to have his day in court. The prose-

cutor asked: "Is it not true that you encouraged the drive into Bessarabia and Bukovina?" These provinces had been seized by Russia in 1940, and Maniu had always maintained that the war should not go beyond them, so far as Rumania was concerned, repeatedly warning Antonescu to that effect. Maniu without hesitation shot back: "Bessarabia and Bukovina were and are Rumanian provinces!" As the provinces are again Soviet-held, this slip was wiped off the court's record. But the old man had had his say, had given the nation his considered opinion openly and in court, and had provided a slogan which will live in Rumanian hearts until those provinces are recovered.

One more dramatic moment was in store for Maniu and the nation before he left court, whither he had come as victim and whence—in the eyes of his followers—he was to go as victor. As he left the stand, his path close beside the dock, Maniu hesitated, then turned back to shake the hands of both Antonescus and of the others in the front row of the dock. In so doing, the old man—who had not hesitated to say during his interrogation that the Antonescus and their associates had been fools if not knaves—let it be known that these were men who, so far as he was concerned, had cooperated with him at a time when he was in danger and had helped him in a delicate task, and that he gave them credit for the good, as well as the bad, that they had done. This is the milder interpretation. The other is that Maniu had decided that the situation had reached the point at which any Rumanian who had fought Russia ought to be treated as a hero, and that—since these were doomed men—he, Maniu, with the tremendous prestige he enjoyed among his people, would make martyrs of them for history. Such, in any case, has been the actual consequence of his act since their executions on June 1, 1946.

Thus Maniu, who as a young man came on the stage of Rumanian history as the dragon-slayer pitted against

Austria-Hungary, in his decline raised himself for one more blow, establishing himself as the same man he was in his youth, with the same implacable courage, the same unbending nationalism (be that considered good or bad), as ready as ever to face extinction in a national cause. Without hesitation he placed himself and his party in intransigent opposition to sole Soviet and communist control of his country, thereby insuring his eventual elimination from Rumanian politics. This he was willing to face for the sake of the continued life of the cause he champions: national and political integrity for his country. The fact that it is he who has risen as the champion guarantees that, no matter what is done with him and his party by the Russians and the Communists, that cause will live on.

No more upright champion of his country's independence, nor one with greater influence with his people, could be found than the aged Iuliu Maniu.

Unfortunately, not so much can be said of his party. The chief trouble with the Peasant party is that it reflects the nation's wishes and faults, while the party virtues—which should stand above the people as a guide to them—are summed up almost solely in Maniu. (An exception here is Ion Mihalache, Maniu's chief lieutenant; he is a man of honest purpose, but is soon lost without Maniu's leadership.)

The Peasant party is anti-Semitic. This runs counter to the wishes of Maniu, who, while he is Rumanian and therefore inbredly anti-Semitic, has a clear enough perception of the evils of anti-Semitism to wish to avoid it. But the party rank and file, who are rank-and-file Rumanians from both town and country, are incorrigibly anti-Semitic. This sentiment, too, has been heightened since the Communists took control in Rumania. One of the top three Communists, Madame Anna Pauker, is a Jewess, and the party has courted the Jews to win support among them. A great many Jews

in Rumania have flocked into the party as their only refuge. They have succeeded to numerous posts, usually minor, where their presence irritates Rumanian gentiles. By no means, however, do the Communists have the undivided support of the Jews, as indicated by the fact that Dr. Filderman, for thirty years leader of the Jewish community in Rumania, is anticommunist himself, and still has large personal backing among Jews in Rumania. Filderman, however, has sagely refused to advise the Jewish community, as such, on its politics, telling each to choose for himself, but pleading with them to stick together as Jews, whatever their politics, and to aid him in his efforts at Jewish rehabilitation, a work in which he makes no political distinctions among the needy of his community.

Nevertheless, among the strongly Peasant party youth at Bucharest, Cluj, and other Rumanian universities, anti-Jewish outbreaks continue, handily providing the Communists and the Russians with another stick with which to beat the brand "Fascist" on the brow of Maniu's party.

The Groza government has a third stick, besides anti-Sovietism and anti-Semitism, with which to beat the Peasants. That is anti-Magyarism. The Front government busied itself immediately in striving at one and the same time to court Soviet favor for the retention of Hungarian-Rumanian-split Transylvania—Rumania's Carpathian Mountain province which the Germans gave to Hungary during the war, only twenty-odd years after Maniu had reunited it with Rumania—and to improve relations between Hungary and Rumania, so as to win the favor of the Hungarians living in Transylvania. This policy was adopted at the outset because Transylvania is so completely a Maniu stronghold among Rumanians there that the anti-Maniu Groza government of the Front could hope to find its support there only among the Hungarians.

Although little has been done toward improving relations between Hungary and Rumania, and the Magyars continue to demand the return of Transylvania loudly wherever they are allowed to raise their voices, the Front government has nevertheless won Magyar support in Transylvania. This is an anomaly, because the Groza government represents precisely the kind of Communist-dominated, pro-Soviet government the Hungarians at home voted out of power, and Maniu's Peasant party represents precisely the kind of left-of-center liberalism that the Hungarians at home voted into power.

However, the situation in Transylvania has fallen apart on nationalistic, not political, lines. Maniu and his party are known in Transylvania as the old, old enemies of Hungary and Hungarians. This despite Maniu's past record of at least relatively fair dealings, *personally*, with Hungarians, and because his violently anti-Magyar constituents in Transylvania have in the past got out of hand in violent anti-Magyar uprisings, and promise to do so in the future.

The violence of the Magyar-Vlak (Hungarian-Rumanian) split in Transylvania has only been heightened by the Groza government's attitude of pampering and pandering to the Magyars. Groza, like Maniu, hails from Transylvania, but from a part of Transylvania where the Magyars are strong, and he has always been known as their friend. Like Maniu, he speaks their language—as do many Rumanian Transylvanians because during periods of Hungarian ownership of Transylvania only the Hungarian language was allowed. But under the Front government, with many Hungarians in office in Rumanian Transylvania, particularly in the police and gendarmerie and communist headquarters, the Rumanians have been outraged by repeated *anti-Rumanian* demonstrations, on *Rumanian* soil, and with the apparent blessing of the *Rumanian* government.

This, if the issue was not already settled, settled it once for

all. The Rumanians in Transylvania are solidly in support of Maniu and his Peasants. And as the Rumanians have consolidated their position behind Maniu, the Hungarians have drawn together behind the Groza Front government. Thus this government and the Communists have branded the Peasants as "fascist war-mongers" between Hungary and Rumania, and as "chauvinists" interfering in Russia's unitary purpose in the Balkans.

The single bright point to be recorded about Transylvania is that it is one Balkan problem on which the United States, Britain, and Soviet Russia have agreed without effort: to the effect that it ought to be taken from Hungary and returned to Rumania. Even in the amazing European postwar tangle during which so many of the formerly criticized Nazi acts and policies have been repeated, the Vienna Award by Hitler and Ribbentrop of Transylvania to Hungary was reversed without question. But the Communists in Rumania played a heavy whisper game, reporting that the United States was backing Hungary to keep Transylvania, and they tried to keep out of the press the offsetting report from the Paris conference that the Big Three had unanimously and without serious discussion decided on Transylvania's return to Rumania—a promise clearly made in any case in the Rumanian armistice.

Tightly squeezed, in fact squeezed out, between the Opposition and the Soviet-backed Communists in Rumania, stands small, sincere, well-meaning Titel Petrescu, Socialist leader. Petrescu is a nineteenth-century Socialist, representing the middle-of-the-road, evolutionary beliefs of these nineteenth-century Socialists who were infected by Communism's all-sacrificing, revolutionary doctrine. Petrescu looks and dresses the part. Only just five feet tall, "Titel"—as he is known to all (his real name is Constantine)—lets his bushy gray hair grow long down his neck, and sports a

flowing Windsor tie. He lives in a thoroughly nineteenth-century setting of paintings, drawings, and statuary meant to be shocking in the Victorian Age, surrounded by a picturesque disorder of pamphlets, books, party records, newspapers, glasses and decanters, and party members and officials. His thin, birdlike wife coddles him and worries over him.

Petrescu loyally lined up with the Communists when their great victory came with Rumania's surrender and for the first time the Left had a chance in Rumanian government. He soon found that his brand of socialism and the modern doctrine of Communism did not jibe. He found, in fact, that he would have to either bend the knee to the Communists and let them run his party, or get out.

This latter, and final, realization came only a full year after the Communists had taken power in Rumania, as election time approached. Petrescu had always and with increasing openness opposed the dictatorial, hard-fisted terror methods of the Communists in taking over the country and organizing it for their own benefit. Also, he had gradually found that he, as party president, had less and less to say in the behind-the-scenes confabs that decided policies, and that his lieutenants whom he had sent into the government had more and more to say as they more and more took to deciding matters the way the Communists wanted them decided.

With the approach of election time the crucial question arose. Would or would not the Social Democrats coalesce with the Communists, in return for a stated number of government posts if the Left should win the election, and campaign and run on a combined electoral list?

Petrescu, his eyes on the Socialist parties of France, Italy, and Germany, decided against this, weighing in also his already bitter experiences with the Communists at home.

In the ensuing party fight the Communists won, by virtue

of controlling transportation, meeting places, etc., through which the Party Congress members were elected and sent to Bucharest there to decide the question, and through the influence the Communists could wield in pork-barrel hand-outs of jobs and positions in the national government.

When Petrescu's opposition became open and all efforts to dissuade him had failed, the Communists adopted rougher tactics and took the line that Petrescu had sold out to the Opposition, meaning Maniu and Bratianu. In the Party Congress, held in the early summer of 1946 to decide whether the Social Democrats would or would not coalesce with the Communists for election purposes, the Communists, through a captive Socialist with a job as government minister which he did not want to lose, sprang a fake letter, allegedly from Maniu and Bratianu to Petrescu, offering the latter money to continue his stand against the Communists.

The hand-picked delegates did the rest. They voted Petrescu out of the presidency, pushed him into the Opposition, and decided to go down the lane with the Communists.

Thus, in Rumania, one of Europe's burning questions was decided. The Communists, so this action made evident, even with Soviet backing desperately needed every iota of support they could get, by one means or another. They needed the socialist emblem on their electoral ticket, set out to get it, and got it underhandedly. The Social Democrats in Rumania, except those following Petrescu, are now, as in the Soviet-controlled area of Germany, captives of the Communist party, and the tools of that party. They are led by men whose hunger for position is greater than their devotion to socialist principle.

This leaves Petrescu, his devotion to the gentler evolutionary tactics of the old Socialism still intact, between the devil of joining forces to the only mildly-left-of-center Maniu and the conservative Bratianu, and the deep blue sea of lacking any means of organization or of expression. His

newspaper was captured with his party organization, and permission for a new newspaper of his own denied. Following the Congress at which he was ousted, Petrescu declared that he knew the rank and file of the Socialist party were with him, that the Congress members had been hand-picked as pro-Communists, and that he would run a separate ticket in the elections, if he could. He thought the rank and file of the party would vote with him for a separate representation in the government and a parliament unembarrassed by commitments to the Communists, standing for the retention of personal and public freedoms and a government free from terror.

This brings our review of the personalities of Rumanian politics, and the parties and problems for which they stand, around to the people and the party that pervades Rumanian life under Soviet domination—the Communist party of Rumania.

The CPR is a party with a grudge, with a mission, and with a commitment.

The grudge is against everyone else in Rumanian politics. It is well nourished, for all of the top leaders and most of the old-time members have seen the inside of Rumanian jails, and others who have died miserably for their devotion are not now around to enjoy the fruits of victory.

Its mission is the communization of Rumania, as another step forward in the great conception of the Internationale, that lively, thrusting, everywhere-menacing ghost of the original Russian Communism, supposedly laid long ago.

Its commitment is to the government of the Soviet Socialist Republics of Russia. Most of the top leaders in Rumania have spent much time in Russia, have been close in top Soviet Internationale councils, and have had long schooling for the roles they are now playing.

It is always difficult to know with certainty who is top dog

in any communist organization. This is true of the CPR. However, four or five outstanding figures may be assumed to share among them the party leadership, whichever may be the biggest among them.

Lurking shadowlike against an undefined background is Emil Bodnaras, born Bodnariuc in Upper Bukovina (the northeastern corner of Rumania), now Soviet-held. His father was a Ruthenian, his mother a German. She was deported to Germany when the Red Army took over Bukovina because in 1940 she had claimed the protection of the German consulate.

On a chill summer morning of 1931 as the sun came up out of Russia over the Dniester River near its upper reaches at Sadagura, where only the river stood between Soviet Russia and the kingdom of Rumania, all that remained of Lieutenant Emil Bodnaras—the big, red-headed, Slavic-looking, brilliant young officer of the Rumanian army who since 1925 had gone with distinction through one after another of the best of Rumanian military schools—was his sword and his uniform. Lieutenant Bodnaras had disappeared into the river that then divided the Soviet from the other world.

It looked, was meant to look, like a case of drowning after a moonlight swim. For his fellow officers investigating his disappearance, however, it was a suspicious circumstance that Lieutenant Bodnaras had been the least moonstruck officer among them. He was, in fact, a high-strung and nervous young man notable for his application to work, who had wolfed up everything he could learn about the Rumanian army, who stood apart from his fellows, and who gave promise of a brilliant if lonely career in an army where such seriousness of purpose was rare.

Those who investigated this “drowning” soon formed a different picture—the picture of the young lieutenant’s be-

ing taken, appropriately naked as a new-born babe, into a rowboat which had ventured a little beyond the river's middle from the Soviet shore to keep a rendezvous with him, and of the already ex-lieutenant of the Rumanian army's being landed wet and shivering in the cool summer night on the shore of a new, chill world, there to become another link in the long chain of trained agents being hammered out for future use.

Emil Bodnaras (for by that romanized version of his Ruthenian name he had always gone) was tried for desertion *in absentia* and sentenced to the maximum peacetime penalty: five years' imprisonment and degradation.

Where and when and how the young lieutenant, born so near Russia, of a father from one of the lesser Russian races, had made the contacts, during his long, hard military studies, that drew him into the new world of Sovietism, where and how he had been finally convinced, and exactly where and how he had made that final rendezvous, were never learned. But it was immediately known that he had taken with him, in his well-stocked and capable head, full details on Rumanian military organization—in particular, full details of the guard along the frontier between Rumania and Russia at the Dniester.

Two and a half years passed before Bodnaras was seen again in Rumania, when in 1933 he was recognized on a train bound from eastern Rumania to Bucharest. Bucharest police caught him, and he was again tried, sentenced again to five years for desertion, and put behind the bars. In 1936 he escaped and disappeared, and again nothing was certainly known of his whereabouts until, in 1944, in the days just before the Rumanian surrender he suddenly appeared in communist councils in Bucharest, calling himself Engineer Chausu.

It was soon evident that he was a close friend of the then Colonel Democano, who was chief-of-staff to the commander

of the Bucharest garrison and who later, under the communist regime in Rumania, became under-secretary to, and the real power behind, the secretary of war in the Rumanian cabinet.

During the *coup d'état* Bodnaras—who later boasted that he had been the driving force behind it—did nothing but organize an armed communist guard with weapons and ammunition taken by stealth from an army magazine in Bucharest, and, with his newly armed communist militia, guard the Antonescus and their associates, whom the King had personally imprisoned in the palace on the night of the *coup*.

Bodnaras continued to concentrate on his militia, later known to Opposition party meetings as “communist shock-troops” and by the Opposition likened to Hitler’s Brown Shirts in the days of Hitler’s violence-spotted rise to power, because of the similarity in the methods of terrorizing meetings opposed to them. With the onset of the communist regime in Rumania, Bodnaras emerged as still the leader of the now large communist militia, with special connections with the two pro-communist divisions of Rumanian troops formed in Russia from Rumanian prisoners; as head of the *Siguranta* (Security) police—the political police who had been hated and feared by generations of Rumanians under all regimes and who in the past had been the special scourge (and target of attack) of the Communists; and as *chef-du-cabinet* (that is, chief functionary) to Premier Groza, a position from which he could, and did, watch over and direct the premier in the interests of the Communist party.

Always the secret policeman, the background figure, from his youth a mover in darkness, of extraction believed by most Rumanians to be foreign on both sides, Bodnaras is the inevitable Mystery Man of a communist regime anywhere. He shuns publicity, is hard to photograph and harder to see. What his precise powers are is not known, but he is

certainly at the top of the communist tree in Rumania—is perhaps at the pinnacle, the real ruler of that country so far as it is not Russian-ruled. At the very least Bodnaras's position as commander of the communist militia, head of the secret police, and overseer of Groza's affairs gives him key administrative powers, from which key policy-making powers may perhaps be concluded. His is the name that is whispered in the lowest tones in Rumania. That his influence is widespread, and widening, is indicated by the fact that his permission must be had in writing for any Rumanian to leave his country. Also, Bodnaras must approve the appointments to all Rumanian diplomatic and consular staffs abroad, beginning with ambassadors and ministers and down to the smallest functionaries.

Probably next to Emil Bodnaras, in Rumanian communist authority is Madame Anna Pauker, a Jewess.

Madame Pauker is a remarkable woman who looks the part. She is olive-skinned, blue-gray-eyed, and hook-nosed, and combs her thick, live gray hair straight back, mannishly. A big woman, she dresses in black or quiet grays or blues, but occasionally turns up at state and embassy functions in well-cut, well-fitted sweeping evening gowns of brighter colors. Like the other communist leaders she has taken to herself various rich properties, such as a fine town house, a villa by the Bucharest summer-resort lake Snagov, and several big cars, all carefully outfitted with bullet-proof glass and steel. Like the others she has a heavy bodyguard.

Behind this façade is a woman of great intelligence, considerable charm, dogged courage and determination, and magnificent energy. She works at her job, which is party organization, with zeal and finesse. Like Bodnaras, Madame Pauker has behind her many long years (by best report about twelve) in Russia, where she worked, studied and trained for her future role in Rumania. There her husband was with

her; but Engineer Pauker is persistently rumored to have lost his life in the great Soviet purge in 1937—at least he is not in evidence in Rumania, where his wife could now guarantee him considerable eminence in his profession.

Madame Pauker, like Bodnaras and many others of her communist fellows, has spent time in Rumanian prisons for her agitation as a Communist in the old days of Liberal party rule. She is now a very bitter enemy of Maniu and his Peasant party despite the fact that Maniu personally interested himself in her when she was on trial, provided her with legal counsel, and did his best to lighten her punishment.

A skillful public orator, Anna Pauker has the absolute adoration of her followers, who shout, as she approaches a crowd of them: "Tovarish Anny, Tovarish Anny!" in despairing love-from-afar. As she acknowledges this adulation with a broad and sometimes tearful smile, one perhaps sees the tenderness of a woman who was pushed into Communism by the misery she found around her—a tenderness that momentarily shines through the superimposed layers of hard party discipline. For she must have learned that the means are justified by the end, and that any sacrifice in the name of party discipline—be it of a friend or even of a husband—is to be borne without regret. The people seem to perceive this strain of tenderness in her, for while, as Communists must, they all grow hysterically enthusiastic over any of their leaders who deign to come before them, only Madame Pauker draws from them a response with the genuine ring of delight.

Madame Pauker works in a large bare room at party headquarters in Bucharest (a large house taken over in a rich man's sector of the town). Chief *décor* in her office is the large portraits of the gods and chief disciples of her faith—Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin; though none of her monarch—if he is her monarch—King Mihai of Rumania.

For Madame Pauker at one time renounced Rumanian for Russian citizenship. Although she once said in an interview with the author that she is Rumanian, no court record of a renewal of her Rumanian citizenship could be found.

She is the chief working spark-plug of the communist regime in Rumania, in on all the councils both of party and of state, and with a hand in every kind of organization, from that of the party to the rewriting of the Rumanian constitution and the planning of Rumanian elections. She is trained in gerrymandering, political in-fighting (such as the capture of the Social Democrat party organization); in the estimating of public trends and their importance (such as the fight she leads to bring the former Fascists of the Rumanian Legionnaire movement into the Communist party on the grounds that they are the most important youth element in the country); and in the long-term political and economic organization of the country for eventual Communism or incorporation into the Soviet Union.

In all these things Madame Anna Pauker is skilled, energetic, and intelligent. The Opposition in Rumania may well lament the fact that it possesses no personality of anywhere near her capacity or quality, aside from the aged and enfeebled Iuliu Maniu.

Lucretiu Patrascanu (Lucretziu Patrashcanu), communist minister of justice both in the coalition governments preceding the Front government and in the Front government itself, is the man most presentable to other Rumanians and to the outer world. Unlike Emil Bodnaras, Madame Pauker, or Vassile Luca (another but less well-defined top Communist, of Hungarian origin), Patrascanu is purely Rumanian, has never renounced Rumanian citizenship, and has a German Socialist, not Soviet Russian, educational background. Also unlike the others, he was in Rumania

throughout the war, and although he managed to stay out of the way for the most part and achieved no discoverable results in the way of sabotage or any kind of resistance to the Germans, he is at least felt to be more Rumanian and to have taken more real risk than did any of the others.

His father was a Socialist, and he himself began as a Socialist. But soon he turned Communist, in the belief that the gentler methods of Socialism were nonproductive and even harmful in their amiability. He is now in young middle age, a man of strong principle, with a bent toward honesty and fairness, a doctrinaire Communist who appears to believe sincerely in the betterment of mankind through the philosophy he preaches. A ready and fluent talker, Patrascanu is always prepared to receive visitors and give a courteous and full explanation of his policies as minister of justice—a practice marred only by the fact that he believes implicitly in party discipline, and if told to by the party will do exactly the opposite of what he professes or promises.

For this reason Patrascanu, who appears to try sincerely to run his ministry on lines of fair justice, is incapable of halting such practices as police tortures, illicit arrests, and confinement without charge, and has even dismissed judges who have made decisions contrary to the interests of the Left. Patrascanu is generally accepted as a well-meaning man who left to himself would be more socialist than communist, and who sincerely desires the betterment of his countrymen, but who cannot be taken at his face value because of his unshakable devotion to the party line.

That concludes the major figures in the galaxy of Rumanian politics. They range from young, unformed King Mihai through the great aged nationalist fighter Iuliu Maniu; the wistful, anachronistic Socialist Titel Petrescu; the sinister Bodnaras; the bitterly determined and capable

Anna Pauker; to Patrascanu, the square peg in a round hole. These are the human protagonists in a field of Great Powers' struggle, for Rumania—as was said in our opening chapters—on account of her riches and her position is a vitally strategic country, both in war and in peace.

Maniu and his whole Opposition movement, their eyes directed far into the future, are fighting a grim battle, which aims at keeping alive Rumanian nationalist feeling and Rumania's claim to an independent national existence, so that some day both these may again be allowed unfettered play—or play as unfettered as any small nation will be permitted. He and his followers feel that for their time the battle is probably lost.

Socialism has been squeezed out of real existence by the domination of its harsher, better organized sister doctrine of the Left, Communism. The conservative Liberal party is another anachronism, with little to offer to the nation except opposition to Communism, with nothing in its stead.

But it is on Maniu's National Peasant party, Bratianu's National Liberal party, and the old type of Socialism that the future influence of the West depends, for theirs are the only doctrines that will tolerate the slower-moving surge toward democracy which the West professes.

The Communists preach Eastern Democracy and nothing but. Their aims are more clearly defined, more immediate, more efficiently put into execution, and more strongly backed than those of any other party. They have the entire influence and material might of Soviet Russia at their disposal, and they are her unquestioning servants. They will back and fill—curtsy to the West or defy it openly, buy from the West or boycott it, go soft or go hard, as ordered by the imperial interests of international Communism as directed from Moscow. Their policies directly and faithfully reflect the policies of Moscow. Their leaders were trained there,

and those trained there are the only ones in positions of real trust.

The Communists are the new challenge in the postwar world, and their hard-fisted, long-prepared, no-limit, and coldly executed methods are the most difficult of all for Western democracy to combat.

X

RUMANIA—ACTORS FOLLOW
THEIR SCRIPTS

IN THE spring of 1946, after a long and very troubled winter in his Soviet occupied realm, the then twenty-four-year-old King Mihai of Rumania astonished most of his countrymen, disgruntled the Opposition, pleased the Communists and the Russians who had installed and kept them in power, and severely jolted the American and British governments by hanging his country's highest noncombat decoration on Dr. Petre Groza, the pomp-and-circumstance-hungry, big businessman prime minister of Rumania's Communist-dominated government.

A king, if pushed hard enough, can turn. The conviction slowly grew that King Mihai had done just this. It was strengthened when a little later the young King, who had previously been so careful to make plain his at least equal attachment to his Russian and his Western conquerors, failed to invite the American and British military representatives on the Armistice Control Commission into the royal stand at the military review which traditionally is the center of Rumanian Independence Day events. Soviet representatives were invited in full panoply, to stand by the King in his marquee and later to take the salute with him from the reviewing stand. Brigadier General Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Schuyler, U. S. Army, and Air Vice-Marshal Stephenson, R.A.F., feeling it to be their duty to their

nations, on such a military occasion, not to grant to the Russians the spotlight as sole victors in Rumania, thrust themselves into the marquee uninvited. The King received them with cool courtesy, spoke a few words with each, allowed himself to be photographed with them, and then turned back to the Russian representatives, Marshal Tolbukhin and General Susaikov, both dressed in the unbelievable, Czarist-dimming splendor of the modern Soviet full-dress, full-medaled uniform. Mihai later issued a cool invitation to the plainly uniformed representatives of his American and British victors to occupy rear positions on the reviewing stand, among the lesser Soviet fry.

No clearer demonstration of King Mihai's position a year and two-thirds after he led his country's surrender to the Big Three could have been made, and the demonstration could not have been more public. Nor, if matters had ended there, could the Soviet rulers of Rumania have had a more pleasing report to send to Moscow that evening.

However, the enormous crowds gathered for their traditional nationalistic display, as if to complete the thumbnail sketch of King and country's position begun by Mihai, insisted upon making its attitude clear, even to proving that it thought it understood the King's position perfectly. As Mihai began the parade by stepping to the reviewing stand he got spontaneous and repeated huzzas, very different from the frothy, whipped-up cheers such as demonstration leaders habitually extract from workmen trudging in an obligatory communist parade.

As unit after unit of the Rumanian army passed on parade, the crowd roared—for all but two units. As these two passed, there was almost complete silence. They were the representatives of the two divisions formed in Russia from among Rumanian war prisoners there, pledged to the communist regime and to fight by the side of the Red Army—in fact, the Praetorian guard. This the Soviet representa-

tives took with wooden countenances; but more was to come. As the parade ended, the crowd broke through the guard lines, pressed to within a few feet of the King's stand, and volleyed cheer after cheer for "King and Country" at him and at the ramrod, if plump-fed, Soviet military gentry.

This crowd was wise in the subtleties of life in a country not strong enough to stand on its own feet in a world ruled by the giants—as wise as are most crowds in the Balkans in a similar situation. There were no anti-Soviet shouts. There were no pro-American or pro-British shouts. The crowd stuck to its own and, by a pointed ignoring of their glittering Soviet rulers, drove home with great thoroughness the facts that they wished the Russians were not there—at least in their capacity of the moment; that their sympathy and pride still went to the Rumanian army—i.e., that part of the country's armed forces which still took its oath to King and Country alone, defeated or victorious; and that their young King, whatever might be the exigencies of his position at the moment, was still their only acknowledged ruler.

The King, youthful though he may be, is a thoroughly Balkan monarch, and he took the whole thing without change of his slightly beetling, sullenly inclined countenance, saluting his subjects as stiffly as he had his army.

This little drama, after a year of Communist-directed government in Rumania, provided a capsule summary of the nation's position. King and people were on the whole united; each understood, or thought it did, the other's position. The King was what a real king must be—symbol of national unity and his nation's link from its past through its present to its future.

But much lay behind this polite revolt, and whatever understanding King and crowd may have had of their situation at the moment, neither could see very far or very clearly into the future. The crowd had made it clear that much of its faith in the future was reposed in the King. And Mihai

had made it clear that he had come to the conclusion that his best future lay in pleasing the Russians, even at the expense of his champions to the West, the United States and Britain.

Mihai had not come to this conclusion without consulting his advisers, chief among them his very distinguished Queen Mother, Helen of Greece (sister to that far less distinguished monarch, George of Greece), nor without the benefit of twenty months' experience of being king in a Soviet-occupied country.

At the beginning of those twenty months—August 23, 1944—Mihai had personally imprisoned his then prime minister, "Conducator" Ion Antonescu, Marshal of the Rumanian Army, along with most of Antonescu's government; had by radio and through a new command in the army ordered his forces to stop fighting the Russians and to join the latter against the Germans and Germany's allies in Europe; and had hopefully turned to the United States and to Britain (once the world-powerful realm of his great-grandmother Queen Victoria) to keep him and his country from complete Soviet domination.

There were high hopes that Mr. Molotov's promise would be kept—that promise made when Russia's military situation was not nearly so good as it became when Rumania finally surrendered, the promise that Russia had no intention of interfering with the internal affairs of Rumania. There were even confident hopes that American and British—or American or British—occupying divisions, or brigades, or even regiments or a regiment would share and divide the occupation of Rumania with the Red forces of Russia. Where these units were to come from, or how they were to get to Rumania, or what their position was to be after they got there was never very clear; but hopes like these are substantial things in the Balkans, and Rumania is *par excellence* Balkan.

The let-down was not long in beginning, no longer than

it took to assemble the Rumanian armistice commission in Moscow. Here Mr. Molotov took charge of things so definitely, and with so little interference from the then American Ambassador Averell Harriman or from British Ambassador Sir Archibald Clarke-Kerr * that Rumanian negotiators could not get Anglo-American support even in small things, though all of them (with the exception of the communist delegate) had hoped for and expected it in all major points.

The Rumanian negotiators came home a disappointed and puzzled crew, with an armistice that looked, at least to them, very little like the armistice which they originally had been offered months before in the preliminary negotiations conducted through the good offices of the British and Americans in Cairo, Egypt. It gave Russia almost completely unlimited occupation privileges (such limitations as there were were never adhered to); gave Russia unlimited command of Rumanian economy and communications for the armistice period; and pledged Rumania to support whatever troops Russia desired to have in Rumania. It also pledged Rumania to pay three hundred million dollars' worth of reparations, allowed Rumania to fight Germany under Soviet command without Italy's co-belligerent status, and endowed Russia with sole rights of censorship over every kind of communication within and from Rumania. The armistice promised a tripartite Armistice Control Commission, each part—Soviet, American, and British—to have its own inalienable functions, but the whole under Soviet chairmanship.

This last was considered a ray of hope, but the hope thinned out as the months went by and neither an American

* These men subsequently figured in one of the most pointed diplomatic exchanges on record when Harriman was made ambassador to England and Clarke-Kerr to Washington, and their places in Moscow were filled by an American general and the then British ambassador to Turkey, a country which is a sore point in Soviet diplomacy.

nor a British political representative arrived to pair with the soon roaring Soviet Embassy, and the military representations on the Armistice Control Commission were still absent. Meanwhile the Soviet command in Rumania took a tight grip on everything it wanted to control, ably seconded by a very large political section working out of the Soviet Embassy, at which the then chief communist representative in the first Rumanian surrender government, Minister of Justice Lucretiu Patrascanu, was presently noted to be a faithful daily visitor.

When eventually, almost at the end of 1944, the American and the British military and political representations did arrive, it was soon found that the presumably equally important Western military representatives were in fact considered part of the subordinate Soviet command, were treated as subordinates, and had indeed nothing whatsoever to say about the management of Rumania under the armistice.

Since then Schuyler and Stephenson—though more notably Schuyler, as Stephenson laid increasing emphasis on the long British week-end—have represented their countries' armed forces with a dignity summoned up and enforced from the sole resources of their own personalities, as illustrated by the roles assigned them at the Rumanian Independence Day parade. Schuyler took pains not to conceal his displeasure over that incident from either the Russians or the Rumanians.

As the Rumanians' hopes faded that America and Britain might have enough strength at the top level of armistice administration to sweeten what was feared might be heavy-handed Soviet control (a fear not lightened by Rumanian memories of Rumanian pillage of Russia under Rumanian-German occupation), these hopes gradually shifted to the Political Representations. They were both headed by able men. The United States sent young, tough Burton Y. Berry,

whose career had centered in the Balkans. For the British came Ian LeRougetel, who had worked in Rumania before the war and was known to be well enough up on Rumanian affairs not to be easily taken in. Neither man was a particular friend of the Right or of the Left, but the already apparent Opposition felt that it had a good enough case to convince both that the Rumanian armistice was not being adhered to, was indeed unjust in the first place, that Rumania should be given cobelligerent status, and that the governments of England and the United States should take a closer interest in Rumanian affairs and future.

The Communists, under the ample wing of the Soviet Embassy, where lay both their position at the moment and their future, cared little who came from the capitalistic West, but were ready to mistrust them, whoever they might be.

By this time, three months after the Rumanian surrender, the original coalition government had already cracked under attack from the Left and had been re-formed without much change, but with a slight increase in communist strength.

The Left, however, had dominance in view, not collaboration. It had already taken the first steps toward forming a government it could control—or, rather, toward planning for such a government—and toward ostracizing the National Peasant and the National Liberal parties. The bloc thus formed was called (just as it has been in other Soviet-controlled countries where the Left has taken power) the National Democratic Front, and was a coalition centering around and directed by the Communist party.

The National Democratic Front as originally formed excluded Maniu's Peasant party and Bratianu's Liberal party. In their place the new "Front" sought to retain a semblance of national unity by dredging up dissident or disgruntled party elements who—in exchange for being dubbed the chieftains of those parties by new central committees

similarly dredged up—would pledge faithful obedience to the communist program, and in particular would lead a fight against the real heads of the parties of which they then claimed to be chiefs.

Meantime, while organizing for the day when they would take over (it was to come on March 6, 1945), the Left vigorously laid charges against what they dubbed the "Historic" parties. This despite the fact, or even by virtue of it, that the Communists were at the time allied to these parties by the common bond of participation in the coalition which had made the armistice. This coalition consisted of the National Peasant party, the National Liberal party, the Socialist party, and the Communist party; each was represented in the government by a minister without portfolio, and the rest of the posts were filled by generals and technicians selected by all the parties represented, the majority being selections of the Peasants and Liberals. The government was headed by an aged general who at the time of the armistice was King Mihai's Marshal of the Palace, i. e., chief functionary to the King.

This government lasted until early in 1945, when, feeling the increasing heat of attack from the Left, the "Historic" parties tried to take matters more into their own hands by installing General Radescu as premier. The Left charged that the coalition government was being prevented by the Historic parties from fulfilling the armistice properly, from engaging the maximum Rumanian troops and material in the fight against Germany and Hungary, and from carrying out social and economic reforms. By press and radio, Moscow vigorously beat the drum for these charges, providing specific evidence of what is meant by a Soviet promise not to interfere with the internal affairs of a nation it dominates.

The man who the Historic parties hoped might save the situation, General Radescu, seemed as well fitted for the

job as could be expected if it is remembered that the party leaders who settled on him were more concerned with nationalistic patriotism than with politics, hating Soviet domination as much as they had German.

Radescu was nonpolitical in the sense that he had never been an active politician but had stuck to his army career. Within the army he was a respected general and during the war had proved himself a courageous if damn-the-consequences patriot. This was shown when in 1942 he took up his pen and his courage and wrote a bitter letter to the German ambassador to (and virtual ruler of) Rumania, protesting that Germany was leading Rumania, for purely German ends, farther and farther into a bitter and bloody war, whose outcome, Radescu insinuated, was not at all clear, and for which Rumania might some day have to pay a heavy penalty. Radescu let the ambassador know that the ambassador and the ambassador's country might do well to get out of Rumania's affairs. For his temerity Radescu spent nearly two years in concentration camp.

By the spring of 1945 Radescu was not at all abashed. He and the Historic parties that stood behind him took over the reins of government, Radescu himself assuming the key police-and-gendarme-control ministry of interior, as well as the premiership.

For the Historic parties this was an all-or-nothing bid. The Communists confidently expected, with their Soviet backing, that Radescu and his supporters would not be able to do anything beyond taking enough rope to hang themselves with.

The Communists were entirely right. As Radescu had done time in concentration camp under the German regime in Rumania, he could not be attacked (like others) as a camouflaged collaborationist. The Communists simply pushed labor demands, social and land reform demands,

and demands for closer Rumanian aid to the Red Army in the field harder than ever before, knowing all these to be anathema to a man of Radescu's background and training. The Russians, for their part, turned the screw of armistice payments and services tighter than ever (this tactic had already successfully hastened the downfall of the previous coalition governments), and refused to be satisfied with anything the Radescu government did.

In point of fact, the Radescu government supplied both Communists and Russians with ammunition aplenty. The Historic parties had decided to gamble, and to the limit: to take a chance both on trying to enforce the real armistice terms (simply saying no to Soviet armistice demands which demonstrably were not specifically provided for in the armistice, to whose precise terms its Russian administrators gave little attention), and to delay social and economic reforms until such time as these could be effected in a more settled atmosphere and under the aegis of the Historic parties. These parties felt that any improvements made so long as the Communists were in the government would be either claimed by that party as its sole work, or riddled by that party as the sole and insufficient work of the Historic parties, carried out without communist approval, so that in one way or the other, so long as the Communists were in the government no credit could accrue to anyone else.

The Historic parties apparently hoped that Russia might accept such relatively minor setbacks and even renounce the communizing of Rumania if the Historic parties could guarantee orderly government by parties accepted by the majority of the people. This of course was dependent altogether on the Russians. If they preferred a docile country governed by parties hateful to the Russians, instead of a sullenly discontented one governed by a party blood-brother to their own government, then the Radescu gov-

ernment and the Historic parties were in, and, if their intentions toward Russia were honorable, could eventually work out a *modus vivendi* with Russia.

Russia apparently felt that she could never trust anyone to rule Rumania but her own—the Communists. It will now never be known whether or not the Historic parties would have kept faith and friendship with Russia had they been allowed to continue in power. It is the opinion of the writers that they probably would not have—could not have—for the reason that the Russian idea of faith and friendship was complete subservience for Rumania. This the Historic parties and their champions such as Radescu were not prepared to give, ever.

Russia chose the difficult job of forcing Rumania into the communist strait jacket. Through the means outlined above, by March 6, 1945 they had Radescu so embroiled with the Communist-controlled masses of labor that only an incident was needed to unseat him. This it was easy to provide. Demonstrators shouting against Radescu and his government and screaming demands for better working conditions, more pay, etc., filled the huge Bucharest square bounded by the royal palace and the Interior Ministry, and surged toward the Ministry building. Radescu did what a man of his temper and training would do under the circumstances: decided to call it a revolt, and turned gendarmes with machine guns loose on the demonstration. It broke up quickly, the masses showing no great stamina in the face of fire, but left a number of dead behind on the pavements. Radescu then completed his hanging by going to the radio and denouncing the Communists and their leaders as unpatriotic, as dupes and revolutionaries. He announced his intention to deal with them as he thought they deserved, and to restore order.

Mr. A. Y. Vishinski, Under-Commissar of Foreign Affairs to Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov and Soviet proconsul in Balkan affairs, was already in town, prepared to direct affairs

at this crucial moment. He directed them summarily, having waited out the development of the incident which he had needed and to which Radescu reacted as could have been confidently expected. Those who would not bow the neck to Russia had now come out as actively antagonistic to the Communists, and had even made threats that could be interpreted as a declaration of war on the Communists—hence on Russia, the occupying power in Rumania. The stage was set, and Mr. Vishinski demanded an audience with King Mihai.

The audience was brief and rough. Vishinski demanded, to the tune of fist-pounding on the royal desk, that the coalition government be dismissed and a National Democratic Front government be installed in power. This would mean—unless it could later be revised by the United States and Britain—the eventual extinction of the Historic parties and of the more conservative political life in Rumania, and less unilateral orientation in foreign affairs, which these parties stood for.

The King found himself in a bad spot. Having had no overt objections from the Russians, but aware of their opposition through Moscow radio and the local communist party and its organs, Mihai had approved and installed the successive coalition governments which, under Radescu's leadership and that of the Historic parties, had just come to such bitter grief. He now had the very overt objections of Russia, in Mr. Vishinski's angry and importunate person. Despite frantic objections from the Historic parties, Mihai could do little but give in. He gave in, and called the National Democratic Front to power.

At that point, when they left the government, the Historic parties—Iuliu Maniu's National Peasant party and the conservative National Liberal party—went into the Opposition. They had been ostracized; the next step was their annihilation. It had taken from August 23, 1944 to March

6, 1945, just over six months, for them to come to blows with the Communists and their champions, the Russians. Here, as in all Rumanian issues, it was very difficult if not impossible to determine clear right and wrong. The Communists, with open Soviet backing, had definitely programmed the downfall of the non-Russian parties, and had used every trick in the bag to bring it about. But the Historic parties had co-operated by giving up nothing of the past, evidently casting their eyes in the direction of the West—toward the United States and Britain—and in every possible way making the Russians a gift of the accusation that they, the Russians, would never be able to trust anyone in office but the Communists and the servants of the Communists. But here, too, doubt arises: doubt whether—even if the most sincere efforts to convince Russia of their trustworthiness had been made (as they were *not* made) by the Historic parties—the Russians would have accepted the Historic parties, and Rumania in any other role but that of puppets. And puppets cannot be sincere, nor can sincere people be puppets.

When the National Democratic Front came to power, Rumania took a definite, unilateral orientation toward Soviet Russia. This was because the Front was Communist-dominated. But the Front government itself was one of the most remarkable hodgepodes on record. It was likewise as clear a demonstration as could possibly be desired of that most obnoxious of all the tenets of the communist faith—the brutal cynicism that the end justifies any means.

For, while such key posts in the new government as the Interior, Propaganda, and Communications ministries were directly Communist-held, the premiership went to rich, bluff, philandering big businessman Dr. Petre Groza, of the Plowman's Front Party who so wanted to be prime minister that he would be prime minister on any terms, even as the powerless servant of the Communist party's central committee. Everything in Groza's career duplicat-

ing the bases for communist charges of antilaborism, anti-Socialism, anti-Sovietism, collaborationism, and anti-Semitism against political personalities in Rumania opposed to the Communists, was overlooked in his case, and he was gladly used for the simple reason that he was prepared to pledge his unquestioning allegiance to the Communists.

Another and even more astonishing whitewashing job was done on George Tatarescu, one-time Liberal party secretary general, who for years was King Carol's right-hand man, and who in 1937 abolished all parties in Rumania, set up the Carol dictatorship, persecuted the Communists, during the war visited with the Rumanian authorities busy looting Russian territory, and was even photographed with them. He was made vice premier for his value as a dissident Liberal. (In actuality he was expelled by the Liberal party when, while still party secretary, he had the treachery to outlaw political parties at Carol's behest.) Tatarescu was created "head" of the "Liberal" party, and the real Liberal party was put aside. Much the same course was followed with an outlawed Peasant party man, who also was given a ministership for his value as a "dissident" focus.

This government set vigorously about taking over the country. With the war ending shortly afterward, all but the two communist divisions were nearly disarmed. The police and gendarmerie were re-formed and put to work for the communist cause. Liberal and Peasant party newspapers were closed throughout the country and civil liberties quickly went into abeyance, under the cloak of combing the "Fascists" out of the country. Here another outstanding example of cynicism showed up. The Communists had long attacked the Peasant party for offering to take in former Legionnaire (Fascist) party members, if they had reformed. Now the Communists set vigorously about the same thing: communist party leaders and even communist government members appealed to the former Legionnaires to come into

the party fold for reformation, the appeals being made in open, public addresses. Meanwhile the attacks on the Peasants as a "fascist" organization, based on precisely the same appeal, continued. This had the side result that these former Fascists soon found themselves the most courted political group in Rumania.

The British and American governments, aware of the manner in which the new regime had come into power, declined to recognize the Front government, and throughout the summer of 1945 continued to withhold recognition. Meanwhile Russia plunged enthusiastically into recognition, speedily followed by action. A large Rumanian delegation was haled to Moscow, there to sign—on May 8th, just two months after Vishinski's installation of the Groza Front government—a Treaty of Economic Collaboration. This treaty so closely linked Rumanian with Soviet economy that a virtual "ruble area" was established in Rumania, and Rumania was without question integrated into the first post-war Soviet Five-Year Plan. (Neither the United States nor Britain was consulted.) This economic development between the fabulously wealthy Rumania and the tattered Soviet Hercules is both interesting and important enough to warrant a chapter to itself. (See Chapter XI.)

Simultaneously, the Rumanian attitude on the armistice softened. For the time at least, no Soviet armistice demand could be too much, or out of bounds.

In August, five months after the Front government came to power, the United States and Britain made the move which was to result in extreme embarrassment for King Mihai, in his at least apparent estrangement from the United States and Britain, in almost equal embarrassment to the Western Allies, and in considerable loss of prestige for them in Rumania, plus an at least temporary Soviet triumph.

Irked by the loss of civil liberties in Rumania, by the way the Front government had come to life and the pro-Western

Historic parties had been thrust into Opposition and there muzzled, by the cavalier manner in which Russia had appropriated Rumania's economy, and by the loss of any control over armistice payments, Washington and London through their representatives in Rumania tendered a little advice to King Mihai, and asked Russia to accede.

The advice was that the Groza government of the National Democratic Front was undemocratic, not of the type which the Western democratic victors could recognize and not representative of the will of the majority of the Rumanian people, and that King Mihai should dismiss it and accept another government which would meet with the approval of all the Big Three.

This entirely overlooked the fact that Soviet Russia had already, and enthusiastically, recognized the Groza government and was deep in profitable dealings with it. Moscow angrily repulsed the entire Western view.

Mihai, however, seeing a chance to get rid of an obnoxious government in the name of good relations with all his victors, leaped to the opportunity, summarily dismissed Groza and all his gang, and informed the Big Three that he awaited their advice in the formation of a new government.

But it was the King, not the nation, that was to be without a government. Moscow told the Groza government to sit tight, and to continue to govern, with or without a royal mandate (without which, by Rumanian constitutional law, no government is legally constituted). Moscow reminded Mihai that Moscow had not failed to recognize this government. To point its reminder, Groza was invited to Moscow, where he was lionized to the extreme extent of being allowed to dine with Mr. Stalin in person. (Here, according to common report in Rumania, Mr. Groza, useful though he was, almost undid himself through persistently centering his dinner conversation on amorous conquests—a subject which, these reports say, Mr. Stalin, a man of serious pur-

pose, found so noisome that he nearly ordered Groza replaced at whatever cost.)

So the royal will, which especially in the Balkans must either prevail or speedily lose its royal character, was rebuffed. The King took refuge in retreat from the government he had told to go, and which would not go. He refused to see the government or any member of it either publicly or privately. (Here the King had his work cut out for him, since the government were determined to meet him and laid every possible trap for him, appearing at public occasions where they were not scheduled to be, and showing up unannounced at dinners and other occasions; and the King more than once turned back from a jaunt when he belatedly discovered through royalist informers that he was about to be put upon.)

Likewise the King refused to sign any of the government's decrees or the government payroll. This, legally, should have altogether gummed up the works, for the King has to sign almost everything to make it legal, and the postwar governments had all governed by decree, since they were not elected officials, there having then been no elections. Here, however, the age-old weakness of all laws—that they mean nothing if there is no way to enforce them—came to light. As the months passed, with King and government existing in separate compartments and increasing dudgeon, the nation's affairs went forward at least apparently as usual, with nary a royal autograph. Such actions as were started on the constitutional grounds that decrees without the King's signature were invalid and could not be enforced never, somehow, reached open debate in court. As a matter of fact, the actioners learned that they were less likely to win a constitutional suit than to land in a cell if they persisted—a probability that discouraged such actions: and soon the complex machine of government was running apparently as smoothly as ever without its master gear.

The rest of August, all of September, October, and November, and most of December went by with the situation unchanged. Groza and his Front government continued to govern against the popular and the royal will, and against the will of two out of three of Groza's conquerors, but with the well-pleased consent of the only victor present in force—Soviet Russia. The King's position became worse daily, since it is the essence of a king's position that if he cannot rule according to the accepted regulations in his realm he must get out. There were whispers that Tatarescu—that old and still faithful ally of Carol, who with Tatarescu's aid had done so much to bring Rumania to its postwar pass—was hinting that Carol would be glad to come back and rule as he was told to rule, with eyes strictly to the East, if only he could be monarch again. There were further whispers that the King's aunt, Elizabeth (widowed wife of the Greek king who died from a monkey bite, now long restored to her maiden home in Bucharest), would be willing to head a regency, were Mihai to be forced out. She was, in fact, reported as itching to do so, the longing for position apparently as strong in her as in her brother Carol. Such whispers, whatever their foundation in fact, are never a good sign in a monarchy, their very existence proving the monarch's position to be uncertain.

Hardly less embarrassed than Mihai were the representatives of the United States and Britain in Bucharest. The notes they had handed in to His Majesty in August had specifically stated that Mihai should, after he had dismissed the Groza government, accept the advice of the Big Three on what to do next. But nothing whatsoever came from Washington and London on what to do next, and the impression gradually arose that, having cast the King from a precipice, the United States and Britain were not going to do anything to ease his fall—or else did not know what to do. This despite the fact that as king, Mihai, under his country's

Soviet occupation, was the sole figure extant in the Rumanian government who could and would act as an influence for rather than against the West.

This made it necessary for Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin to spend Christmas in Moscow, a small but significant sacrifice to Soviet ways. The agreement worked out there on Rumania had nothing of the Christmas spirit in it.

By this agreement, which Ambassador Harriman, Ambassador Clarke-Kerr, and Under-Commissar Vishinski were sent to Bucharest to put into effect, the Groza government was to accept a minister-without-portfolio from each of the two real Opposition parties, and to promise restoration of civil liberties (including freedom of press) as well as a speedy national election in an aura of political freedom; and King and government were to be reconciled.

This had in it but one major point in favor of the West. The National Peasant and the National Liberal parties were recognized as such (i.e., tacit admission that the so-called "real" Peasant and Liberal parties in the Front government were fakes or at best dissident fragments) and were recognized also as "nonfascist and liberty-loving." This restored life to the Opposition, which, between the time the Front came to power and the Moscow Accord in December, had been hounded underground by the Communists. The latter, at the time of the Moscow Accord, were poised for the final blow—a declaration that these two parties were in fact fascist, outlaw parties, to have been followed by a decree dissolving them as legal political units in Rumanian life. Now they were restored to at least temporarily guaranteed legal existence, and got promises that they would be allowed to function, even campaign openly, without having their meetings broken up by armed gangs of communist hoodlums assisted by the gendarmerie.

King and government returned to amity, but on the government's terms. Not even the face-saving expedient was en-

forced of requiring the government to resign (as Mihai had ordered it to do months before) and to get a new royal mandate. The King had to swallow the bitter medicine of accepting back into the fold of his royal pleasure those who had specifically disobeyed him in a field where the constitution provides the king specific powers. The King, in fact, was pointedly taught who was the power in his realm, and that in the future he was to undertake no rash moves without the previous consent of Moscow.

Mihai's long months of bitter seclusion, when the nation learned that with the Communists in power government could continue with or without the royal assent, had frightened and sobered the young man, and he returned to his full prerogatives a chastened and cautious monarch, with eyes definitely slanted eastward. The West had put him in a hole, had left him there for a perilously long time, and had finally made him dig his own way out. He emerged with the definite impression that he remained a monarch only by the charity of Moscow, certainly not by the wit or the strength of the West, which had demonstrated very little of either.

Mihai is young. He is tremendously popular with his people. He is, in fact, the only even potentially important monarch remaining in southern Europe. A king is privileged to feel that his good is his nation's good. If Mihai has been persuaded that his good, and his country's good, can lie only to the East, then the West has fumbled a valuable opportunity and lost ground that may be difficult to regain.

XI

RUMANIA—ECONOMIC CAPTURE



IN THE kingdom of Rumania, the richest of the Balkan countries, economic influence is more important than political, especially for neighboring Russia with its wide expanse of war devastation. The most spectacular postwar development in Rumania is the means by which the economy of this country has been closely allied with that of the Soviet Socialist Republics. And Rumania is already hard at work producing for Russia's first postwar Five-Year Plan.

Rumania's economic incorporation with the USSR was accomplished in three stages. The whole development gradually revealed the simple perfection of Soviet postwar plans—plans at which the Kremlin must have been hard at work long before the Teheran and Yalta agreements, and which must have been already perfected at the time of the Yalta Agreement in early 1945, because the first stage was already in operation, with the second stage well advanced, and it was the operation of the first stage that called for that Agreement. The second and the third stages, which the Western Powers sought to nullify by the Yalta "Open Door" Agreement to which Generalissimo Stalin put his signature, have in fact nullified the Agreement. For in Soviet-occupied territory the door is closed to all but Russia.

The three stages of Russia's economic capture of Rumania, which, with changes of detail to fit varying circumstances, can be applied to all Soviet-occupied territory, were:

1. The biggest possible armistice grab. (Reparations, in reality a peace-treaty matter, were specifically foreshadowed in the armistice.)

2. The creation, within the occupied area, of Soviet-owned capital, from among armistice gains.

3. The use of the new Soviet capital as the basis for an "Economic Collaboration Agreement" made during the armistice period but with the objective of integrating and consolidating armistice gains and guaranteeing their continuance into peacetime.

With the signature of Rumania's five-year "Agreement for Economic Collaboration" with the USSR on May 8, 1945 (less than two months after Mr. Vishinski installed a Communist-controlled government in Rumania), Rumania came within the new postwar economic phenomenon, the Ruble Area.

England's famous Sterling Area, through which the British have for many years tied to their economy a large number of British satellite countries by getting them to agree to purchase abroad only with the pound sterling, operates by virtue of the fact that the pound sterling is everywhere exchangeable—i.e., it has a value no matter where you may be.

It is obvious from a study of Russia's postwar economic operations that Russian economists have given the Sterling Area close study. It is obvious because Russia seeks to create much the same thing, but with careful account taken of the one great difference—that the ruble has no value anywhere except in Soviet Russia. Russia has always made her deals abroad *in terms of* the United States dollar, recognizing the fact that a bank in Buenos Aires, Copenhagen, or Singapore, in New York, London, Paris, or Berlin—anywhere outside of Russia—does not want the ruble.

Accordingly, whereas it is the primary objective of the British in their Sterling Area arrangements to tie up credits,

the Russians' primary objective in their Ruble Area arrangements is to tie up production—which is simply another way of saying that Britain is a great producer of and salesman for finished goods, while Soviet Russia is a great seeker after capital and finished goods and the means thereto.

Rumania is an enormously wealthy little country. If you put together the best navigable stretches of the Mississippi River with, say, the Galveston seaboard, and the richest of the Kansas wheatfields, the Oklahoma oil lands, the Colorado fruit-and-hay mountain country, and the Oregon mountain-valley country, you would just about have another Rumania. It is a country capable of producing almost anything and in quantity. In fact, it produces so much of oil, grains, meat, vegetables and fruit that the Germans, in their long period of occupation, simply could not get together sufficient transport to carry off enough to reduce the nation's food and petroleum stocks seriously. The Russians have had much the same experience, even with an army of sometimes a million, and seldom below a half-million, on Rumanian soil, although starvation has begun to develop recently through unbalance in local areas.

This is why the ragged, needy, and ambitious Soviet giant fell upon Rumania's armistice table like a hungry man upon a banquet. That these riches had long tempted the Soviet is attested by the carefully planned terms of the armistice and by its execution. Along with other plums for Russia, it contained the following:

Rumania must "make regular payments in Rumanian currency required by the Allied [Soviet] High Command . . . and will . . . ensure the use on Rumanian territory of industrial and transportation enterprises, means of communication, power stations, public utilities, stores of fuel, fuel oil, food, and other materials and services in accordance with instructions. . . ."

Compensation to Russia "as reparation from Rumania

will be made not in full but . . . to the amount of 300 million United States dollars payable over six years in commodities."

"Rumania [will] return to the Soviet Union in complete good order all valuables and materials removed from its territory during the war . . . such as factory and works equipment, locomotives, railroad trucks, tractors, motor vehicles . . ."

Among the considerable winnings that Russia took as "war booty," conspicuous in her Rumanian booty was oil property—this, in addition to the fact that the "commodities" to be delivered to Russia as reparations from Rumania were eventually specified as one-half oil and oil products, and to the huge oil and oil products deliveries made as direct armistice and Soviet-army- upkeep payments.

Before the war the Rumanian oil industry was ninety percent in the hands of British, American, Dutch, Belgian, and French hands. Russia had no oil property in Rumania, Germany had a little, and there was a little completely in Rumanian hands. The oil lands were mostly Crown property, franchised out to oil companies for exploration and exploitation, a successful encouragement to the building of a big refining industry.

During the war the Germans seized and operated all oil properties in Rumania. They were able to get control of the stocks and bonds of the French, Dutch, and Belgian companies, the latter two among the biggest in Rumania. The Germans also took control of ~~much~~ Rumanian property. All of this the Russians have seized as war booty, ignoring French, Dutch, and Belgian claims that their companies passed into German hands through force, and that the seizures were never validated by legally constituted French, Dutch, or Belgian authority.

Thus the first two well-planned stages of the economic

conquest of Rumania were accomplished: the first being the big armistice grab, indiscriminate consumption of all that could be had in the country to fill the Soviet maw, and the second being the acquisition of valuable properties as war booty. Besides oil property the second class included everything else that had been German-owned, no matter how it was acquired by the Germans—land, banks, shipping, wharves, factories of every sort, insurance, etc. The scene was set for Russia to “collaborate” economically with Rumania through her new-found properties.

Both the first two stages had been skillfully used politically to damage all-party governments in Rumania which the Russians wished to replace with a government obedient only to the Communist party, i.e., to Moscow. As previously related, this came about on March 6, 1945, when Mr. Vishinski demanded from King Mihai, and got, a National Democratic Front government, dominated by the Communist Party Central Committee, which in turn was composed of Communists with long loyalty to and training by the Communist Internationale. For their lead and their *motif* they looked to Moscow, not to their own sovereign, nor equably upon the rest of the world.

The new government quickly sent an economic mission to Moscow. Indeed, this was one of its first moves. By early May the new economic treaty, which was to incorporate Rumania into the economy of the USSR, was ready, and on May 8, 1945, it was signed. The signature of this all-inclusive treaty is perhaps the one thing held most bitterly against the Communists by the non-Communists in Rumania, for the economic treaty with Russia lays a hand upon every individual Rumanian life and opens the way for reduction of the Rumanian standard of living to the level of Soviet life.

The roles the two countries are to play in their economic collaboration are firmly fixed at the beginning of the agreement. The agreement is “inspired by” Rumania’s need for

“reconstruction and increase of production possibilities” and “the commercial interests of the USSR.”

The fact that it is the objective of the treaty to turn Rumania into a workshop for Russia, and for Russia alone, could hardly be made plainer. It is clear that Rumania will purchase abroad only where and to the extent called for by “the commercial interest of the USSR.” Aside from such exchange with the rest of the world, Rumania’s door is closed.

The treaty specifies that “Participation of USSR technique and capital in intensifying Rumanian economic activity will find particular scope” in agriculture, industry, transportation, and banking. With very little stretching, this can take in every facet of Rumania’s economic life.

The treaty goes into very great detail as to how the two countries will collaborate in all these fields. For instance, it is specified that in the agricultural field Russia will lend or sell Rumania large numbers of tractors, or make their purchase by Rumania possible, for large-scale agricultural production. (Here the Rumanian peasant wonders if the *kolkhoz* is not foreshadowed.) Russia will open her agricultural laboratories, nurseries, and experimentation fields to Rumanian agriculture, and will send in experts. Seed and breeders are likewise to come from Russia.

The other fields (and in less than a year the treaty was stretched to include insurance) were to be taken care of by mixed-participation, Soviet-Rumanian companies, on a fifty-fifty capital basis, but in every case under Soviet management.

Within a few months after the signing of the treaty the following were born: SovRomPetrol, SovRomTransport, SovRomBank, SovRomLem (wood), and TARS, a Soviet-Rumanian airline company. Here the Russian war-booty acquisitions came into play, and neatly. Without spending a penny, Russia was able to put up her fifty percent of the

capital in each of the prospectively giant companies. Ships and wharves taken over as war booty supplied the Soviet part of SovRomTransport. Oil properties which in one way or another had belonged to Germans supplied the Soviet fifty percent of SovRomPetrol; and German banking was good for the Soviet fifty percent of SovRomBank—and so on.

It is easy to see how these companies can work together to monopolize Rumanian business. Each is given special privileges by its special charter. For instance, SovRomPetrol has priority rights on the bidding for and exploitation of the Crown-owned new oil lands in Rumania. As all existing companies are, in order to supply Soviet armistice and reparations demands, having to pump their wells without mercy, with but little left underground, the time is very near when all but SovRomPetrol may be forced out of the oil-producing business in Rumania, where non-Russian and non-German companies once held ninety percent of the business. As it is to be expected that SovRomPetrol will wish to develop its own refining industry (once-German refineries being in fact the heart of the Soviet "contribution" to SovRomPetrol), the American, British, Dutch, and Belgian refineries may go the way of their oil-producing mother companies.

SovRomBank's charter gives it special privileges in and control over acquiring and selling foreign exchange, and it is specified that the other SovRom companies will deal through it. SovRomBank is also given special privileges with the National Bank of Rumania which could allow it to borrow at the expense of any other bank in the country, or to control lending to or financing of any other industry.

TARS and SovRomTransport are outright monopolies of their respective fields. SovRomTransport was at first thought to apply only to water shipping, but in less than six months after it was set up it expanded into the trucking

business, which leaves but a small step to the Rumanian government-monopolized railroads.

SovRomLem, a Soviet-Rumanian company for the cutting and milling of Rumania's gigantic wood supply, is a fair example of the manner in which the SovRom companies can be carried into the second level of the nation's industry, and thence downward and outward until all is under the SovRom wing.

Food-processing and -packing industries, fiber-milling industries, and others are predicted in the Agreement for Economic Collaboration with Rumania.

It is thus clear that Rumanian economy is unilaterally hooked to the Soviet star, for better or worse. It is probable that Rumania's new status as the economic, as well as political, satellite of Soviet Russia will result in a considerable expansion of the country's industry. It will progress or lag at the rate of progress or lag within the Soviet Union, since on the Soviet side the mother company to each of the Sov-Rom companies is one of the major Soviet state combines in that particular industry in Russia.

However, for the Rumanian man in the street, Rumanian economic collaboration with Russia means eventual reduction to the level of the Soviet man in the street, with the prospect that the Rumanian cannot have more shirts, shoes, cars, houses, buses, trains, streetcars, food, lubricants, and gasoline than are enjoyed by the citizenry of the Great Russian Experiment. And this will be so, assuming that Soviet management of her gains in Rumania proves as skillful as her acquisition of them has been, because the agreement to collaborate with Russia implicitly and explicitly provides that it is in the interests of Russia.

Rumania will therefore be allowed to trade abroad only in those interests. That is, only so much of her oil will be sold abroad as is needed in order to purchase the piping,

drilling equipment, boilers, instruments, etc., which in order to further SovRomPetrol must be had from somewhere other than Russia because they cannot be had in Russia. In the past Rumania sold her oil and oil products abroad for the purchase of American, British, French, and Middle East products, such as automobiles, typewriters, machinery of all kinds, finished cloth, raw cotton, and foods. Those days are now past.

Similarly, in every other industry, Rumania will now have to produce for Russian needs, sell abroad for Russian needs, and *buy from Russia*. This means that when Russia has nothing to sell, Rumanian credit with Russia will simply have to pile up, and Rumanian purchasing power go begging, until Russia does have something to sell. That is a bitter lesson that the Sterling Countries learned long ago, and especially during the war. Their agreements provided that they would purchase abroad only with Sterling; therefore, so long as England (as was the case during the war) had nothing to sell back to them, they had to continue to sell their products, change the profits into Sterling, and wait until England had something to sell, no matter what their need, and no matter how easily they might have been able to purchase what they wanted in some other country, *if* their funds had not all been tied up in Sterling.

Russia, with her economic-collaboration accord and her mixed-participation companies, has gained complete control of Rumanian means of production, as well as Rumania's agreement to sell all her goods to Russia. That leaves Rumania in almost precisely the same spot as a Sterling Country—with one notable contrast: that in normal times England has everything to sell that anyone wants to buy, her goods are first-rate, and her prices are world prices.

In all these respects Russia is a completely unknown quantity. Her production has never yet met her own needs. Her goods, as they are known thus far, are so inferior that

she has always been forced to buy from the capitalistic world. Her prices, dealing unilaterally with a small and defeated power and on a barter basis, will be unreal because, even though they may be figured out at world prices, other factors will be the uncertain quality of the goods she is bartering, the speed and promptness of their delivery and the other unpredictable elements encountered when one deals without the advantage of a world-accepted medium of exchange such as the dollar, the Swiss franc, or the pound sterling.

Thus Rumania has become a part of the Great Experiment, and must take her chances on the future, and bear with the present as best she may, along with all the citizens of the USSR.

XII

BULGARIA—DIMITROV COMES HOME



IT WAS a bleak and drizzly evening in the Bulgarian capital of Sofia, November 6, 1945, when Moscow's expanding Communism hitched another Balkan country irrevocably to the chariot of world revolution. It did not all happen that night, nor was the process completed then. It still goes on, but that chill evening saw the climax.

It was the night that Georgi Dimitrov came home.

Georgi Dimitrov was a world-famous communist leader who had won distinction in the international underground and fame as the chief defendant in the highly publicized Reichstag Fire trial put on by Adolf Hitler's Nazis in the first flush of their political success in Germany. He had gone upward in the hierarchy of Communism to become executive secretary of the Third Internationale, the Moscow-sponsored machine for fostering world revolution. In 1923 he had fled Bulgaria to escape jail or execution for his revolutionary politics. And in 1945 he returned to take over the government in the name of Marx and Stalin.

Dimitrov was already a legend in Bulgaria, a legend born of sympathy for the oppressed who fights back and nurtured in the admiration for a home-town boy who makes good in the big world. It was a legend that had been encouraged to the point of idol-worship by the Fatherland Front government, which had taken Bulgaria out of the war at the side of Germany and put her on the road toward

the communist future that Dimitrov wanted her to travel.

Giant poster pictures of Dimitrov had been spread from one end of the country to the other. He shared the propaganda spotlight with Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. There was hardly a youngster in Bulgaria who was not already familiar with his jet handlebar moustaches, his mane of iron-gray hair, and his stern gaze. For weeks before his triumphal return, a home was being prepared for him in bomb-wrecked Sofia, its most significant feature being the nine-foot-high board fence completely enclosing the grounds.

On the evening of his flight from Moscow by special Soviet plane, the people of Sofia turned out (and were turned out) in mass to welcome the hero. The portico of Sofia's National Theater was bathed in the blaze of several giant floodlights. Soldiers surrounded the building, and only a faithful and reliable few hundred were admitted into the auditorium. Thousands of others—rounded up for the event by block-leaders, who used intimidation on those reluctant to brave the icy November night—stood shivering in the park before the theater to hear the master's words through loud-speakers and to cheer at appropriate points.

The scene inside was as well organized as a Hollywood opening and twice as noisy. After the audience had fidgeted in anticipation for a while, Dimitrov appeared in a second-tier box flanking the stage. They immediately rose to cheer and clap. Two banks of floodlights snapped on, and cameramen, including two movie cameramen from the Soviet Army, swarmed about taking pictures from every angle. The audience, their throats raw from shouting and their hands numb from clapping, finally subsided. Then a clique in the balcony began to chant: "Long live Georgi Dimitrov!"—and the cheering throughout the house began over again.

The meeting got under way with an announcement from Professor Doncho Kostov, president of the Bulgarian Soviet

Association, that Generalissimo Joseph Stalin, Marshal Josip Broz-Tito, President Harry Truman, and Prime Minister Clement Attlee had all been named honorary chairmen of the occasion. It was customary in those days to make concessions to American and British opinion, nor could Truman and Attlee be ignored while a peace treaty remained to be signed between the Anglo-Americans and their ex-enemy Bulgaria.

Prime Minister Kimon Georgiev made a speech. Then Minister of Agriculture Michael Genovski made a speech. Then representatives of a couple of dozen patriotic organizations presented flowers to Dimitrov. Then the curtain fell—but only the uninitiated thought the show was over.

The crowd sat and cheered and clapped, and then they stood and cheered and clapped and called for Dimitrov. Finally he agreed to speak, which of course had been the purpose of the whole occasion in the first place.

There was something burlesque about Dimitrov that night. His giant moustache was obviously dyed its inky black. His long hair was the conscious trademark of a politician. There was artificial color on his face to hide the pallor of a recent illness. His oratorical delivery was gymnastic and his voice ranged from a sibilant whisper to a hoarse roar. It could have been the rabble-rousing speech of any minor politician, but it wasn't. It was the voice of Bulgaria's future.

The substance of what he said that night can be summed up in a single quotation. "Those Bulgarians who work against the [Communist-dominated] Fatherland Front government are enemies," he said. Dimitrov had signed the death warrant of political freedom.

In making his speech that night Dimitrov ignored what had been one of the guiding principles of the Fatherland Front. He did not pay even lip-service to the constant demands of American and British diplomacy that the demo-

cratic forms should be preserved in Bulgaria and that the government being evolved in the postwar months should be representative of all the people. Bulgaria, faced with the necessity of winning a peace treaty from America and Britain as well as from Russia, could not—like Yugoslavia of Marshal Tito, a wartime ally—ignore our representations. And they were never ignored, but neither were they followed. Postwar Bulgarian developments became a sort of rough-house political hockey game, with America and Britain acting as referees and Russia as the coach. The players' idea was to hide the fouls from the referees but to listen respectfully to their reprimands when caught.

That was the outline of Bulgaria's drive toward a communist state, under the leadership of a small but efficient communist party. The Communists held key cabinet positions but managed to remain in the background. In Yugoslavia the revolution had been staged with classical efficiency, each move right out of the book of Marx as interpreted by Stalin. In Bulgaria the aims were the same, but the techniques were different. Political opposition could not be ignored. The press could not be openly muzzled. The cold hand of fear was not so tight on the minds of the people, and the revolution moved more slowly. Postwar Bulgaria is interesting because it shows the potentialities, at least, of American diplomacy in the face of expanding Communism. In Bulgaria we had half-successes, which is pretty good batting in our league.

Nine days after his first appearance in a blaze of glory, Georgi Dimitrov spoke again. He was conciliatory. He talked of the necessity for co-operation with all the big Powers and intimated a willingness to take the Opposition into camp. In contrast to his first florid oration, he read his second from a carefully prepared manuscript, sometimes speaking so softly that it was impossible to understand him. The speech was obviously the result of the cautious thoughts of

many political minds. The great Dimitrov had learned his first lesson: the communist party was in the ascendancy in Bulgaria, but it had not yet come completely from under ground. Dissembling was still necessary.

Bulgaria is the second smallest Balkan country, about the size of England, inhabited by a charming peasant people who have about as vicious a political past as it is possible to imagine. They make brave soldiers who have the doubtful distinction of never having fought on the winning side in any war except one—their first, when in 1877-8 their liberation from the old Turkish empire was won for them by Czarist Russia. True, they again fought the Turks successfully in 1912, but they immediately lost the spoils of that war and the sympathy of the world by turning on their Greek and Serbian allies in an effort to hog the benefits of the joint victory against the Turks. Again, in the final phase of World War II, they turned against their former ally Germany and fought gallantly for eight months in an effort to regain some of the prestige lost through the ineptitude of their previous bad guess.

Bulgaria, a country with a national psychosis, might be compared to a man who, having been made captain of his high-school football team, never succeeds at anything else afterward and blames it on bad breaks. The Treaty of San Stefano which the Russians extracted from the Turks in 1878 set up Bulgaria as a large country that included huge portions of modern Yugoslavia and Greece. Less than a year later the treaty was overthrown by the Congress of Berlin and Bulgaria was reduced to its present size. Leader in the revision was Great Britain, which feared the expanding influence of Czarist Russia in the Balkans. (Anybody want to draw a historical parallel?) Those few months of greatness have dominated Bulgarian international thinking since. Nationalistic efforts to regain the San Stefano frontiers have

prompted the wrong guesses that have put Bulgaria on the losing side in two world wars. It is the obsession that prompted defeated Bulgaria, at the Paris Peace Conference of Twenty-one Nations in 1946, to demand a large slice of Greek territory. Whether this Bulgarian fixation will be sidetracked in the coming days of domination by Soviet Russia or whether it will be used as a vehicle for expanding Communism remains to be seen.

Bulgars maintain, with some justification, that they had no choice but to enter World War II on the German side. Germany wanted bases in Bulgaria and would have taken them if they had not been given willingly. Yugoslavia and Greece could have used the same logic to knuckle under to the Axis without the heroic opposition they offered. Bulgarian troops never actually fought beside the Germans, but they were drafted to garrison the Greek territories of Thrace and Macedonia which the Nazis had overrun. There was probably real enthusiasm in Bulgaria for the German alliance when these territories were formally ceded to Bulgaria—it was a return to San Stefano, a pandering to the national psychosis.

Doubts began to spring up, however, with the German attack on Russia. Bulgars had a strong fellow-feeling for Russia, which had liberated them from the Turkish yoke. Landholding peasants, representing a vast majority of the population, never let their dislike of Communism tincture their love of Russia. America's entry into the war and the successes of British troops in Africa also contributed to reduce their enthusiasm for the course they had taken. Bulgars are all realists and they did not like the defeat they saw in prospect.

Bulgars still talk of their "symbolic" declaration of war on the United States. Apparently, the action was sold to the national assembly as nothing more than a perfunctory ges-

ture. With their own brand of logic Bulgars still express surprise that America did not see the action in the same light.

Answering such logic in a Sofia cafe discussion in 1945 an American burst out: "We didn't mind your 'symbolic' declaration of war any more than *you* minded *our* 'symbolic' bombing of Sofia!"

It was a grim joke, for Sofia lay forty percent in ruins as a result of the systematic bombing campaigns we had conducted in order to knock Bulgaria out of the war. People of that small capital admit, quite frankly, that the destruction of Sofia was the blow that convinced the Bulgars that they must find some way out—a campaign of cold-blooded terror-bombing against civilians that our army was carrying out, and it did the job.

It was in those doubtful days in 1943 that King Boris was ordered to Hitler's headquarters, where a death sentence was passed on him for his efforts to ease out of the war. Italy's collapse was expected, and Hitler wanted a firmer grip on the Balkans and he wanted Bulgarian troops to replace the lost Italian divisions. He also did not like the murmurs of discontent that were being heard from his Bulgarian ally.

Boris, who turned down the German demands, was poisoned on the plane that was bringing him back from Germany. An astute Germanic prince with a keen sense of Balkan realities, Boris might have engineered an armistice of some sort with the Allies. Under the regency set up for his six-year-old son, Simeon, however, Fascist-minded elements took control and Bulgaria continued her plunge toward disaster.

The next opportunity did not come until the summer of 1944. On August 6 thirteen members of the Opposition, including two Communists, met at the Sofia home of seventy-two-year-old Nikola Moushanov, the grand old man of

democracy in Bulgaria. These were the men who had risked persecution and jail to keep alive liberal ideas during the war years, throwing their criticisms into the teeth of the reactionary elements who controlled the country. They issued a manifesto to the Bulgarian people declaring that it was "high time to change the policy of the government." The declaration struck a responsive chord, for the people were thoroughly sick of the war and its destruction.

On September 3 a government of moderate liberals was formed. Its primary purpose was to make peace and win Allied approval with a declaration of war against the former ally Germany. Moushanov—tall, white-haired and white-moustached, with the affable dignity of a retired family physician—was again a moving spirit. But something had happened in the month since the manifesto was issued. The Communists would no longer co-operate. There was skulduggery in the air, and all evidence supports the suspicion that Russia was an active party to it.

Russia not only had never been at war with Bulgaria but had instead maintained active diplomatic contact throughout the years of Bulgaria's partnership with the Axis. The task of the new moderate government was to surrender to America and Britain. The nearest Anglo-American military headquarters were in Cairo. It seems doubtful that anybody in authority in Cairo had any clear conception of the complex political factors involved. If any really intelligent effort had been made in those days, some effective results might have been accomplished and American and British diplomacy would not have been faced with the hopeless task that followed.

The moderate government sent envoys to Cairo. There were delays. The Bulgarian delegation wanted more specific instructions. The Anglo-Americans were being fussy about protocol. Everyone wanted a quick surrender for its psychological effect on the world both Allied and enemy,

but nobody was doing anything to accomplish it. The public in America and Britain were annoyed by the delay.

Into this situation stepped Russia. She suddenly declared war against Bulgaria and sent an army of half a million men marching into the country. At the time, this move was hailed in America and Britain as a demonstration of Russia's solidarity with her Anglo-American allies, as a reminder to the remaining Axis countries that procrastination would not be tolerated. Present-day hindsight makes it look like anything but a demonstration of solidarity. Certainly such a huge army was not needed to subdue Bulgaria; she was subdued already. The declaration of war itself was not needed except to put Russia in a dominant position in Bulgaria. This was doubtless its purpose and was certainly its effect.

The Russian-Bulgarian war was surely the briefest and least bloody in human history. Synchronized with the Russian declaration of war was a *coup d'état* which overthrew the moderates and put in power the Communist-dominated Fatherland Front. This government immediately surrendered. The surrender instrument signed in Moscow left Russia in virtual control of the Control Commission which was set up. The British and American officers might as well have stayed in Cairo for all the good they were able to do for our ideas thereafter.

The men who had made up the moderate liberal government that had tried to surrender but hadn't quite brought it off were thrown into jail, charged with crimes against the people along with the fascist reactionaries who had guided the country into the disastrous war at the side of Germany. Their sentences ranged from one to ten years—very moderate compared with the thousands of death sentences meted out by the People's Courts set up to carry out the program of the Fatherland Front.

One of the charges against the members of this govern-

ment—which had remained in power for only six days—was that it had delayed too long in declaring war on Germany. A member of that cabinet revealed later that the decision to declare war on Germany was made on September 6, three days after the government came to power. On the recommendation of the minister of war, Lieutenant General Ivan Marinov, announcement of the decision was postponed for forty-eight hours to allow an opportunity to withdraw Bulgarian troops from areas dominated by the Germans. Marinov, the man who made that recommendation, instead of being sent to jail with the rest of the cabinet was made commander-in-chief of the army by the Fatherland Front. Every time you look at a political fact in the Balkans, you see such overtones of chicanery as this.

The Fatherland Front, which grabbed power on September 9, 1944 and was still holding it with no signs of weakening almost two and a half years later, was a coalition composed of Communists, Agrarians, Social Democrats, and Zveno party. The Bulgarian Communist party, while probably the strongest communist group in the Balkans, represented a small percentage of the people, having no real appeal for the great mass of the landowning peasant population. In the war years and before, it was outlawed and forced to operate underground, a factor which always results in fanaticism and keener discipline among members. The Agrarian party, because of its backing from the peasantry (who constitute eighty percent of the population), has always been the largest party in modern Bulgaria though rarely dominant politically. The Social Democrats are a small liberal party, closely akin to similar parties throughout Europe. Zveno is one of those strange concoctions that one could never find outside the Balkan peninsula. It is a political party with no particular political ideas or ideals. It was organized in 1934 by Colonel Damian Velchev and wrung from King Boris dictatorial powers that it kept for

only a short time. Velchev was sentenced to death for that coup but escaped the gallows and turned up again in the Fatherland Front cabinet as minister of war. Zveno—the word means “link”—has remained as a convenient catch-all for politicians who like to hold office without the annoyance of a political or economic program. They have made admirable bedfellows for the Communists—from the communist point of view. Prime Minister Kimon Georgiev, whose bald head and one good eye combine to give him a benign but slightly bewildered look, is a member of Zveno.

First order of business for the new Fatherland Front government was a thoroughgoing clean-up of reactionaries, Fascists, suspected Fascists, and all and sundry who had held any positions of responsibility during the days of alliance with Germany. People's Courts were set up all over the land. Thousands, after quick trials, were herded away to jail or the firing squad. The country was wiped clean of people who had taken Bulgaria into the war at the side of Germany, and there were a lot of them. Probably no other country underwent such a complete purging of war criminals. It was a harsh—even brutal—clean-up, but it fitted the mood of the Bulgarian people at the time. They were thoroughly wearied of the war and embittered at those who had brought it on. It was only when the number of dead reached the thousands that they began to grow uneasy and wary.

Executioners claimed every wartime minister and practically the whole of the membership of the Sobranje (parliament) which had declared war on America and Britain. Prince Kyril, brother of the late King Boris and uncle of the boy King Simeon, was shot with the rest. Bulgars generally agree that if King Boris had been alive at the end of the war he too would have been judged guilty and executed. Having been claimed by a prior executioner, however, he lies buried in an honored grave in the ancient church at

Rila Monastery, with a Bulgarian army sergeant constantly on duty to keep candles burning and flowers fresh.

Young King Simeon, with his Italian mother, Queen Joanna (daughter of Victor Emmanuel III of Italy), was hustled off to seclusion in the country, where they were kept virtually incommunicado until a plebiscite ousted him in September 1946.

While the Fatherland Front was a coalition in name, communist ministers held the key posts of Interior, Justice, Social Policy, and Public Health. Thus by controlling the police, the courts, and popular-welfare organs they were assured of the power to get and keep the Bulgarian people securely under the thumb of the communist party. The Communists have learned that for controlling a country there are several positions more important than the prime ministry. With their man as minister of interior, the Communists controlled not only the national police but also the appointment of the mayor of every town and village. They were preparing for the elections to come, and they prepared well.

The first communist minister of interior was a bushy-haired young man who at some point in his underground career had adopted the name of Anton Yugov ("son of the south"). The Associated Press correspondent in Sofia negotiated an interview with Yugov. As the correspondent was ushered into the post office, the minister greeted him with a sarcastic reference to the frequent attacks against him from the Opposition.

"I suppose you came here expecting to see a bloody ogre of a minister," he said.

"No," replied the correspondent, "I came expecting to find a very efficient minister."

As the interpreter translated the correspondent's words, however, the remark came out "efficient and sympathetic

minister." Outside, the correspondent taxed the interpreter with his embellishment.

"I didn't think you would understand," replied the interpreter, "and I wanted you and the minister to get on well together." Such minor dishonesties are typical of the Bulgarian political scene.

One of the most colorful personalities that Communism provided for the postwar political scene was middle-aged Madame Tzola Dragoicheva, who as secretary-general of the Fatherland Front was with some little accuracy credited with being the real boss of Bulgaria in the days before the arrival of Georgi Dimitrov. Her movie-script life had included three narrow escapes from the executioner as from her schooldays onward she devoted herself to Communism. In her position of dignity as an important government leader she declined to talk expansively about her colorful youth, but if half the stories that are told in Sofia are true her past makes an old Pearl (*The Perils of Pauline*) White serial look like a visit to the parsonage.

Madame Dragoicheva, born in 1900 at Byala-Slatina, went to the university at Sofia. By the age of nineteen she was a member of the communist party and in 1923 she served her first jail sentence, nine months. "Prison is like school," she remarked once, testifying to a fact which becomes obvious from observations in the postwar Balkans: that Communism thrives on suppression.

In 1925 she was tried with a group of Communists charged with complicity in an explosion that rocked Saint Nedelia Church in Sofia, killing a large number of people. Her legend dates from that trial. She was such a beautiful culprit—she was known as "Sonya" in those days—that people used to wait on the street curbs to watch her being escorted from prison to court. After her conviction and when all chance of reprieve from the death sentence seemed

gone, the beautiful Sonya suddenly announced to the startled prison authorities that she was pregnant—and Bulgarian law forbids the execution of a pregnant woman. The how and where of the pregnancy has never been explained. In due course a son was born who is reputedly still living, having fought in the Russian army in the recent war.

In 1942 Madame Dragoicheva was sentenced to death a second time. She was already living the underground existence of a fugitive when the sentence was passed and they never caught her to carry it out.

Legends also abound about her "return from Moscow" during the war. They range from a parachute jump on a dark night to a secret shore landing by a rubber dinghy after being brought across the Black Sea by submarine. Asked about this, Madame Dragoicheva scotched all the stories by replying: "I never left Bulgaria."

If there was ever a country that lacked the fundamental urge toward the politico-economic changes involved in a communist revolution, that country is Bulgaria. It is a nation of small landowners, without a large wealthy class or a large group of landless laborers. There has long been a strong flavor of socialism in its government and economy, but the average Bulgarian peasant is no more interested than a Western rancher in collectivization of land. Nevertheless, the Communists began a slow program of collectivization. The peasants did not like it and said so, though cautiously because of the growing police system of the Fatherland Front government. The government promulgated a law "For the Defense of the Fatherland," which gave it dictatorial powers over the lives of the people. Political opposition to acts of the government was suppressed.

At this point Bulgaria would have gone as surely and efficiently into the fold of international Communism as neighboring Yugoslavia was doing, if it had not been for several men who chose to lead the opposition fight at the

risk of their lives and for the watchdog attitude of American and British diplomacy. Even so, it appears that this was simply a delaying action at best.

When it became amply clear that the coalition Fatherland Front government was carrying out a purely communist program, five ministers resigned and formed the core of an Opposition which has kept the Bulgarian political situation explosive, though without deterring the Front government from its roughshod course. The most prominent of these dissident ministers was heavy-set, sickly Nikola Petkov, heir to the leadership of the powerful Agrarian party. Now middle-aged with graying reddish blond hair, Petkov was the Paris-educated son of a former Bulgarian prime minister. Both Petkov's father and his brother were victims of political assassinations, and he took up the uneven fight as leader of the Opposition against the Fatherland Front fully conscious that failure in his mission might result in the same end for him.

Associated Press correspondent King was standing beside Petkov one night when he was surrounded by a raging mob of Communist Youth who belabored him with threats and epithets.

"Yes, I'm Nikola Petkov, leader of the Opposition!" Petkov shouted into the mob on the darkened street. "Shoot me now if you want to." It takes bravery to be an Opposition statesman in postwar Bulgaria, and Petkov, for all his shortcomings in intellect and leadership, is certainly a brave man.

The Fatherland Front countered the resignation of Agrarian and Social Democrat ministers with the formation of rump groups of the same parties and blandly went ahead with their plans, insisting that they had the same coalition following as before.

The first postwar elections for Bulgaria were set for August 26, 1945. In the single list of candidates prepared

for submittal to the people, the Communists and rump Agrarians divided the majority between themselves, with lesser numbers for the other parties of the Fatherland Front. The Communists gave themselves additional insurance by listing disguised Communists as candidates for other parties. The wide network of police and communist organizations was set to work to guarantee that there should be no organized resistance. It was a technique as old as political chicanery, but it was the first time that it had been tried in the postwar Balkans.

The outlines of this first attempted election in Bulgaria have been repeated many times in other countries in the months that have followed. In some, it has worked with clocklike precision; has registered only half-successes in others. Only the most naïve would say, from the vantage point of hindsight, that it was accidental that the same election techniques have been used and the same complaints have resulted from pre-election developments in Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and more recently Poland. It is, then, even more to the credit of Anglo-American diplomacy in Bulgaria that its representatives saw what was happening there—saw clearly, acted vigorously to counter it, and did counter it for a brief time.

As the communist steamroller moved steadily on its path toward a crushing political demonstration in this first scheduled election, the Opposition, led by Petkov, howled complaints. They charged the Fatherland Front with using force and terror to turn out a giant vote which would give them a mandate for a headlong drive into communization for Bulgaria.

In this political wilderness the voice of America was heard. It was a voice muffled, perhaps, by an undeveloped foreign policy, but the sentiments it expressed were worthy American sentiments and Bulgaria had to listen.

The patently fraudulent election was called off. It was victory—though a brief victory—for American diplomacy and ideals. That Anglo-American diplomacy did not consolidate this momentary victory for true democratic principles in one of its initial tests in the Balkans has had—and will have—important consequences for the world.

XIII

BULGARIA—FOR THE LACK OF A PLAN



THE voice of America in the postwar struggle of totalitarianism versus democracy in Bulgaria was mainly the voice of Maynard B. Barnes, United States political representative in Sofia. Barnes, an energetic, bustling Midwesterner whose life in the diplomatic service has not changed his appearance and manner from that of an Iowa businessman, sailed the rough course of his thankless Bulgarian job with purpose and conviction. For he did seem to possess that quality which career diplomats too often lack: a personal conviction of the rightness of his course. To an observer who definitely was not privy to State Department reports and instructions of the day, Barnes appeared to have an understanding of the broad historical necessities of his job that transcended that of State Department heads in far away Washington.

The fact that American diplomacy in its fight for postwar democracy failed in Bulgaria—a failure that foreshadowed a series of similar failures in Eastern Europe—can hardly be laid to Barnes. Perhaps it wasn't even a failure, but rather was a compromise made within the wider world frame in which our postwar diplomacy must be viewed. Nevertheless, America—along with a large number of Bulgarians—hoped to see a true representative democracy established in Bulgaria after the war. America's part in the complex scene of Bulgarian postwar politics was simply to insist on the

opportunity for democracy in the land of her defeated enemy. The role was played far short of success, but it did establish the right of the United States to play such a role. And if the United States is to continue to play a dynamic role in the world, she may have to play the same role somewhere else some other time.

Although American diplomacy must be credited with more failure than success in Bulgaria, it is hard to conceive of a man who could have tackled the chore more efficiently than Maynard Barnes. An experienced diplomat with a knowledge and a belief in the things he was trying to accomplish, Barnes was an admirable representative of America even when he failed. His type is all too rare.

Barnes is also a man of real personal bravery, a quality which Bulgarians understand and admire. More than once in turbulent Sofia he had an opportunity to display this quality in unmistakable fashion.

Bulgaria first felt the weight of American disapproval of terror as a political instrument of policy in the case of the arrest and escape of George M. Dimitrov. It is a confusing story because the name of its principal actor is almost the same as that of the aged communist boss, Georgi Dimitrov, and it all took place in the days before American correspondents were allowed to return to Bulgaria. Bulgarians themselves distinguished between the two by calling the second—the one involved in the following incident—Gaymeh, which is simply the Bulgarian pronunciation of the letters "G. M."

Gaymeh Dimitrov was a young man of political promise who before the war had gained a reputation as a liberal politician in the camp of the Agrarians. He had won the accolade of persecution by the reactionary governments of prewar Bulgaria. His position became so precarious during the war years that he escaped and put himself under the protection of the Allies in the Middle East.

At the end of the war Gaymeh Dimitrov, like many another naïve citizen, thought that the defeat of the Axis had opened the way for the exercise of political freedom in Bulgaria. He went back to Sofia thankful that the days were over when opposition to the established regime was a crime. His disillusionment was quick and drastic.

At the time of his return to Bulgaria, Gaymeh Dimitrov was still a young man, slightly built with thinning dark hair and the dynamic personality of a practiced politician. His following among the Bulgarian peasantry was undeniable. To the Fatherland Front of Communists and communist stooges, he represented a threat. A popular leader who was not subservient to their program, but who definitely acted as a focal point for the agrarian interests of the peasants might have stalled the engine of their steam-roller. Moreover, his wartime association with British and Americans made him doubly suspect to an outfit which was intent on putting Bulgaria unmistakably and irrecoverably in the Russian sphere.

Gaymeh's associates were spirited away to jail where third-degree methods were used in an effort to obtain incriminating evidence against him. Dimitrov himself was placed under house arrest to await the time when the secret police should feel safe in acting more boldly against him. But Gaymeh had experienced Bulgarian jails before. He wasn't having any more if he could help it. He escaped from his house arrest by a neat bit of subterfuge which confounded the guards at his front door, and presented himself to British officials in Sofia asking sanctuary. He was refused. He then made his way to the home of the American representative and asked for protection from political persecution.

Maynard Barnes agreed to give him sanctuary in his home on the outskirts of Sofia where his diplomatic immunity forbade Bulgarian police to enter. It was a daring thing to do, particularly without specific authorization from Wash-

ington. It was defiance of the Bulgarian police and government, but it also was a clear pronouncement that America did not approve of political persecution in Bulgaria.

Barnes's decision led to tense hours for all the Americans in Sofia. Armed men and officers of the American military mission staff in Sofia were called in to guarantee the sanctuary that Barnes had agreed to give in the name of the United States government. Soldiers of the Bulgarian constabulary surrounded the embassy home as authorities demanded that Gaymeh Dimitrov be turned over to the police. There was actual danger of a pitched battle for the possession of the person of the fugitive.

Russian soldiers then came on the scene and surrounded the Bulgarians who had surrounded the house. The Russians, acting properly and wisely, apparently had turned up to see that the Bulgarians did not attempt an entry into the house.

Barnes won his point and the State Department supported his decision. Gaymeh Dimitrov remained under the protection of the Americans until the Bulgarian government agreed several months later to his departure from the country. Each night during that time Dimitrov (his code name was Mr. Armstrong) had the protection of an American officer.

The case of Gaymeh, however, like that of so many others was a half victory. One man was protected from political persecution, but in escaping that persecution he had to give up his role of political leadership in Bulgaria.

And there was another case—of comic rather than political significance—which also showed the type of man Barnes could be in an emergency. After a reception he and Mrs. Barnes were driving through the darkened streets of Sofia at about midnight. As they slowed to a stop before turning into a through thoroughfare, two drunks staggered to the

front of the automobile in which the American couple were alone. One of them snatched the United States flag from the standard attached to the front fender, and handed it to the other with the shout to "run."

Barnes, whose build and age hardly fitted him for what followed, leaped from the car, knocked the first man to the street, and ran after the second who was escaping with the American flag. Frankly, it was not a wise thing to do, because Sofia after midnight is not the safest place in the world. Perhaps he was urged on by the anger of the moment added to the rebuffs of the past. The first drunk recovered himself and followed after the American minister. He caught up with Barnes and smashed him viciously in the face with a large stone.

His eye swollen and his face bleeding, Barnes still refused to let pass the insult to his country and to the emblem of his office. He returned to his car, got hold of a policeman, and returned to the spot in time to catch the two miscreants as they crept from their hiding place. He saw them to a police station and then called on the Foreign Minister.

"We will get to the bottom of this tonight," Barnes told that startled official as he roused him from bed. High police and army officers also rushed to the police station, hardly waiting to finish dressing, and the two drunks found themselves the center of one of the most pressing investigations of their misspent lives.

Bulgarian officialdom was obviously in fear and trembling lest the man who snatched the flag would, upon investigation, prove to be a communist zealot who had taken too seriously the hatred preached against America and England. They feared he might blame his action on some more or less direct provocation from an official source. Had this been the case the incident might well have turned into an international scandal.

The early-morning inquisition satisfied Barnes, however, that the men were nothing more than obnoxious drunks. Though, with this, the case lost all significance except the ludicrous, it did demonstrate once more to Bulgarian officialdom the type of man who was defending the viewpoint of the United States.

The preparations for the scheduled elections of August 26, 1945, with their attendant misuse of police power and frank suppression of all political opposition to the Communist-dominated Fatherland Front, looked phony to Barnes. His reports to the State Department were clear and vehement on the subject. America's right to speak in the country which had been our wartime enemy was clear.

A strong note was delivered to the Fatherland Front government expressing American disapproval of developments and announcing that the government that followed such an election would receive no recognition as a legal government. British Political Representative Houston-Boswell followed suit. America and Britain stood together in their disapproval.

The August 26 elections were not held, but it was no easy victory. On the eve of the intended election day, the aged Georgi Dimitrov—like an oracle on high—sent a message from Moscow that the elections would be held as scheduled. Georgi was wrong that time. He was overruled in a last-minute decision of Fatherland Front leaders, who saw more clearly than he that if America and Britain took a strong position on such a question they could not be ignored.

That point marked the zenith of American and British influence in postwar Bulgaria and, indeed, in the whole of the tumultuous Balkan peninsula. We had expressed our determination that we should see our principles—which had

been incorporated into international agreements at Yalta—observed. This patently fraudulent election campaign that our diplomacy had blocked was to be repeated in other countries like a play often reread from the same script.

It is probably the tragedy of American and British policy at this point that the notes that blocked the election were not followed up by constructive suggestions. Had America and Britain offered a plan, their demands for democratic processes might have been respected. Where the blame for this omission lies it will be impossible to say until the contents of state papers are revealed. To an observer on the spot, however, there was every indication of unaccountable cold feet at the Foreign Office in London and the State Department in Washington. True, for American and British diplomats to delve so deeply into the politics of Bulgaria as to evolve a plan of co-operation between conflicting elements would have been “interference” in the internal affairs of Bulgaria. But why not? We interfered openly and unashamedly in the affairs of others of our ex-enemies. And at that very moment the decisions of the Fatherland Front were being guided from Moscow by Georgi Dimitrov.

Perhaps we were buffaloes by the successful Russian contention that there should be no “interference.” Russian policy was being carried out by Bulgarian Communists. There was no similar Anglo-American fifth column. We declined to take the only alternative: forthright interference.

After the elections were postponed the Fatherland Front made some concessions. An Opposition press was allowed to publish and many political prisoners were released. Elections were rescheduled for November 18. The Communist-dominated government did not give up its major weapons, however. It kept tightly in its grasp the means by which large sections of the population could be thoroughly intimidated.

In the new election campaign which began, Anglo-American protests were respected mostly through the subterfuge through which objectionable measures were continued.

Into this situation came Mark W. Ethridge, short, blunt-speaking newspaper publisher, as a special envoy of Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, to make an independent investigation. One gathers that some Weak Willie in the State Department was getting timid about the aggressive role that Barnes was playing. It is to the credit of both men that they soon saw eye-to-eye on the misgovernment of the Fatherland Front and on the role that America should play.

With no pretense of diplomatic usage Ethridge asked blunt and pointed questions of government and Opposition leaders. He saw all who sought him and made a point of spending more time with government leaders than with the Opposition. Demonstrating his frank approach to his fact-finding mission was the remark heard from an official as he left a conference with Ethridge: "I can't believe that Mr. Ethridge's interpreter knows English very well, because I'm sure a diplomat wouldn't ask such blunt questions."

In the midst of his visit to Sofia, Ethridge's mission grew from fact-finding to creative diplomacy. He went off to Moscow to present a straightforward explanation of the American position to Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov. He got only a lavish helping of cold shoulder from the Russian Foreign Office. So Ethridge, also, must be credited with a partial failure; but he deserves 100 percent for effort, and you can ask little more of any man.

The weight of Anglo-American opinion was still being felt in Bulgaria then and constructive criticism backed by the American and British governments could still have been a major influence. But it was not provided.

It was at this point that Georgi Dimitrov made his triumphal return from Moscow. There is little doubt that his

appearance was, in part at least, hurried in order to offset the influence of the widely publicized activities of Mark Ethridge.

In the midst of all this political uncertainty all officialdom and the diplomatic corps of Sofia turned out for a reception that one could hardly expect to see duplicated outside the fabulous Balkans. Guests entered by a long, broad stairway on each step of which stood at attention two soldiers in copiously braided uniforms and tall fur shakos. One almost expected Nelson Eddy to appear at the head of the stairs and burst into a chorus from *The Student Prince*. There were lavish refreshments in the broad halls, where uniformed or tail-coated men mingled and clustered with ill-at-ease representatives of the newly powerful proletariat. Here and there were sharp-eyed security police, wearing the clumsy look of casual alertness that marks detectives the world over.

There came whispers of attention, and all eyes turned when Mark Ethridge made his way to the well-protected corner where Georgi Dimitrov sat. The two men talked for more than an hour that night. Perhaps as a result each understood a bit more of what to expect from the other. The conversation certainly had no other results.

Another significant development of this uncertain period was a concerted effort on the part of high government officials to convince British and American correspondents of the impropriety of their governments' positions. Ministers suddenly began to invite correspondents in for informal chats, which could have had no other purpose than to prompt reporting that would offset the effects of diplomatic developments.

Foreign correspondents were invited to a banquet. Its purpose was vague until several of the senior ones present—who also were among those sending the most critical dispatches at the time—were herded into a corner by goat-

bearded Minister of Information Kassasov. The minister, prefacing his remarks with, "This is just a friendly discussion," launched into an attack on the Anglo-American position in Bulgaria. The only appreciable result was a lively, no-holds-barred argument of the type that newspapermen enjoy at any time.

On the eve of the second election day American and British diplomacy again protested on practically the same grounds as before. It was not surprising that the second protest carried little weight. We had blocked one election and offered nothing constructive in the interim. Another postponement would probably have wrecked the Fatherland Front government, a fate its leaders could hardly be expected to accept if it could possibly be avoided.

The election was held with the Opposition parties abstaining because of what they called a lack of a genuine opportunity to carry on a pre-election campaign. The voting day itself was quiet and orderly. What happened when the votes were tallied is anybody's guess. Under the circumstances the Fatherland Front won (or gave itself) a whopping majority. Bulgaria has held two more elections since then. One was in September 1946, which sent nine-year-old King Simeon packing into exile, and another in October 1946 elected a constituent assembly to shape a constitution for the new Republic of Bulgaria. The Fatherland Front won them all.

The terms of the awkward armistice that Britain and America signed with Bulgaria gave Russia the uncontested upper hand in the Allied Control Commission which was charged with carrying out the armistice terms. There were American and British representatives, but they were virtually voiceless. So in the final analysis the only weapons the United States had to use in attempting to block misgovernment in postwar Bulgaria were the threats of nonrecogni-

tion, refusal to sign a peace treaty, and refusal of trade and financial assistance in the future.

The first two of these weapons have already been cast aside in the general Eastern Europe settlements worked out at the Paris Peace Conference of Twenty-one Nations. The third is of increasingly doubtful value as Bulgaria moves more closely into the Russian economic and political sphere. The Fatherland Front will doubtless retain its grip on Bulgaria, moving forward under the leadership of old Georgi Dimitrov, who has been premier since November 1946, toward that communist goal that he must have dreamed of often in his twenty-two years of exile.

And the United States, fitting Bulgaria into the little niche that she deserves in the over-all picture of troubled world affairs, has signed the peace treaty with that government. But at least for a brief period in Bulgaria the United States took its place as an aggressive shareholder in the future world.

XIV

ALBANIA—FOOTNOTE TO A FOOTNOTE



SO FAR the authors have dealt in detail with all but one of the Balkan countries which, through the rise of indigenous Communists schooled in the Stalinist creed, have been encompassed in Moscow's expanding orbit. This leaves tiny, sparsely inhabited Albania, which in its short national existence has never known more than a few years of real independence.

As in Yugoslavia, the revolution of the communist minority has succeeded in Albania. The methods have been the same; the tools of repression and intimidation have been the same. Similarly the open antagonism to America and Britain, matched by exaggerated praise of the Soviet and the Red army, has in Albanian postwar policy followed the Yugoslav pattern. It is the same program being carried out by a different group of personalities, like a second company taking a Broadway hit show on the road. Perhaps they do not play their parts with the same finesse in Albania but the drama is the same.

If, as is likely, in centuries hence the history of the communist revolution in Yugoslavia becomes only a footnote to the earlier Bolshevik revolution in Russia, then the communist seizure of power in Albania will rank as little more than a footnote to a footnote.

Matching Yugoslavia's Marshal Josip Broz-Tito is Albania's dictator and revolutionary symbol Premier General

Enver Hoxha, a handsome, baby-faced young man who affects gaudy uniforms only a little less dazzling than Tito's. In the communist tradition, the name Hoxha is apparently a pseudonym. The word means "teacher" and Albania's boss started as a schoolmaster. But he turned to Communism early and was prepared, with his associates, to take power in the confusion of the war's end in Europe. The coalition vehicle for the Communists in Bulgaria was called the Fatherland Front; in Yugoslavia, the National Liberation front. Hoxha called his the Democratic Front.

Hoxha held his election for a constituent assembly in December 1945, winning all eighty-two seats and polling ninety-five percent of all the votes. It is the same familiar story. The official returns said that the election had brought out 555,271 of the total 603,556 who were eligible to vote. This near-ninety-percent turnout was recorded despite the fact that Albania is a nation of isolated villages, of impassable mountains which are snow-covered in winter, and of extremes of poverty and ignorance where the family tribe is still a governing unit and vigilante law still thrives.

As ruler of Albania, Hoxha is third in line of a singularly unspectacular succession. When the European powers recognized the independence of Albania from the Ottoman empire on July 29, 1913, they set German Prince William of Wied on the newly created throne. William just did not like the job, and when World War I broke out the next year he went home without even the formality of an abdication. The next monarch was an energetic young tribal chieftain named Ahmed Zogu who increased his power after World War I to the point where he was in 1928 able to declare himself king. His policy of cadging money from the Italian treasury while at the same time trying to kick Italian Fascism off his doorstep finally blew up in his face with an Italian invasion in April 1939. Zog I fled the country with his two-day-old son and heir, his Hungarian-American wife,

and—according to rumor—a large chunk of the national treasury. He maintained a refugee government in England during the war, but Hoxha apparently has stymied any hope he had of returning to his throne in Tirana.

There has been a chronic rumor in postwar Europe that Albania and Yugoslavia were planning a merger, but each time it has appeared in print it has been vociferously denied. The move is certainly a logical one and cannot be dismissed as a possibility for Albania's future. The small country, which has had difficulties in the past in standing on its own feet, would fit easily into the present federal form of government of Yugoslavia. Each of the present "people's republics" of Yugoslavia has its own premier and assembly. Such a move would still leave a place for Hoxha, who, significantly, has only made himself a general—a step below Tito.

Against the merger is the fact that the Albanians consider the Yugoslavs as old enemies, in spite of the present aura of brotherhood. The Albanians are not Slav in either language or background. A more important factor against a merger in the near future is that it would destroy the chance of obtaining another vote for the Moscow bloc in international councils. The fight for a place in international organizations is currently the main plank in Hoxha's foreign policy. His rejection by the United Nations in 1946 is not likely to make him give up the fight. However, continued failure would surely increase the chances of annexation by Yugoslavia.

The new dominant role of Russian influence on Eastern Europe has cast a new light on an old Balkan dream: a general confederation covering the whole peninsula. Russia's role, too, has affected many of the ancient and hate-nurtured enmities of the Balkans, de-emphasizing some and exaggerating others.

For years Balkan statesmen seeking personal power have dreamed and worked for some kind of confederation, along economic lines at least, along political lines if possible. Since the lowly peasant represents a vast majority of the population in each country and since his economic problems are essentially the same in all of them, the peasant's problems could certainly be solved more efficiently as a whole—provided the whole was unified for the purpose of helping the peasant. Past moves toward confederation have been blocked by selfish politicians and nationalistic groups within the Balkans and by the machinations and interference of European powers from outside. The turbulent history of the Balkans is the history of jealousies and conflicts engineered from without as the small countries were used as pawns in the game of expansion and influence played by the European chancelleries.

By virtue of their domination by Communists who all look to Moscow for leadership, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Albania are—on government levels at least—closer together than they have ever been in the past. In so far as the separate regimes can manage it, their programs will be the same. Economic and political co-operation will follow and they may be expected, with other Communist-dominated countries of Central Europe, to act as a unit in many ways. One might say, accordingly, that the confederation of the Balkans is under way, but it is hardly the answer to the dream of Balkan statesmen who have worked for it in the past. The Balkans were recently unified under the Germans, too, and they included Greece as well. They were unified for five hundred years under the old Turkish empire.

Of course, the above comparisons are not entirely fair. The communist regimes which have captured four of the six Balkan countries are all made up of native sons who have an honest stake in the governments they now control. Never-

theless these countries are being used as instruments of Russian policy. It is the old story all over again: the Balkan countries have been betrayed by their strategic position.

The Balkan peasant, wherever you find him, is the hard-working slave and master of his land, ignorant but intelligent in the way that only the uneducated can be; he wants and deserves a better life, but he wants it on the land that is his. He wants liberation from the periodic wars that destroy his home and take his sons. The proper program for the Balkans is the program that takes into consideration the rights and desires of this great peasant mass which has not yet been adequately heard in the councils of any government. That program may lie in the direction of collectivized farms—maybe, though there are few Balkan peasants who believe it.

Russia's penetration into the Balkans has lined up four of the countries against the other two. This is an interesting change of emphasis when you consider that there is no Balkan country which has not been at war with at least one of its neighbors since the turn of the present century. For instance, the blood brotherhood of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia is often proclaimed in the capitals of the two countries. Youth and patriotic delegations are frequently exchanged. Forgotten are the three invasions of Yugoslav soil by Bulgarian troops since 1913, and unmentioned is the latent claim of Bulgaria for Yugoslav territory which has been a foundation of its foreign policy from the beginning of its national existence.

The nationalistic feelings that have been encouraged by past regimes are not so easily erased from the minds of the people. An American traveling through Yugoslav Macedonia in 1945 was told by a man at Nish, only a few miles from the Bulgarian border: "Tito says that we love the Bulgars now—but we know better."

The same American sitting in a Sofia café a few months

later was charged with gross ignorance when, while talking with a Bulgar, he spoke of a town in Yugoslav Macedonia as being Yugoslav.

“That is a Bulgarian town,” he was told; “everybody knows that”—despite the fact that Bulgaria has never held title to it except during a few months in 1877.

XV

WE LOSE THE MIDDLE GROUND



THE preceding chapters have outlined a struggle, a great and meaningful conflict between politically, socially, and economically opposed systems *inside* the countries involved. The chapters that follow will deal with the same struggle in Turkey and Greece. Although in both countries, notably in Greece, there is internal conflict, by their geographic placement both Turkey and Greece are more involved externally than internally. They border on the sea-world and are a part of it. Their destinies consequently depend to a greater degree upon what happens outside their borders.

It will perhaps be found significant that aside from Greece and Turkey, it is only in Trieste that the Western or sea-world powers have made an effort to get and maintain a grip in the Balkans. On the entire eastern Adriatic coast Trieste is the only spot belonging to the sea-world because it is the only good port on that coast. The fate of Trieste has been decided from without, not by its own geography nor ethnography.

It is plain from the preceding chapters that the parts of the Balkans with which they deal constitute an area of international conflict of interests which has changed their internal make-up and reordered their orientation in foreign affairs. Greece and Turkey, like Trieste, will spotlight the purely international aspect of the struggle. This is particularly true of Turkey because Turkey was the only Bal-

kan country that went through the war without being occupied by any of the belligerents.

The whole of the Balkans, then, is affected internally or externally to varying degrees in its separate parts by the fact that it lies squarely between the two worlds. It is accessible by land from one and by sea from another.

If one simple truth emerges from the complex contest which has been and will be described it is this: The middle ground between the opponents has all but vanished.

It is dangerous for the middle ground to be lost in any dispute. If both sides to a dispute are unable to find a big enough area of agreement upon which to stand as equals to discuss their differences, they are likely to draw so far apart that neither is capable of seeing any part of the other's view.

The Yalta Agreement was meant to provide common ground for a common point of view among the United States, Russia, and Britain. Aimed principally at the conflict already evident in the Balkans within a few months of the liberation, that Agreement basically provided two guide rules:

1. Governments along Soviet Russia's frontiers should be "friendly" to her.

2. They should be brought to a "democratic" way of life. Russia, in other words, was to be guaranteed that the nations along her frontiers would not be used as springboards for attacks against her Great Experiment in Communism. And the West was to be assured that those states should not be shut off from the Western democratic ideal.

So long as this view of the agreement was adhered to, it did provide solid common ground, a common viewpoint from which the conflict of interests might have been resolved. Instead, a gulf of differences has opened up at the feet of the Great Powers, converting their common meeting place to an abyss of discord.

What dug the ditch of discord?

The briefest complete answer is: Soviet suspicion, and the messianic tendencies of both the United States and Russia to plant their political faiths at the foot of their flagpoles.

A more detailed answer would mention the cynical basic tenet of Communism that the end justifies the means, and the confusion inherent in Western democratic liberalism, when that is carried abroad.

The fact was overlooked that "Democracy" already had a "Western" and an "Eastern" interpretation by the time the Yalta Agreement was made. As previously pointed out, the occidental and the oriental interpretations of a political system born and developed in the West conflict basically. The West believes that the mass will, however fumblingly, choose its own best. The East believes that the mass must be seized firmly by the nose and led, however painfully, to the trough of contentment. There is no reliable reason for believing that the East is any less sincere in its belief than is the West. There is certainly no reliable indication that it is any less adamant.

Consequently, just what was to be the "democratic" way of life into which the countries along Russia's frontiers were to be led was from the outset a matter of sharp dispute.

What, moreover, is a country "friendly" to Soviet Russia?

Perhaps the most authoritative answer can be found in the pages of Russia's occupation publications. These are the newspapers and magazines, each in the local language, which everywhere trail Soviet conquest. They are meant to admonish and educate the natives to a way of life which Soviet Russia considers friendly. One of these, which has its sister publications in Bulgaria, Hungary, Germany, and other countries under Soviet occupation, is *Graiul Nou* (New Voice), published in Rumania by "The political direction of the Red Army, for the Rumanian population," according to its description of itself. The thoughts, admonitions, and declarations of *Graiul Nou* are in perfect accord

with those of all its sister publications, which are numerous.

Commemorating the first anniversary of the Russian-created Groza government in Rumania, *Graiul Nou* said on March 7, 1946:

Only the Groza government, which enjoys the full confidence of the Soviet Union, has been able to have and can have its support. . . . The Groza government will always have the support of the government and people of the Soviets.

The Groza government is a friendly government because it is unquestioningly ruled by the Communist party. Russian suspicions of the good intent of all others cannot admit that others than the Communists could be trusted. If any practical proof of this be needed, it can be found in the fact that wherever Russia has come into complete control she has installed the Communists in power.

Proof that Russia considers the Communist party her own can be found in the fact that she has protested acts against the Communist party, in countries such as Turkey, as acts unfriendly to the Soviet Union. Soviet Russia and Communism are inseparable, by Soviet definition and act. Thus Russia has refused to accept as "friendly" governments which are not communist or demonstrably Communist-controlled. This means that, by Soviet policy, a division is effected *which does not allow a middle ground*. Those who are not Communists, or do not unquestioningly bow to communist control; are not "friendly" and cannot be trusted. Communism's authoritarian democracy, if such a term be admissible, is the only kind acceptable.

Turning the coin over, Russia discovers that those who are not in her camp are "Fascists," or actively against her. In Soviet-controlled territory, "Fascist" has come as near to meaning "anti-Communist" as "Communist" came to meaning "anti-Fascist" in Hitler's day.

For a demonstration one need go no farther than the

editorial columns of the same *Graiul Nou*. Attacking the opposition press in Rumania just after the Moscow Accord of December 1945 (which was supposed to have given Soviet approval to the Opposition as "democratic and anti-Fascist"), the Red Army paper said:

One has gone so far with the attitude of "comprehension" toward the fascists that it is proposed that they should make their propaganda freely. . . . The argument of the defenders of liberty for the Fascists—that democracy is strong enough to defend itself against the Hitlerian contagion—is, at the least, strange. One could as well affirm that we could without worry let plague germs multiply, on the assumption that the human organism is strong enough to withstand them. . . . Their plea for the right to disseminate freely the fascist ideology is a plea for the new Nazi butchers. . . .

This was elicited by an anti-Semitic article in an Opposition newspaper, *Ardealul* (The Transylvanian) and by anti-Semitic acts at Bucharest University.

Similarly violent attacks appeared twice or thrice weekly in this paper. One revealing argument—which followed insistent declarations by the Opposition parties that it was Communism, not Russia, they opposed—was headlined: "It Is Useless," and ably showed the uselessness of such an approach to friendship with the Soviets. It said:

Brought up in the school of realism, we know the immense asset that a friendship between peoples represents for the relations between states and for peace, but we are also able to discriminate between the sincere, deep, and durable feelings of friends and the hidden thought and evil intriguing of those who are not our friends, no matter how hard the latter strive to camouflage them in waves of words and declarations. [Issue of April 13, 1946.]

More openly, on June 14, 1946, the political organ of the Red Army declared of the Liberal (Opposition conservative) Party headed by the Bratianu family:

The sweet words on Rumanian-Soviet friendship which are methodically repeated by the newspaper *Liberalul* and certain leaders of the party have no aim but that in their shelter Mr. Bratianu can without fear continue his anti-Soviet and provocative activity, hoping to transform Rumania anew into a base of attack for an anti-Soviet war, to take it back to the times of the "Cordon Sanitaire."

While thus accusing the opposition in Rumania of Fascism, unfriendliness to Russia, and war-mongering, the Russian occupation authorities were capable of allowing a man like George Tatarescu, King Carol's right-hand man who abolished political parties in Rumania in the middle 1930s, instigated the worst wave of Red witch-hunting ever known there, turned his back on Russia, England, and the United States, and courted Germany, to become vice-premier in the Groza government.

The reason in Tatarescu's case was the "school of realism" of which *Graiul Nou* spoke, as it was with the absorption of former Fascist movements for "re-education" into the membership-short Communist parties of the Balkans already described.

At the time of the Rumanian surrender, Tatarescu was on the same war-criminal list which included the Antonescus. Having nothing to lose, he offered his services to the coming Groza-communist regime. He likewise pointed out his long experience in governing Rumania, and the fact that his presence in the government would have a reassuring effect on the landed businessman class from which he came.

After careful consideration of his case, he was taken off the war-criminal list and put on the Groza cabinet list, four months before the Groza government was thrust upon Rumania.

Tatarescu, big-businessman, landowner, and socialite though he be, represents no danger nor drag to Communism in Rumania. He could be "found" at any time not to be the

"reformed" character he has been "accepted" as being, and could backslide right onto the war-criminal list he so narrowly escaped at first. "Reactionaries" are as easily made as unmade.

Another outstanding example of communist cynicism in the methods used to build up membership and appeal was the acceptance, on New Year's Day, 1946, of six high-ranking ex-Fascists into the Communist subparty, *Uniunea Patriotica*. Its chief at the time was the Communist Minister of Information, I. Constantinescu-Iasi. The ex-Fascists admitted were straight from concentration camp, from which they were released upon their undertaking to work for the UP, and to profess that they had been led astray in the past. They were:

Elena Codreanu, wife of the former chief of the Iron Guard.

Iredenta Mota, widow of an Iron Guard leader who died fighting on the Fascist side in Spain.

Ion Victor Vojen, former Rumanian minister in Rome.

Alexander Constant, former Fascist Minister of Propaganda.

A. Vergatti, high official, ex-Iron Guard.

P. P. Panaitescu, former newspaperman, exponent of Fascism in Rumania.

This was never allowed to become public. Censorship barred efforts by Opposition newspapers to print this and similar lists of ex-Fascists who were stepping out of concentration camp into communist affiliation. Their mission was to work quietly among their own associates, their lives dependent on their success and loyalty.

Soviet Russia cut away the middle ground in Bulgaria in exactly the same way as in Rumania. In Yugoslavia, outright Red Revolution did the job thoroughly, with a like development in Albania.

What was the result of Russia's decision that one is either one hundred percent for her, or one hundred percent against her?

The first and the foremost result was, in all these countries, a split in the party which should have been the left-of-center natural meeting ground for East and West—the Socialist party.

Had Soviet Russia not insisted upon direct communist control in the nations she occupied, the destiny of the Socialist party might have been bright indeed, and the Great Powers would have found in it a natural compromise party. Little enough was lost when the right-wing Balkan Opposition parties were, however rightly or wrongly, vilified and pushed aside. They have ruled the Balkans for a century, with results which are only too apparent in the backward condition of their countries and the constant strife they have had.

For that same century, however, the Socialists have steadily fought the great landlords, the business monopolies, the foreign concessions, the lack of free education, the low standards of health supervision, corruption in government, and in fact all the ills which the democratic powers of the West have slowly since the turn of the century put under control in a long evolutionary leftward movement, and which Soviet Russia maintains that she annihilated in a revolutionary swoop.

The Balkan Socialist parties came forward readily and stood as comrades beside the Communists as the Red Army swarmed in. The Socialists were as glad to see Russia's revolutionary army as were the Communists. They were prepared to join the Communists in an end-all fight against the old parties that had so long ruled and abused them. However, such socialist elements as favored Communism's gashing, goring methods had for the most part gone over

to the Communists. The Socialist parties were consequently parties of evolution, as opposed to revolution. They felt themselves closer to the Communists than to the old ruling parties. But they had the example of Socialism's success under its own banner in England, and its long forward stride under the name of the "New Deal" in the United States. They had been convinced that men could achieve a better social and economic life without abandoning political liberty.

Political liberty was the watchword of the West in the Balkans. Friendliness to Russia and social and economic reform were the slogans of Soviet Russia there. If it is assumed that either the East or the West was sincere in its professed aims in the Balkans, the Socialists met the requirements of both.

However, only the West welcomed the Socialists without question. Russia promptly demanded socialist amalgamation with the Communist party, in terms which could only mean that the Communists would have the lead, and that communist, not socialist, policy would be enforced.

Wherever Socialists stuck to their independence and demanded evolutionary reform preserving political liberties, they were ruthlessly shoved aside by communist infiltration of their parties, which in the end led to open communist control of their conventions. In Rumania, Titel Petrescu found himself without a party and without a newspaper to express his policies. He was bitterly attacked as "unfriendly" to Communism and Russia, although he had, literally, met the Red Army at the gates of Bucharest with outstretched hand, had joyously collaborated with the Communist party, had sent men from his party into the Groza government, and had made no protest except against that government's strong-arm tactics.

The Balkan socialist parties disappeared into the hungry

maw of Communism. The one movement that had stood on the firmest middle ground was gone.

Take out the middle of anything and what you have left is disconnected ends. So it was in the Balkans with the splitting and absorption of the socialist parties. The extreme Left had absorbed the moderate Left, or nullified it. The moderate Right had, willy-nilly, to let itself be identified, with whatever misgivings, with the extreme Right.

The United States and England had from the first in the Balkans placed their support behind the Socialist and Agrarian movements which laid claim to liberal tendencies. They shunned Tatarescu's kind. They frowned on Communism because of its impatience with civil liberties, but tolerated it for the sake of Russia. The military, and to a lesser extent the political, representatives of America and Britain found their most congenial social acquaintance in the all too often phony Balkan "aristocracy" with its undisguised hatred for Russia and for any political movement that might deprive them of their land or business monopolies. But the national policies of the two Western powers remained the support of movements left of center which could be trusted to keep civil liberties alive in the process of economic and social reform, and which the West thought would be accepted as friendly by Moscow.

When Moscow repelled the political center and the moderates on both sides of the center, Washington and London found themselves holding—with whatever misgivings—a disconnected Right end of the Balkan political scale, found themselves in unwanted association with the extreme Rightists—real, true-born reactionaries.

As the extreme Left in Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Albania gained increasingly firmer footing on ground where the Red Army stood, and struck with equal fury at those whose sin was Liberalism and those whose sin was

Fascism, the United States and England became the sheltering place of an unwholesome hodgepodge of the well- and ill-intentioned of the Balkans. The only common attribute of their mixed brood was opposition to Communism. The pity of it was that it was no longer a bloc which could safely be identified as well-intentioned toward the Soviet Union but opposed to Communism. It was obvious, after the middle ground was cut away by Soviet refusal to deal with any but the Communists or the Communists' captives, that the crowd that jammed the doors of the legations and military missions (and the cocktail parties) of the Western Powers was shot through with well-identified enemies of Russia. Russia had hand-picked her friends, and left no choice among the unfriendly, as she conceived them.

As it was internally in Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Albania, so it was externally with Greece and Turkey. As they did not have communist governments, they automatically went on the unfriendly list. The United States and Britain were already committed to them, too.

The loss of the middle ground in a region as explosive as the Balkans is a serious mishap. If middle ground there between the Great Powers cannot be regained, the alienation and embitterment of the isolated camps created by its loss cannot but increase, to the constant decrease of chances for common understanding and effort. It is serious enough in the internal politics of any single nation or group of nations; when it splits a group of nations that form such an obvious group as do the nations of the Balkans, so that the two parts of it which should serve as links with each other between the world of the sea and the world of the Heartland fall instead into embittered armed camps with well-identified Great Power backing, then it is threatening.

That is the situation today. The best apparent hope is that a new common meeting ground can be found in the chambers of the United Nations. There also remains the

hope that, as Soviet Russia achieves her own economic and strategic aims in her Balkan orbit through the channel of the communist governments she has established there, she can and will regain enough confidence to allow the re-establishment of liberalism. In that case the well- and the ill-intentioned could be sorted out, and the West would have another opportunity to prove that it backs the lamb, and not the wolf, in Russia's back yard.

XVI

TURKEY—A LAND BRIDGE BETWEEN
TWO SEAS

ONE of the loveliest spots in the world is the fabled Bosphorus, the eastern narrows of the Turkish Straits where Asia and Europe come within a few hundred yards of touching. In addition, the Bosphorus and the rest of the Straits—the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles—constitute one of the world's most historic land-and-water groups. It is a dolorous truth about world history that an "historic" spot is often one that has seen a great deal of strife, and that the strife that marked it for history's notice arose because the spot was considered valuable to more than one nation, or race, or religion.

The Bosphorus is especially richly endowed in all these sad respects. Its geographic position—at the end of Asia's suppliant outflung finger and at the tip of a scornful European toe, between which course the deep, swift, chill blue waters from Russia's Black Sea to the Mediterranean nursery of Western culture—has made the Bosphorus, from Byzantine to modern times, a prize sought from north and south, east and west; claimed by both Orient and Occident; the seat of two vast empires; fought over by the ancient races of both Europe and Asia; viciously contended for by pagan and Christian, Protestant and Catholic, Orthodox and Roman Catholic, and Christian and Moslem.

Here Byzantium's dark and bloody Constantinople was

once "the greatest city in the world" to its own historians, but finally succumbed to the Ottoman tribe of the Turanian race which mysteriously came from deep in northeast Asia to overflow the dykes of the Western World within a brief 400 years thereafter. The Turkish empire was called "The Sick Man of Europe," with all the major Powers clawing eagerly for the fragments that dropped from the Sick Man's debilitated grasp.

Constantinople's empire thus lost through its last sultan's greedy mismanagement, Kemal Atatürk—Ottoman in every fiber and harking back to the Asiatic origins of his race—finally took from "The City" its honor also, changing its name from the "Constantinople" known everywhere to the "Istanbul" which few would know, and removing the capital of his stripped, defeated country to Ankara in inner Anatolia (the Ottoman name for Asia Minor). There the Turks renounced sultans and Holy Moslem War alike, created a Republic, and hoped to survive as a small nation where once they had ruled as a Great Power.

In thus challenging history, thus turning aside from the path on which the once great Ottoman Empire seemed destined to be crushed under the Great Powers' chariots, Atatürk and the proud, stubborn people who so gladly lined up behind the greatest leader and ruler they had known in centuries were undertaking a delicate and arduous task which, three decades after its inception, is still in the balance.

The Suez Canal, the railway, the airplane, and the development of great ports and communications networks elsewhere have long since robbed Istanbul of the commercial glory which invested it when it was the crossroads of the world from Cathay to Gaul.

The Turkish census of the 1940s placed the country's population at near eighteen million. Turkish officials,

vaunting the virtues of the shorn Republic as against the disabilities of the swollen Empire, will underscore the nation's "homogeneous population." If there is any hesitation on the part of the listener, the official will add: "Or nearly homogeneous."

And indeed, Turkey's population—cut back from the time when the Ottoman Empire ruled from Casablanca to Teheran and from Aden to Vienna, with all the tremendously mixed races in that immense mixed territory—is to-day nearly homogeneous, and that fact is a pillar of strength to Turkey. But, because it is not all-Turk, the Republic still has her minority problems.

Despite the great Turco-Greek population exchange after the last war, engineered by Atatürk as a gesture toward lasting peace after he had defeated the Greek invasion of Anatolia, the chief minority problem relates to the Greeks. As Constantinople, Istanbul was for centuries the head of a Greek empire, Byzantium. Even after the Turkish conquest in the fifteenth century, Constantinople remained a largely Greek town. It is argued by philologists and archeologists that its supposedly modern Turkish name, Istanbul, is in reality Greek, meaning "to the city" and harking back to the period when over a wide area the phrase could only mean "to Constantinople."

In any case, many Greeks still inhabit Istanbul, as well as the entire northwest coast of Turkey. In general, they remain unassimilated, because they are Christian whereas the Turk is Moslem. This is the great stumbling block in the path of Turkish assimilation of its minorities. No real Turk can ever feel that another one, whatever his citizenship, is really Turkish unless the other be Moslem. There are Jews whose families centuries ago adopted the Moslem faith and who are today "more Turkish than the Turks"; but these are nonetheless marked off in a special category

called the *Dönme*. Such persons cannot be called more than three-quarters assimilated because there is still a prejudice against their holding public office or of achieving any real prominence in the national life.

So with the Greek and the Armenian, who—both fanatically Christian, however poor communicants in their respective churches they may be—are definitely set aside in the national life. All of this is in despite of the constitutionally lay nature of the Republic, and of Atatürk's stringent provisions against mixing Church and State. The very fact that he felt it a good idea to get rid of as many Greeks as possible (and identification was, of course, made mainly on the grounds of religion) is excuse enough for most Turks to continue to feel that the Greeks can never be a real part of the national life.

Much the same is true of the Armenians, and, though the Turkish Republic is probably too well instructed in the results to repeat the notorious Armenian massacres, Turkish feeling against the Armenians and Armenian feeling against the Turks are both nearly unabated. The Armenian finds it difficult if not impossible to get a position in the Turkish post office or the national or local administration, or at teaching, or in working at anything other than business on his own. Even in commercial life he is resented, though not notably discriminated against except in isolated incidents when Turkish xenophobia breaks out—as it did in 1942 when, as an anti-inflationary measure the Turks passed a capital tax levy and the minorities (chiefly Greeks and Armenians) suffered to the advantage of the Turkish businessman. The law itself was fairly written, but it was administered exclusively by Turks, and non-Turks were definitely and scandalously discriminated against.

Because, through her close link with Britain, Greece is ranged on the international scene beside Turkey, there have

been no Turco-Greek national troubles over mutual discrimination where Greeks and Turks occur as minorities.

There is, however, an Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic. The Russians have recently called in Armenians from their places of exile in Syria and the Lebanon, and in general encouraged Armenian re-entry into Armenian Russia. Armenian national committees have been formed, and definite appeals have been made to the Armenians in Turkey to consider themselves Armenians, not Turks.

A third large Turkish minority, the Kurds, could also provide the seeds of trouble. The Kurds wander nomadically over the great bad-lands that cover the area of southeast Turkey, northeast Irak, and northwest Iran. They do not recognize any of the borders in their extensive pasture lands, moving across frontiers as they please. They are consequently difficult to count, control, or nationalize, and they are a principal pool of troubled water, in the very heart of the Middle East, which every country they touch on regards with misgivings. The Kurds have a strong sense of their own race and nationality, and an appeal to them based on Kurdish independence might bear fruit readily. They speak their own language, but are in the main fanatically Moslem.

In the northeast corner of Turkey there are a few Georgians, and scattered through eastern Turkey there are representatives of the Azerbaijanian, Laz, and similar small races.

In the main, however, Turkey is today Turkish. Ataturk removed the capital of Turkey from Istanbul to Ankara (then Angora) in order to get the capital of the struggling new nation into an area surrounded by the people upon whom the new Republic was based—the Anatolian Turks.

Anatolia (Asia Minor), or Asiatic Turkey, is a high, mountainous plateau, tilted upwards to the east, broken in the south center to let the Tigris flow through to Irak

(Mesopotamia), and high again at the south and west of Anatolia's almost perfect rectangle. Minor mountains throw a looser barrier across the north and west of the rectangle. Inside this, but still mountain-dotted, lies the great Anatolian plateau, much of it arid or nearly so. This poor plateau has been the stronghold of the Turk ever since he burst out of Asia through the Caucasus Mountains. Here lives the stolid, puritanical, hospitable Turkish peasant, who is usually so pleased to have you visit his village that he will not let you spend any money there. Here also, many of the women, in spite of Ataturk laws, still wear the veil, and peasants who are rich enough still have more wives than one. This is the reservoir for Turkish man-power. From their freeholds in Anatolia came the men who made up the widely feared Ottoman armies and who today with the same stolid courage that has always marked their military career are prepared to fight for their diminished country.

They are men who know little or nothing of mechanical warfare, and who can be taught little more of it and that only painfully. Consequently, though Turkish "armored divisions" and the Turkish "air force" will never in the immediate future be a real threat, the Turkish soldier, be he opposed by whatever mechanical arms, is still the same rocklike opponent who must be killed to get him out of the way. He would make a heroic defense of his land, on any issue, if he were ordered to do so, even with no knowledge of the country, the people, or the principles he was fighting against. He would fight anybody he was told to oppose with equal obstinacy, for he knows no country but his own, has very little political sensitivity, and has for centuries gone off to wars he did not understand and died unquestioningly where he was told to die.

He is today mobilized, over a million strong, in an army that is still inadequately supplied with modern arms,

though probably supplied with all it is capable of using at present. He has been mobilized for the last seven years, and will stay mobilized until the crisis in the Middle East and the Balkans (both of which his land abuts on and is part of) is ended.

Other but hardly different Turks occupy the small triangle of Turkey-in-Europe, which runs west from the Bosphorous to the borders of Greece and Bulgaria. This triangle is Turkey's last remaining toehold in Europe, and, as the apex of it is one shore of the Bosphorus and the base is partly along the Dardanelles, losing it would mean the loss of the Turkish Straits. The inhabitants are almost solidly Turkish, as in Anatolia, but the land is entirely different. It is a low, rolling plain, without natural defenses aside from minor water barriers and hills, until the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles are reached.

Turkey is almost literally a bridge. Its body, in Asia, is a long peninsula with the Black Sea to the north and the Mediterranean to the south. On its west is the Aegean Sea with its myriad stepping-stone isles running across to the Greek mainland. On the east are the Georgian Soviet Republic and the northern extension of Iran. Along the part of Turkey's southern frontier which is not washed by the Mediterranean are Syria and Irak.

Thus, from north to south, Turkey is a land bridge between those two small seas which lie in different worlds—Black Sea and Mediterranean Sea. From east to west, it is a bridge between the two seas from Europe to the mainland of Asia—the same cultural and historical leap that the land makes from north to south.

Turkey stands squarely between the two worlds. She has ever been the coveted link between East and West, Europe and Asia. Her position today—as an ally of Britain lying directly on Russia's flank, with her rump set squarely in

the rich and important Middle East, her toe curled into extreme Southeast Europe, and behind the thin barrier of that toehold the precious Straits from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean—is, to say the least, delicate and possibly even precarious.

XVII

TURKEY—ATATURK, HIS PEOPLE, AND
HIS SUCCESSOR

IT WILL be seen by the description just given that Turkey is a country in which personalities are likely to be overshadowed by geography and the pressure of events. That this is in the main true will become evident from the following chapters on this painfully strategically placed land. The relative lack of colorful characters, as compared with a country such as Rumania, has, however, something to do with the Turkish people, as well as with the land in which they live.

Their leadership is more grim than colorful. They are a sober, cautious people who know very little about enjoying life. At Abdullah's on Istanbul's Pera Road, or at Karpitch's in Ankara, or at any other fine Turkish restaurant, the Western visitor is likely to be a little chilled by the sight of entire Turkish families silently and unsmilingly eating their way through a meal of the world's finest sea-food, followed by assortments of the famous *kebabs* grilled over charcoal, washed down with excellent wine, and topped with exquisitely prepared Turkish coffee and a fine brandy or cordial. The same visitor may, as did the author, find himself suddenly and awfully crushed when he discovers, at the racetrack, that he is the only person yelling encouragement to the horse of his choice, with an

astonished grandstand's attention shifted from the horses' performance to his own.

It is also disconcerting to learn that in the mass the Turks neither like nor welcome the foreigner. They endured too many painful and humiliating years of "foreign concessions" during the "Sick Man" era, when the Turk was a second-class citizen in his own country. This surprise, however, turns to confusion when the same visitor finds that in their homes, with their families, the Turks are punctiliously polite, good-humored, hospitable, and prepared to be amused even if they cannot be amusing.

Naturally, when these glum people get drunk on their absinthelike national drink, *raki*, they do it violently: leap from speechless gloom to vociferous argument all too often leading to bottle-throwing and attempts to throttle one another over trivial arguments.

They are a tough, proud people who live in a mostly poor land, and against whom history has run heavily in the last three centuries. It has left them with grandiose memories, and a tough row to hoe. Their most recent and perhaps proudest memory is of the man who rescued them from total oblivion—Kemal Ataturk.

Kemal Ataturk died too soon, in 1938. Since then, to his various other appellations such as "Ghazi" (Victorious) and the commoner "Kemal Pasha" (General Kemal) has been added the solemn benediction of the people he drove mercilessly to raise themselves by their own bootstraps: "Eternal Leader."

Ataturk (a name Kemal Pasha himself adopted, meaning "Father of the Turks," when he ordered surnames for his Moslem people) was a small, un-Turkish-looking man. He stood only a few inches over five feet and had red hair and blue eyes. Born in Salonika (then part of the Turkish Empire, but now Greece's main Aegean port), he was without any doubt one of the truly great men of this century. He

was also without any doubt the greatest Turk who has lived for many centuries. He harked directly back to the straight-dealing, hard-fighting, inquisitive, and intelligent Ottoman soldiers who made a great nation out of a Siberian tribe. He could without a blush (of which he was incapable anyway) call himself the Father of his people, because he curtly summed up in his electric self all their best tradition and all their lost drive.

He was the only leader of Moslem people yet who has had the courage to subordinate the Moslem religion to the national and personal welfare and progress of his people.

Men who dealt with him report that, like him or not, when you entered the room where he was, you felt you "were with something." This is the same impact felt by those who dealt with F. D. Roosevelt and who have seen Stalin. It is the impact of a forceful, assured personality which, for the moment at least, overawes like or dislike.

Ataturk had to work with a people who were completely whipped, debilitated by centuries of corruption, and demoralized by defeat. His first move had to be to turn his back on a lost empire and warn his followers that they must never even so much as hope for its return. His second act had to be to gather an army from a beaten rabble, and in the fastnesses of a semidesert in Anatolia he did so. Then he proceeded to lead it to one incredible victory after another over a puffed and well-provided Greek army which was already far within his territory. After this he successfully turned American, British, French, and Italian occupation forces out of his country.

Then he initiated the two most important international events of his career. He told the Greeks he wanted complete peace. To accomplish that, he engineered a huge transfer of Greeks from Turkey to Greece, and of Turks from Greece to Turkey, to abate the minority problem which would otherwise have kept the two nations at each other's throat.

With peace to the west, he then turned for peace to the east, and extended his own internationally outcast hand to equally outcast Soviet Russia, then in its first hard days of revolution. The Soviets eagerly accepted this first offer of international recognition and friendship, and gladly sealed the bargain by recognizing Turkish ownership of the two eastern provinces, Kars and Ardahan, which had passed back and forth between Turkey and Russia in the previous sixty years, and even before.

This done, Ataturk set about making a new nation out of an old and tired one. He pushed the Moslem religion into the background. He put the hated Western hat with a brim on the foreheads of Moslems in place of the brimless fez which had allowed them to touch their foreheads to the ground in prayer. He reorganized the nation's currency and education, threw out the complex Arabic script and installed Latin characters, drank hard, lopped off unsatisfactory heads, and cracked his whip in a manner that joyously rejuvenated his people, whose best periods in history had been spent at the business end of a whip.

When he died in middle age from the consequences of too much wine, women, song, and work, he left a nation well on the way to complete reconstruction. But he left nobody behind to carry on the job in his own way. There had been nobody such in many centuries, and probably the Turks will not produce another like him for as many more to come.

His successor was also his opposite. Frigid, nearly deaf, dry little Ismet Pasha (or Ismet Inonu) had been one of the best generals in Ataturk's post-World-War-I private war against the world. But, having no generals of his own ability, he personally took charge at the critical moment of the crucial battle of Inonu, from which he took a surname when Ataturk later commanded the nation to Westernize its nomenclature.

Ismet Pasha was later Ataturk's hard-working organizer—the man who, as Prime Minister, worked out the painful details of the grandiose plans which often seized the Ghazi in the midst of a midnight revel, and which he ordered be perfected by morning.

The two fell out more than once. Inonu was never so enthusiastic about pushing Moslemism off the stage as was Ataturk. He primly disapproved of the Ghazi's private life. He had not the Ghazi's mental sweep. Sometimes he thought his leader and hero made peace too generously, and forgot national wrongs too easily. He looked with a suspicious eye on the re-entry of badly needed foreign capital into the country, and with an even more suspicious eye on Ataturk's enthusiasm for "Westernization."

Inonu took over the country at a hard moment, when the world was crouching for a spring into war. He has been accused of letting much of the revolution slip away from him since 1938. He has been accused of backsliding on Ataturk's determination to keep Russia and Turkey on a friendly basis.

The two men were as different as summer and winter. Their administrations have differed accordingly. Inonu has naturally seen that if he was to rule his tough people, he had to be master. He has consequently done all he could to rule in his own right, and not as the mere heir to Ataturk. New Turkish money bears Inonu's image. New statues in Turkey are of Inonu. New books are written for the schoolchildren stressing the works of Inonu. How, in an only half-revolutionized country surrounded by a world at war, he could have done differently is hard to see.

Much of the red tape that once strangled Turkey has come back under Inonu. It was always there under Ataturk, but he solved the problem by kicking his way unceremoniously through it, leaving it to an often vexed Prime Minister Inonu to keep the country going nevertheless.

Ataturk was the revolutionizer.

Inonu is the administrator. Turkey is still going forward under him, albeit more slowly. How long the pace could have been kept up under Ataturk is a question.

Small, dry, deaf, plodding, uninspiring, and hard-working Inonu kept his country out of war while every frontier was aflame. He did it by perseverance and method, not genius. The accolade of final accomplishment could come only if he keeps Turkey out of trouble now. That would be genius.

XVIII

TURKEY—PEACE IN THE MIDST OF WAR



TURKEY was one of the first countries to leap into prominence as war stresses began to bend the news even before Germany made her fateful aggression against Poland in September 1939.

Even while the war headed north and west from Germany, directly away from Turkey, and while Russia was still the co-signatory of the non-aggression pact, the force of Turkey's strategic position thrust her to the forefront of the minds that directed the war, and caused Germany, Britain, Russia, the United States, and France to put unusual emphasis upon their diplomatic relations with Turkey. This emphasis appeared, for the most part, in the early arrival in Turkey, while the war was still just over the horizon or before Turkey stood directly in its path, of top diplomatic representatives. Of these the outstanding one, without any question, was the Prussian blue-blood and ace salesman of German ambition, Franz von Papen.

Throughout the uncertainties of the long war years Turkey remained a top news interest, a fruitful field for speculation and conjecture, a salamander living unscathed in the midst of the war's hottest flames. And now it is one of the countries that have become "key" in the vast juggling and maneuvering for position among the victorious Great Powers after the war.

The geographic and ethnic reasons for Turkey's prom-

inence in world affairs are those explained in the preceding chapter: her position between three continents—Europe, Africa, and Asia; her position between two worlds—Russia's heart-land world and the Western, Mediterranean world; and her admixture of border-land races such as Greeks, Kurds, and Armenians which can make trouble for her abroad. Additionally, however, a glance back over Turkey's war record will be of value before we reach a discussion of her present uneasy position.

It should first be said that Turks and Germans get on together better than Turks and British, or Turks and Americans. Turkey and Russia have for so many decades been at outs over the never-ending Russian desire for control of the Turkish Straits that, no matter what their respective characters, Turks and Russians get off on the wrong foot in almost any given situation.

The Turk has many characteristics similar to those of the Prussian. Chief among these is an understanding of, and inclination toward, militarism.

Only since Ataturk, in the past three decades, revolutionized Turkey and called upon the Turks, in the name of independence, to manage their own business instead of letting Greeks, Jews, and Armenians manage it for them, has anything but a military or a political career been honorable to the Turkish gentleman. The Turkish peasant has always done as he does today—bent his back over his soil or bared his breast in defense of his soil.

Consequently, Turk and German are inclined to see things considerably alike. The Turk, no matter what his desires, is almost always a little ill at ease talking to the British or the Americans when the talk is based on such concepts as "freedom," "democracy," "progress," and the like, as those words are understood in the West. Concepts that he feels to be basically foreign to him, or which have been developed in the West with a twist that is foreign to

him, underlie such conversation. The Turk is not precisely sure that he sees completely through what is being said to him, and not precisely sure that he is being understood. He suspects that, no matter what written treaty or gentleman's agreement may result from such talks, there may always be a hidden gap in the understanding supposedly reached, a pit of misunderstanding into which he or the other party or both may sooner or later tumble, to the embarrassment of the agreement.

No such uncertain ground lies between the Turk and the German. Both are born militarists, who have for the most part lived by and for the sword. The Turk feels instinctively that he can see what the German is driving at, and the German feels just as instinctively that he can see clearly just where the Turk stands. Both have an instinctive grasp of the military aspects of a given situation, and both are liable to blindness when less ponderable, human elements arise.

This does not mean that the Turk and the German instinctively agree on everything or even on most things. The meaning here is that each *comprehends* the other. Being best able to size each other up, they can predict with fair certainty just about the point up to which they are going to be able to get along, and just about the point where they are likely to fall out.

This accounts for two major aspects of Turkish policy during the war:

1. Turkish leaders of the present Turkish Republic, determined not to commit their predecessors' error in the last war by betting on the wrong horse, were convinced from the outset that Germany would lose the war, and aimed at coming out on the victors' side.

2. While they felt certain of the eventual outcome of the war, Turkish leaders knew that Germany could put up a hard struggle and would spare nothing in waging it, and that the final issue might depend on an imponderable—

how long it would take the United States to get in and swing the balance. Turkey's leaders, almost all veterans of World War I, could see nothing but woe to Turkey if she actually got engaged in the conflict before the issue was decided, and, understanding the desperateness of the German gamble, determined to evade actual engagement in combat as long as that could possibly be stalled off, up to the time when the outcome was in sight and Turkey's role in the fighting could be accurately predicted. Thus she proceeded along the winding, tortuous path which, in the course of the war, found her signing treaties with all sides, and keeping all possible avenues of retreat open so long as humanly possible, alternately the hero and the heel in the opinion of the combatants. In this policy of tortuous weaving between opposite poles, Turkish diplomacy was at home, for it was by such expert playing of both ends against the middle that the Ottoman Empire survived for centuries after it could have been crushed by the greater European Powers.

However, a third element—perhaps the most potent—entered into the thinking which guided Turkey during the war: her basic mistrust of Russia.

In Turkish relations with the world, Turkish diplomacy is more sharply aware of one fact than of any other—Russia's coveting of the Turkish Straits. No single factor had been made plainer in Russian policy over centuries of relations between the two powers. Modern Turkish leaders could not, perhaps could not be expected to, shake off this ghost from the past. They saw their vital Straits as the southern counterpart of the Soviets' grab of long-disputed Eastern Poland. That grab, at the very outset of the war, was taken in Turkey as a clear warning that Soviet Russia was out to accomplish, up and down the scale, what Czarist Russia had always wanted to accomplish but had never made stick. Czarist Russia had always wanted Eastern Poland, and had possessed it, and had lost it. Soviet Russia took it back. The Turks

could not see why they could reasonably expect better luck in the South, if Russia got a physical foothold in the Straits region.

To the keen Turkish military perception it was evident that a military alliance with Russia which might, say, involve an invasion of the Balkans from a Turkish base might also involve the entry of a good many thousand Soviet troops into the Straits region, and that those troops might be reluctant to go home after the victory until Russia got what she always wanted—military control of the Straits. Consequently, Turkey ducked and turned and twisted to avoid participation in the fighting while there was a large sector of the South Russian approach to the Balkans still occupied by German, Rumanian, and Hungarian troops. Involvement at that time could mean invasion of the Balkans through Turkey, and Turkey could get no assurances that this would not involve the presence on her soil of Russian troops who might stay on.

So the Turks faced the gathering war clouds of the summer of 1939 convinced that Germany would lose the coming war, convinced that small nations which got into the war would be trampled and left as good as dead whether they had fought on one side or the other, and convinced that she ought to steer clear of anything but absolutely separate military collaboration with Russia.

Pursuing her primary aims of coming out of the war on the victorious side, but intact and unoccupied, Turkey, as war became a virtual certainty in August 1939, sent missions to both England and Russia. England and France were then engaged in the negotiations with Russia which were to end so dramatically in the signing of the Soviet-Nazi pact. Turkey apparently hoped that she could effect an alliance with England in the shadow of a British-Russian agreement, and an alliance with Russia which would be tinged by, as well as guaranteed by, the hoped-for British-Russian

accord. Thus she hoped to get herself on the side she thought would win the war, keep her hand in with Russia, but simultaneously make her position basically that of a British-allied country, with Britain the middleman in her dealings with Russia, so long as that might be desirable.

It was a farseeing maneuver which, had it come off, would have greatly improved Turkey's position; but it failed, foundering on the rock of British-Russian failure to get together—a failure that apparently can be charged equally to Britain's still lingering expectations that perhaps the real war would be between Russia and Germany rather than Germany and England, and to Soviet suspicion of British sincerity. While the Russians could only be uncertain of the British, they could be quite certain of German duplicity, and could match it; and the pact with Germany, which had a frontier with Russia, as Britain did not, was therefore the better bargain and time-gainer. Additionally, Britain could not offer Eastern Poland.

While the then Turkish foreign minister, Shukru Saracoglu, who had been sent to Moscow to negotiate for the Turks, kicked his heels idly in Moscow because for weeks he was not allowed to see anyone with authority to deal with him, the Turco-British pact was negotiated in London. It was announced as Saracoglu was on his way home. Mr. Molotov's significant comment was: "Turkey will rue the day she signed her agreement with England." Russia had already signed the pact with Germany, but apparently Mr. Molotov was looking far beyond the life of the pact.

That Saracoglu was never allowed to do any real negotiating in Moscow, and that his entire mission was shunned, can lead only to the belief that Turkey was momentarily consigned—in the uneasy framework of the Russo-German accord—to a sort of limbo, to be taken up again later. It is possible that, even with the great incentive to agreement which the Germans and Russians had at the moment, Tur-

key was of such strategic importance to both that they could only agree to leave her for later. In any case, Turkey found herself, as the war opened in September 1939, allied to Britain and regarded with cold hostility by both Germany and Russia.

The heart of the Turco-British accord was that Turkey would participate at the side of Britain if the war became a Mediterranean war. This was aimed principally at Italy, and the British understood it to mean that if Italy declared war on England, Turkey would come in at the side of England.

The Turks disillusioned the British on that score when in the following June Italy did come into the war. At that time Turkey began the long series of reinterpretations of her alliance with Britain which lasted throughout the war. They were designed to keep the alliance alive—at times just barely alive—and always in existence against the day of victory, but at the same time to protect Turkey against the exigencies of the war at the moment.

At the time Italy declared war, Britain had just suffered the Dunkerque disaster and France was obviously knocked out. Of equal importance to the Turks, Britain had very little in the African Desert with which to oppose what the Turks were certain would be a quick Italian thrust into Egypt. Nor were British naval units in the Mediterranean the equal in potential strength of the Italian units. Turkey consequently declined to implement her treaty with Britain.

Additionally, in the face of the steadily worsening British position as France fell out of the war and Britain stood alone, Turkey began a long quest of reinsurance which led her to pacts with almost everyone but Italy. Mussolini's years of unwise talk about the re-establishment of the Roman Empire had thoroughly alienated the Turks, who needed only to glance at old maps to see that all of western Asia Minor had once belonged to Rome, and to decide that there could

never be any real understanding between themselves and Italy—not even polite treaty-making.

Three men were chiefly responsible for guiding Turkey in those perilous days.

The first and foremost was Ismet Inonu, President of the Turkish Republic and dictator of Turkey as Kemal Ataturk's heir. Kemal Ataturk had perhaps more single-handedly made over a nation, and more completely dominated it, than had any dictator before him. He won the ardent love and respect of his people, who despite his tough tactics grieved passionately when he died.

Ismet Inonu was without doubt the second strongest man in the republic created by Ataturk. Since Ataturk's death he has remained just that—the second strongest man in Ataturk's Republic. He has not Ataturk's revolutionary zeal, is a nationalist rather than a revolutionary. He has led his nation in the years since Ataturk died in 1938 with devious caution and foresight, which brought it through the war almost unscathed, but he has never had the personal devotion from his people that Ataturk commanded. He is accused in Turkey of having let much of the social and economic gains of the revolution slip through his fingers; and there can be no doubt that corruption and mismanagement recalling the old days of the Sultanate have re-arisen in Turkey. Deaf, tough little Ismet Pasha has, however, done one big thing for his country: kept it out of a war of the giants in which it could only have been crushed. It remains to be seen whether that policy will pay off in the long run, or whether Turkey has only been fed for the kill.

The second responsible man was Shukru Saracoglu, foreign minister and prime minister. Unlike Inonu, Saracoglu was not a general in Ataturk's army. He was instead a patriot in the hills of his home country near Izmir (Smyrna), where he was active in gathering support for Ataturk's infant republic. Saracoglu was then a schoolteacher. Like

Inonu and the rest of the modern Turkish leaders, he was educated abroad, in the French language, in France and Switzerland. Saracoglu is a quick, nervous man who does not like hard, grueling work so well as his chief, Inonu, does. He has a quick intelligence and a good command of traditional Turkish policy, but is in no way a "big" man. Americans who know him like to compare him to the traditional American politician who has risen from the ranks on the basis of party service rather than because of brilliance.

The third, and the intellectually keenest, of the lot was Numan Menemencioglu, Turkish career diplomat and incarnation of the slippery mentality which long served the Ottomans so well. Frail Numan Bey was secretary general, and the brains of, the Turkish foreign ministry, and rose to be foreign minister when that post was freed as Saracoglu moved to prime ministership on the death of fatherly old Reyfik Saydam, in July 1942.

Numan Bey kept his job until he was forced out of it by having devoted himself to it not wisely but too well. That was when, in mid-1944, Turkey found the time ripe to emerge from her depths-of-the-war subterranean maneuvering between combatants and to declare herself openly on the Allied side. Menemencioglu had been the legalistic-minded wizard who conceived and implemented most (or many) of Turkey's complex policy shifts. He is called "The Fox" as much for his mental agility as for his sharp, wizened, and reserved countenance.

The Germans were fortunate in having, in Franz von Papen, a similar mentality and temperament to deal with Menemencioglu, while the United States and Britain did not have ambassadors who matched either the foreign minister with whom they dealt or their "colleague" Franz von Papen. Inonu's own devious mentality was likewise in harmony with Menemencioglu's, so that there was seldom if ever any serious variance over the smooth, technically

argued and developed policy conceived by one or the other. But it was almost always Numan Bey who thought up the new combinations and permutations which allowed Turkey to squeeze by one crisis after another when it was generally predicted that she would at last totter off of her tight rope, and Inonu who put on Numan Bey's policies the final seal of approval.

To one who knew Turkish policy during the war, there is strong internal evidence in Turkish policy since Numan Bey left the Foreign Office as the obvious goat of a necessary change of policy, and became ambassador to Paris in 1945, that his is still, from that distance, the guiding hand and that "The Fox" is still full of tricks. These tricks may or may not bring Turkey through her greatest crisis of all.

The first half of the year 1941 was decisive for Turkey. The Russo-German pact was wearing thin. German troops massing along the Soviet frontiers cast an ominous shadow before them. And Inonu, Saracoglu, and Menemencioglu began repairing fences as hard and fast as they could.

The first new move came in February 1941, when Turkey and Bulgaria signed a treaty. These two countries, eternally at outs, had been little expected to provide a green-table surprise, but they did. It was Papen's first major success in a long string of successes with the Turks which only just fell short of his two major objectives: to break the alliance with Britain entirely, and to embroil Turkey in war with Russia.

Greece was fighting a desperate battle with Italy, and—to the surprise of all the world—winning it; but the end issue of Greece's heroic stand was obviously dependent on whether Germany could and would aid her ally Italy in Greece. Turkey's pact of friendship and nonaggression with Bulgaria was immediately taken by the majority of observers to mean that Turkey had tacitly agreed with Germany that if German troops moved through Bulgaria to

the aid of Italy in Greece, Turkey would not interfere. To Turkey, of course, the pact meant a guarantee, on Papen's word, that, though the then all-powerful German panzers swept close to the Turkish frontiers with Bulgaria and Greece, Turkey would remain inviolate.

One report current at the time was that Soviet Russia had acted here in concert with Germany to prevent Turkey's becoming involved in hostilities with Germany. This was only a few months before Germany attacked Russia, and it may well be that Russian leaders, already foreseeing the coming attack (relations were obviously becoming strained between Russia and Germany), had decided to improve their standing with Hitler, if possible, by supporting a Hitler move, while at the same time acting to avoid German penetration into another country on the Russian southern flank. German troops in Turkey might have taken the Soviet Caucasian oil fields that the combined German-Rumanian armies later failed to capture after their exhausting drive through the entire southwest of Russia. It would have been logical for Russia at this time to wish to keep the Germans off as much of her frontier as possible. But there was the added incentive of the kudos to be won in Berlin by supporting German policy—unless the Germans, as is likely—or at least Papen, as is more likely—should see through the maneuver.

It is interesting to note that as it later developed it was at about this time that Papen got under way with his most effective long-range work in Turkey. This was the development of latent Pan-Turanist sentiment in Turkey. The background for the German's campaign was curious.

The Turks are of Asiatic origin, supposedly having originated in the region of Lake Baikal in Siberia. At the time of the Ottoman drive out of Asia into Asia Minor (Anatolia) a good deal of what is now Soviet territory between and beyond the Black Sea and the Caspian was still

under the control of the new conqueror who had arisen from the bowels of Asia.

The Ottomans scornfully let such poor territory and such poor people (heavily intermixed with Turkish blood by the long Turkish march through those regions) slip through their fingers as they turned their thoughts to the West. They swept on to the Atlantic coast of Africa and up into Spain, took command of the Mediterranean, and pushed southward to the Indian Ocean and northward to Vienna from their Anatolian base.

But they turned their back on the strongly Turk-admixed territory they had come from during the past few centuries. Nevertheless, there was always a clique that considered this a great mistake. This group thought (and history has shown, through the eventual crumbling of the unwieldy, racially heterogenous Ottoman Empire of the West, that they were probably right) that the Ottomans should first have spent a century consolidating all the great Turkish-peopled lands (or Turanian lands) which they then had in fief. Only then, said the Pan-Turanist group, after they had a wide and firm base populated with their own Turanian people, should the Ottomans have flung their challenge into the face of the West.

One of the latest outcroppings of Pan-Turanism, in the form of rather misty race-conscious poetry, came from a prominent nineteenth-century Turkish poet who was of the family that today bears the name of Menemencioglu—indeed, the family of Numan Menemencioglu, Turkish foreign minister during the crucial war phases. Numan Bey was known to be an interested reader of his grandfather's poetry.

So when Numan Bey, long prominent, became foreign minister in July 1942, Franz von Papen was already stirring the embers of Turkish irredentism along Pan-Turanist lines. This was doubtless not aimed directly and specifically

at Numan Bey, but the connection was noticeable. It is to be doubted, though of course it is not definitely known one way or another, that Numan Bey and the equally race-conscious Papen ever talked the matter over openly.

However this may have been, Papen worked mightily and quietly at this program. Turkish clubs featuring Azerbaijanian dances, "Caucasian Societies," Turkmenistan clubs, and so on, suddenly came into being in Turkey, particularly in Istanbul; they also reportedly flourished during 1941 and 1942 and until 1944 in the far east of Turkey near the trans-Caucasian lands. There was a sudden spate of Pan-Turanist literature, and some newspapers took on a Turanist tinge. Had things gone differently, it is entirely conceivable that Turkey might have raised the irredentist cry for the "lost peoples" in trans-Caucasus—that is, had worsening Turco-Russian relations ever come to the point of warfare.

That was Franz von Papen's mission, and in it—just as in his companion mission of breaking the Turco-British alliance—he fell not far short of success. His lack of success can be attributed only to the conviction at the top in Turkey that the Allies would some day win the war, and to the fact that by the end of 1942 the Allies had climbed somewhat out of the miserable foxhole they had occupied the past year.

Papen got his Pan-Turanist campaign going at about the same time that Turkey bent the knee to the exigencies of the war in its darkest period. The pact with Bulgaria was without doubt a relief to Germany. It broke down a Balkan pact (which Turkey had never regarded as of much worth since Bulgaria could not be persuaded to join) that provided that if a Balkan country—in this case, Greece—were attacked by a non-Balkan country the other signatories would come to the aid of the victim.

Shukru Saracoglu, then foreign minister, declared: "Small things can occasionally bring about great events, and cause much good. The modest document we have just signed may perhaps prevent Balkan complications."

The Turkish minister was quite right. It was but a small document, between two small countries; but it may have prevented a great turning in the fortunes of the war in Germany's favor—though it is doubtful whether this is what was foremost in the Turks' minds when they decided on it. For the moment, the pact averted no "complications" in the Balkans except the involvement of Turkey in the war. It was the *coup de grâce* for Greece. But the very fact that Turkey did not stand beside Greece—which would have meant that Turkey also would have been overrun—may later have had a strong bearing in favor of Russia. The Turco-Bulgarian pact was signed in February. In June Germany attacked Russia. In August Russia was falling back desperately on all fronts, and throughout the autumn Russia's great fight often seemed in vain. Had German troops been in Turkey at that time—during the summer of 1941, when the combined German-Rumanian armies made their great sweep into Southern Russia—the subsequent drive into the Caucasus could have been turned into a pincers movement, and the course of the war greatly changed. For it might have entailed Russia's loss of her oil basin in the Caucasus, the complete loss of the Black Sea, and, most important of all, the loss of the southern Allied supply route to Russia (through Iran and the Caucasus) which eventually armed Russian troops there for the drive back into the Balkans.

Turkey, however, made the pact for her own protection primarily, not for Russia's. If it pleased the Russians too, Turkey could feel just that much ahead.

Only a little over a month later, Turkey was again signa-

tory to a significant diplomatic document. This was with Russia, and it marked Russia's first overt step against Germany.

In this pact Russia took the step—remarkable in view of the fact that the nonaggression pact was still operative—of assuring Turkey that if “Turkey should become the object of aggression” Turkey could, “in conformity with the nonaggression pact existing between herself and the USSR, rely on the full and comprehensive neutrality of the USSR.” This referred to the Turco-Russian pact of 1925 which Russia later denounced, in 1945, when she wished to clear the way for claims against two Turkish provinces and for revision of the Straits Convention. The Turks reciprocated, and the two countries in consequence had a treaty which guaranteed that neither would make itself a partner in a German attack on the other.

Another aspect of this treaty, which looks strange in the light of events in 1945 and 1946 when Bulgaria became the blameless favorite of Russia, was that Russia expressed anger at Bulgaria for letting the Germans into Bulgaria and thus probably “leading to an extension of the sphere of war.” Russia was obviously beginning to suffer an attack of her relapsing fever, the fear of “encirclement.”

Turkey completed the circle on June 18, 1941, only a few days before the German-Rumanian attack on Russia, on that date signing at Ankara a ten-year pact of “friendship” with Germany. Russia has always regarded this treaty as the height of perfidy. Though Saracoglu hastened to say that the document did not affect “other actual and existing obligations”—by then pretty complex—he felt impelled to add that he should “make a special reference to my friend, Herr von Papen, who knows my country well.” He also gave special mention to “the effort von Papen made to bring this result about.” It was Papen's nadir in Turkey.

Nonaggression was not mentioned in the treaty. Never-

theless, observers saw in the pact (which, though signed in Ankara, was announced from Berlin) a possible breakdown of the Turco-British basic accord. More, observers from all the European capitals immediately saw in the treaty what Russia has persisted in seeing in it since: the isolation of Russia on the eve of the German attack on her.

There can be little doubt that the only thing lacking to a Germany with all of the continent of Europe in its grasp, including the entire Balkans with the exception only of Turkey, was some sort of guarantee from Turkey, if Germany intended to attack Russia. An intended attack on Russia could have been the only logical explanation of the German request for the treaty, other than striking an academic blow at the already (for practical purposes) comatose Turco-British alliance.

However, it must be remembered that at this time Russia too was still tied to the nonaggression pact with Germany—a stronger pact than the one the Turks signed, and that it is asking a great deal of the diplomacy of a small and perilously situated nation to bid it go behind the facts in such a case in deciding whether or not to sign a treaty.

Nevertheless, the eventual fact was that the Turco-Nazi treaty gave Berlin the final go-ahead for the attack on Russia, and that the Turks must have known it would do so. This was old-time diplomacy, on both the Russian and the Turkish sides as well as the German, and, as it always has before, the tangle of assurances and reassurances finally ended in war. It did not end in war for Turkey—indeed, it kept Turkey out of war with Germany; but it grew and grew to be the most embittering element in Turco-Soviet relations, and the basis on which Russia, rightly or wrongly, has since built its case against Turkey.

The feverish Turkish press campaign against Russia that was allowed to get under way in the tightly government-controlled Istanbul, Ankara, and Izmir papers was another

mark against Turkey in the score that a hard-pressed, badly battered Russia was totting up against her small but important neighbor.

At this point it must be recalled that Turkey was not only witnessing tremendous Russian losses in the field—she was also watching the British grow apparently weaker and weaker in the desert war, after bitter British losses in Greece and the Greek islands, particularly Crete. It is also important that Vichy France then held Syria and the Lebanon, and that it was known that Irak and Iran were ripe for revolt against Britain and for falling into the arms of the Germans. In other words, 1941 and 1942 were years when Turkey faced total isolation. It is doubtful if any government, facing such a menace, would or could have acted much differently, especially after the lesson learned from Yugoslavia and Greece, whose pitiful plights were red danger signals to any other small country that was thinking about putting itself in the path of the German steamroller. When in 1939 Russia needed time to protect herself against what she felt was envelopment, she had signed a pact with Hitler without hesitation. In a time of stress it is hard to preserve both security and honor simultaneously, especially at a moment when Old World diplomacy has risen to its highest pitch.

With the entry of the United States into the war, Turkey, like the rest of the world, felt a wave of hope; and the dashing of that hope was as keenly felt in Turkey as elsewhere, when the apparently helpless Western giant reeled back from the despised Japs (of whom Ataturk had once said: "Monkeys with guns are dangerous") and until a year later, the giant found a foothold and began the long push to victory.

Nevertheless, in the middle of 1942, Turkey absorbed what may have been the hardest blow ever dealt to its alliance with Britain. This was when Tobruk fell, after the

long British siege there. This dire news, which at the time seemed to prove that the way to Suez was open, was conveyed by the British ambassador to President İnönü in the presidential box at the racecourse. İnönü, who had already heard it, took the occasion to have a pleasant public chat with the British representative—which at the moment was more eloquent than any speech in Britain's favor could have been.

But while the Turks obviously hoped that the British would win, Turkey as obviously was being little more, sometimes a little less, than correct with the Russians. Among foreign observers in Turkey at the time the commonest expression was that "Turkey hopes the last German will kill the last Russian." Up to the time of the German defeat before Moscow the Turkish press campaign against Russia, including dire predictions of early Russian defeat, continued unabated. Military perception here seems to have been no better than it was in a good many other countries, Ankara having thought it entirely possible that Russia might suffer a quick defeat.

When Russia got through the summer of 1942 without defeat, Turkey definitely pulled in its horns and became cautious. There were attempts to sweeten the soured relations, with the United States trying to play the sweetener. Russia, however, had decided that she could never trust the Saracoglu government; and the Saracoglu government, İnönü at its head, of course refused to bow out.

In 1943 definite attempts were made, one by Churchill in person, to persuade Turkey to enter the war, and for the moment it seemed that they might succeed. Their failure was due to the Turks' old mistrust of Russia. When the then foreign minister Numan Menemencioglu in a special talk with then foreign secretary Anthony Eden in Cairo as much as admitted that he had come to Cairo empowered to sign Turkey into the war, he asked but one thing: a British

guarantee of Turkey against Russia—put into polite diplomatic language, of course. Eden then made his greatest mistake in dealing with the Turks. He blew up, angrily demanding of the suave but affronted Menemencioglu how he (Menemencioglu) could expect him (Eden) to give Turkey a guarantee against Britain's other ally, Soviet Russia.

This attitude, though not the brutal expression of it, was technically correct on Mr. Eden's part in dealing with one ally as against another. But it overlooked the fact that Turkey considered Russia to be basic to everything else and believed that any arrangement by which Soviet troops were allowed to enter upon Turkish soil would result in Turkey's eventual defeat.

From the time that Eden made it plain that England could not or would not give any guarantee in this respect, there was never any real prospect of Turkish combat participation in the war. Turkey did not enter until she was forced to do so (after the fighting was far beyond her) by an ultimatum from the Big Three: nations not entering by the time the first United Nations charter conference got together would not be let in on the ground floor of postwar world organization.*

As Russia took her grip on the Balkans, Anglo-American displeasure with the Turks gradually dissolved, and Anglo-American support for Turkey emerged. Turkey stood on the lifeline through the Middle East. With Russia holding

* Two other facts are worth noting here. One is that a final, careful survey made it plain that communications into Turkey from the south, west, and east were so poor that it would be almost impossible to use her as a base without very long preparation. The other is that as soon as Russia got the upper hand in the Ukrainian fighting and could see her way clear to the day when she could march into the Balkans, she ceased to press for Turkish entry into war—indeed intimated that it was "too late." This latter (not the former) did not diminish the force with which Russia has inveighed against Turkey for not having entered the war during the period of actual combat near Turkey.

all the rest of the Balkans with the exception of Greece, Turkey became of prime strategic importance, and political and social considerations such as the democratic or undemocratic nature of the Turkish government became secondary. It was the same sort of doubtful choice as was thrust upon the United States and Britain in Rumania and elsewhere by Russia's uncompromising position that those who were not for her were against her.

In March 1945 the long-expected blow fell. Mr. Molotov, speaking for Russia, denounced the treaty of friendship and nonaggression which had bound Turkey and Russia since 1925, when both countries were infant republics in a hostile world. The Russians made it plain that they considered Turkey's war record none too friendly to Russia and Turkish conduct of affairs at the Straits inimical to Russia, and that the old basis could be regained only by talks which would include a revision of the Straits regime, and also Soviet claims on Turkey's eastern provinces, Kars and Ardahan.

Although done correctly through procedure provided for in the abrogated treaty, the abrogation nonetheless brought into the open the worsened relations between Turkey and Russia. The United States and Britain, chiefly at the instigation of the former, began at this time to give Turkey various hints that she might be a better liability if her government and governing tactics were made to look a little more democratic.

The Soviet claims on Kars and Ardahan, and Soviet demands amounting to freedom to set up bases in the Straits region in Turkey, naturally inflamed Turkish public opinion, always sensitive. The Turkish government did little to halt the trend, to keep matters on a diplomatic plane. On the contrary, anti-Soviet feeling grew apace. And in a state

under tight police control such as Turkey was in early 1945, the government must take a large share of the responsibility for the condition of public opinion.

Certainly, in a police state, the government must bear a large responsibility for overt public acts. In December 1945 a mob of students, armed with picks, axes, and clubs at the government-sponsored People's Party headquarters of the Beyazit district of Istanbul, stormed through the town's main streets, wrecked two newspapers which had campaigned against the government and for better relations with Russia, wrecked two bookstores of which one was a Soviet shop, and, under the eyes of the Turkish police who looked on during the destruction, pressed up within a few yards of the Soviet consulate, where they were finally halted by a police cordon. The Soviet consul asked the chief of police whether his establishment was being protected because this was an anti-Soviet demonstration. When he was told that there was no such consideration, he requested to have the cordon withdrawn. The fact that it was not withdrawn was important evidence to the Russians, later, that the demonstration had in fact been anti-Soviet. The Russians are inclined to such hard-headed conclusions, right or wrong.

Russia immediately seized on the demonstration as an insult. She officially protested to Turkey, claiming that shouts had been heard of "Kill the Communists" and like slogans, which Russia apparently took as an insult to the Soviet State. Turkey officially denied any responsibility; but the newspaper proprietors and editors whose plants had been wrecked were themselves arrested and sentenced to jail for having been offensive to the Turkish government.

By the spring of 1946 the consequences of this ill-timed and ill-conceived act and its sequel had become so evident that even the stubborn Inonu-Saracoglu government had to back up, and finally back down. The convictions of the news-

men were set aside in an appellate court decision that made history in Turkey, the court deciding not only that there was a "right" to oppose the government in print, but that it was the "natural" thing to do.

This laid the ground firmly under the growing political Opposition which, despite a promise of freedom to campaign and vote given by the government during the winter, had nevertheless proceeded pretty cautiously, unable to believe that such freedoms could actually be both promised and carried out in the long one-party dictatorship of Turkey.

They were carried out, however, to a great extent, though the Opposition claimed that the government set the date of the elections far earlier than had been promised and despite post- and pre-election claims that terror was being used against the Opposition. Nonetheless the Opposition managed to win a sizable majority (for the first time in Turkish history) in the new Grand National Assembly which was elected July 21, 1946.

At the first meeting of the new Assembly in the fall of 1946 a mob demonstrated against the Saracoglu government outside the Assembly building—again something new to Turkey.

Inonu bowed to public pressure (if he was not very well aware beforehand that such pressure, with its exact strength, was to be brought on the government) and dismissed the entire Saracoglu government. The new Assembly produced a completely new government.

The choice of the premier was significant, for he is known in Turkey as an old and still faithful adherent of Ataturk. He is the fifty-eight-year-old Recep Peker, who fought beside Ataturk in the revolutionary and Greek wars in Turkey after the First World War. He has been in and out of Turkish government since 1923. Inonu had previously made it policy to fill his governments with men whose loyalty was more primarily to him than to Ataturk. In choosing Peker,

therefore, Inonu apparently felt it necessary, if he was to bolster the new government, to draw on the tremendous popularity of the dead Atatürk.

Thus, with a new government (which can be regarded also as a sop to Russia, though its composition had a more direct relation to internal than to external affairs), Turkey faces what may be, even after the perils of the war, her most precarious few years of existence. Although the new government may in some measure mollify Russia by ridding the scene of the Moscow-hated Saracoglu government, Moscow knows that Inonu was at all times above the Saracoglu government, and its responsible chief. For a dictator suffers the disadvantage of not being able to shirk the responsibility for the slightest event in his domain, much less for long periods of policy.

It is on the basis of his past that Inonu must seek friendship with Russia. Only friendship, not an uneasy neutrality, can best serve the interests of peace in the Middle East which Turkey dominates. However, as pointed out before, Inonu, like leaders in other countries, faces the difficulty that in Russia's interpretation the word "friendship" means something dangerously like "subservience."

XIX

TURKEY—THE STRAITS PROBLEM



"Russia's greatest objective of the twentieth century should be to take the Turkish Straits and establish herself firmly there."—From a reported statement made by the Russian foreign minister, Muraviëv, to his Czar, in 1900.

SINCE 1689 the Turkish Straits have figured twelve times in hostilities between Turkey and Russia, and it was natural that they should figure prominently in Foreign Minister Muraviëv's report at the turn of the century to his lord and master, Nicholas II. Nor is it surprising that later, in the strength of her third decade of Sovietization, Russia should have reverted to Czarist thoughts on Russian security and have taken up what Muraviëv had pointed out to the Czar as a century-long policy of effort: to seize and secure the Straits that link the Black Sea to the Mediterranean.

What are the Straits, and what is their significance?

As defined by the Montreux Convention of July 20, 1936, the Turkish Straits consist of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, leading from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean via the island-strewn Aegean.

From this simple geographic description it is obvious that Soviet Russia's drive for the Turkish Straits is not, cannot be, an end in itself, because the Straits do not lead out into

an open sea, but merely from one closed sea to another. Beyond the confluence of the Dardanelles, dumping their cold blue waters from the Black Sea, with the Mediterranean, lie the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Strait of Aden, before open sea is reached to the south, and the Strait of Gibraltar before open sea is reached to the west. The Turkish Straits lead only to further closed doors.

The closed doors are in every case British doors: Suez, Aden, and Gibraltar. With Basra on the Persian Gulf, northwest of Aden, these doors block in the narrow corridor of the British Empire—the Middle East; and the Turkish Straits are nothing more than a northern passage into the Middle East. From this it follows that the most immediately obvious Russian objective—eventual objective—in demanding control of the Straits is to push down into the primarily British Middle East.

Russia, however, bases her claims on the assertion that the war proved that “The Straits Convention did not prevent the enemy powers from using the Straits for military purposes against the USSR and other allied powers, with the Turkish government not being able to escape the responsibility for this situation.”

That is an excerpt from a note delivered to the Turkish government from Russia on August 7, 1946, and transmitted the same day to the United States and Great Britain. It refers to the Montreux Convention of July 20, 1936, and recites in some detail the way in which, according to Soviet opinion, that convention, as administered by Turkey, failed during the war to protect Russia from being got at through the Straits.

When the Turkish Republic took over the ruins of the defeated Ottoman Empire after World War I, it found the Straits in the possession of Allied occupying Powers, chiefly Great Britain, France, and the United States. These Powers

retained control over the Straits until 1923, when Turkey met with Great Britain, France, Greece, and Italy at Lausanne, Switzerland. There the future president, Ismet Inonu, commander of the Turkish Western Front where he had just won a great victory against the Greeks, negotiated for Turkey. His objective then was what it has always been since in his long career—to get foreign influence out of his country. Inonu held up his side of the conference with the same tenacious sense of national mission which characterized his tenure as prime minister and as president. He was able to return to Turkey with what Turkish schoolboys and schoolgirls have since learned to call “the victory of Lausanne.”

The “victory,” so far as the Straits were concerned, did little more than establish that the Straits were Turkish soil and waters, and would remain so. This was of course primary for the Turks, ferociously nationalist under the whip-hand of Ataturk and the xenophobe administration of Inonu. However, restraints remained. An international regime for the Straits was established. They were to be demilitarized, and an international commission was to sit in Istanbul to see to it that the Turks did not refortify them. It took Turkey thirteen years to shake off these final obligations upon her total independence which were inherited from the defeat and collapse of the Ottoman Empire.

In 1936 stubborn little Ismet Pasha, now prime minister, sent his foreign minister, Rustu Aras, to negotiate, again in Switzerland, with the Great Powers—this time on the sole subject of the Straits. It was a bigger gathering, including such faraway powers as Japan, and it convened at Montreux, the tiny Swiss mountain town which lent its name to the charter governing the Straits since 1936.

The United States was represented, but only as an observer, this country then being still preoccupied with keep-

ing clear of "entangling alliances." Russia, Great Britain, France, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, each had a full seat.

When the conference was over, July 20, 1936, Inonu—who from Ankara had personally directed Turkey's part in it—had won back just about all that Turkey could wish for. The Straits became the sole concern of Turkey, so far as administration went, and Turkey was granted the right to remilitarize them. (Turkish troops moved into the Straits zone on the following day.)

Definite rules for the administration of the Straits were laid down. In general, Russia was to be protected by a provision that no more than a total of 45,000 tons of non-Black Sea warships should ever be allowed through the Straits at one time, and that only in peacetime. In time of war, or of threat of war, Turkey was to be allowed to limit passage of merchant vessels, but at all other times these were to be let through without hindrance. Turkey, so long as she was neutral, was to have the authority to bar the warships of any nation from the Straits, in time of war, including ships of Black Sea Powers. The kind and the tonnage of the ships to be allowed through were carefully specified, down to fifty tons (which left out of account the terrifically powerful PT boats to be developed during World War II).

This made Turkey very much the master of her Straits. Hers was to be the discretion as to when the Straits should be open, and what they should be open to. She was to have her own guns and men to back up her decisions. But it also put Turkey in a delicate position that was as likely as not to breed trouble for her in the event of war, especially in the event of a war involving Russia.

During World War II, not long in coming after the Straits Convention was written, Turkey gave perhaps more attention to her administration of the Straits than to any other one feature of her position. The reason was Russia.

The war was not yet over when Russia made it plain that she was not in any way satisfied with Turkish administration of the Straits, and that she would demand changes. At the Potsdam Meeting, she officially informed the United States and Britain that she considered revision of the Straits Convention a necessity. A resolution was adopted, according to which the Big Three agreed that the Montreux Convention should be revised and that the method of approach should be that of separate consultations of all the Big Three with Turkey.

As a result of this resolution, the Russians sent their definite note of August 7, 1946, already quoted from (p. 234), putting into specific form their demands concerning the Straits. This was of course tied in with the Soviet demands regarding Turkey's two trans-Caucasian provinces, Kars and Ardahan, and with Russia's refusal the year before to renew the Turco-Soviet pact of friendship discussed in the preceding chapter. At the time of this refusal, Russia had told Turkey that re-establishment of formally affirmed friendly relations between Russia and Turkey would depend on the outcome of talks about the Straits and the eastern provinces.

The Soviet note of August 7, 1946, provides as succinct an account as exists of the Soviet case against Turkey on the Straits issue. It said:

Events which occurred during the past war clearly indicated that the regime of the Black Sea Straits * established by the Straits Convention, signed in 1936 at Montreux, does not meet the interests of the safety of the Black Sea Powers and does not insure conditions under which the use of these Straits for purposes inimical to the Black Sea Powers would be prevented.

It will suffice to mention a series of incidents. . . .

* Note the Soviet transmutation of the name of the Straits from "Turkish Straits" to "Black Sea Straits," thus bringing the problem directly into line with what follows in the note.

On July 9, 1941, the German command sent the German patrol boat *Seefalke* through the Straits into the Black Sea, which was a gross violation of the Straits Convention. . . .

In August 1941 Turkish authorities gave the Italian war vessel *Tarvizio* permission to pass through the Straits into the Black Sea which . . . would appear to be a violation of the Straits Convention.

On November 4, 1942, the Soviet Government again called to the attention of the Turkish Government the fact that Germany planned to send to the Black Sea through the Straits auxiliary war vessels with a total displacement of 140,000 tons. These vessels were intended for the transfer of military forces and war materials of the Axis countries into the Black Sea. In its representation, the Soviet Government emphasized the fact that the admission of the aforementioned vessels through the Straits into the Black Sea would be an obvious violation of the Convention regarding the regime of the Straits concluded in Montreux, inasmuch as these vessels are left at the disposal of the German Government and are in reality auxiliary warships.

In 1944 . . . toward the end of May and in early June, there took place a series of passages through the Straits from the Black Sea into the Aegean Sea of German warships and auxiliary vessels of varying tonnage of the "Ems" (8 vessels) and "Kriegs-transport" (5 vessels) types, which had taken part in the naval operations in the Black Sea.*

It is obvious from the aforementioned facts that at the time of the past war with Germany and her allies, the Straits Convention did not prevent the enemy powers from using the Straits for military purposes against the USSR and other allied powers, with the Turkish government not being able to escape the responsibility for this situation.

Turkey's replies to this and all other Soviet notes on the subject of her administration of the Montreux Convention

* This was the incident that just preceded the removal of Numan Menemcioglu as Foreign Minister in Turkey. He was made the goat for what had obviously been a government policy to turn a blind eye to the military nature of these ships.

have declared that Turkey scrupulously observed the provisions of the Convention, and that it was always her particular desire to administer the Convention in the spirit in which she conceived it had been written and given to her for administration—that of even-handed justice to all sides, especially in a war in which Turkey was neutral.

In point of fact, Turkey did take particular pains over the Straits Convention, but also in point of fact, and as with all other aspects of the war as they touched Turkey, Turkey's objective was to keep herself free from hostilities. The Turks appeared to realize at all times that the Straits were particular dynamite, but they nevertheless were inclined to benevolence in the case of Axis requests for the use of the Straits during the period of Axis ascendancy. In any event, Axis vessels of doubtful types were in several cases allowed passage, and their passage at the time was viewed with considerable disapproval not by Russia alone, but also by Britain and the United States, whose representatives in Ankara were sent around to the Foreign Office to try to get a different interpretation of the Convention.

Here they were met with Menemencioglu's smooth arguments. The Straits Convention is a wordy, overspecified, tortuous document written, it must appear to any neutral observer, with the very objective of being susceptible of varying interpretations. The British, in particular, do not like to set up clear naval limitations against their fleets, and the British in Montreux in 1936 worked hard and long over the Straits Convention, to make sure that it could on necessity be interpreted so as not to be the complete bar that it appeared at first glance to be.

Menemencioglu could see no good reason why this weaselly document should not be interpreted so as to keep Turkey out of a war in which he and the other Turkish leaders were convinced she could do no better than be uselessly crushed—and perhaps harmfully as well, since the de-

mise of Turkey would have opened the gates to the ill-defended Middle East. He so interpreted it, taking full advantage of the treaty's nuances and gaps. He, too, had helped to write the Convention, and he knew its ins and outs and used them to the full advantage of a Turkey trying to stay out of war.

Russia has preferred, however, to adopt the attitude that Turkey's administration of the Convention throughout the war from the time Russia entered it had been inimical to Russia and the "Black Sea Powers." It is notable here that the "Black Sea Powers" (outside of Turkey) were Rumania and Bulgaria, both enemy powers during the war.

The Soviet note to Turkey reciting Russia's complaints, and stating that the Turkish Government as well as the Convention itself (to which Russia is a signatory) was at fault, went on to say plainly what Russia wanted done about it. It stated:

As is known, the Berlin Conference [Potsdam Conference, July and August 1945] of the Three Powers adopted a resolution consisting of the following:

a) . . . the Convention regarding the Straits, concluded in Montreux, should be revised, as it does not meet the condition of the present time;

b) . . . as the proper course the said question would be the subject of direct negotiations between each of the three powers and the Turkish Government.

The Soviet Government is also acquainted with the contents of the note of November 2, 1945 of the Government of the United States of America and with the note of the British Government of November 21, 1945 addressed to the Government of Turkey on this question.

For its own part, the Soviet Government proposes to establish for the Straits a new regime, proceeding from the following principles:

1. The Straits should always be open to the passage of merchant ships of all countries.
2. The Straits should always be open to the passage of warships of the Black Sea Powers.
3. Passage through the Straits for warships not belonging to the Black Sea Powers shall not be permitted except in cases specifically provided for.
4. The establishment of a regime of the Straits, as the sole sea passage leading from the Black Sea and to the Black Sea, should come under the competence of Turkey and other Black Sea Powers.
5. Turkey and the Soviet Union, as the powers most interested and capable of guaranteeing freedom to commercial navigation and security in the Straits, shall organize joint means of defense of the Straits for the prevention of the utilization of the Straits by other countries for aims hostile to the Black Sea Powers.

Thus Russia openly demanded bases in the Turkish Straits. This was not the first intimation the Turks had had that such a demand was in the making. Talks with the Russians in Moscow and Ankara had already made that perfectly plain, and Turkey had been at pains to let the world know, a year before, that such a move would sooner or later become open and official.

Turkey's detailed reply flatly rejected the demand for the organization of "joint means of defense" in the Straits as an interference with Turkish sovereignty on Turkish soil, said that Turkey was willing to discuss the revision of the Montreux Convention but preferred to do so in a general conference with the other interested powers, and denied that the Turkish government had at any time during the war discriminated against Russia.

The United States' note of November 1945 referred to in the Soviet note just quoted was published, significantly enough, on November 7, 1945, the precise day on which the

Turco-Soviet pact of amity expired through Russian unwillingness to renew it without a settlement on the Straits and Kars and Ardahan. It laid down a projected four-point program for revision of the Montreux Convention so that the Straits would be open to merchant vessels of all nations at all times, to the war vessels of the Black Sea powers at all times, barring the passage of non-Black Sea war vessels without the consent of the Black Sea Powers or the United Nations, and substituting the United Nations for the League of Nations as the over-seeing agency, plus the elimination of Japan from the powers concerned. The United States would be willing to sign on, Mr. Byrnes said.

Thus the American and Soviet attitudes (and the British, as their note paralleled that of the United States) coincided but for the Soviet demand for bases. Additionally, as brought out in a United States note which answered that of Russia's of August, 1946 to Turkey, the United States (and Britain) thought that the best means of approach (regardless of the Soviet interpretation of the Potsdam agreement on the approach to the Straits problem) was that of a conference of the signatories of the Montreux Convention, minus Japan and plus the United States.

The American note said:

. . . It is the view of the Government that the regime of the Straits is a matter of concern not only to the Black Sea Powers, but also to other powers, including the United States. This government cannot, therefore, agree with the Soviet view that the establishment of the regime of the Straits should come under the competence of the Black Sea Powers to the exclusion of other powers.

. . . It is the firm opinion of this government that Turkey should continue to be primarily responsible for the defense of the Straits. Should the Straits become the object of attack or threat of attack by an aggressor, the resulting situation would constitute a threat to international security and would clearly

be a matter for action on the part of the Security Council of the United Nations.

It is observed that the note of the Soviet Government contains no reference to the United Nations. The position of the Government of the United States is that the regime of the Straits should be brought into appropriate relationship with the United Nations and should function in a manner entirely consistent with the principles and aims of the United Nations.

The Government of the United States reaffirms its willingness to participate in a conference called to revise the Montreux Convention.

So the United States and Britain made it plain to Russia and to Turkey, awaiting their support, that they were still opposed to Soviet bases in the Straits, that they wanted a conference on the matter, and that they wanted the whole matter brought under the competence of the United Nations.

Here, without considering the merits or demerits of the Soviet case, it should be brought out that the attitude of the United States and Britain as regards the Turkish Straits, particularly their desire to have the Straits become the god-child of the United Nations, differs considerably from their attitude toward the various narrows they control—Panama, Suez, Aden, Gibraltar, Malay Straits, etc. In all of those places both the Atlantic Allies have bases, on foreign soil, and they have made no suggestion that these straits should be placed under the supervision of the United Nations or that international conferences should be called to regulate them.

Here, however, as in almost every instance, Russia's case is injured by the ulterior motive shining through so obviously from behind it. As pointed out at the beginning of this chapter, there can be little question that for Russia the Straits cannot represent an end, but only a step toward something else. That something else, or the something else which

is most obvious, is the breaking of Britain's grasp on the Middle East.

Britain uses the Mediterranean as a communications route to the outer and richer ends of her Empire. She has scattered around in the Mediterranean area many footholds on land from which she is able to maintain her communications sea-route. Chief among these are Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Palestine, Trans-Jordan, and Aden. In the class of "bases"—which has tight relations with other powers—she has footholds of a very important nature in Greece, Crete, Italy and Turkey. This is the Anglo-Saxon, sea-world sphere of influence.

The United States is equally interested, for behind the Mediterranean, where she has almost common footholds with Britain, lie the rich oil deposits of Irak, Iran, and Saudi Arabia which may become vital in the near future, plus the rich Middle East markets and the opportunity to deploy her sea power for defensive means in the Mediterranean.

The only way Russia can break this Anglo-American grip is by an advance by land which would take from them, or weaken, the bases from which they exercise sea power.

A Soviet base, or Soviet bases, in the Straits region would put Russia in position to dominate, from the air, all of near-by Greece, Crete, and Cyprus, if Soviet air power were developed to that extent. Russia got a severe lesson in that respect from the past war, when German control of Greece and the Greek Islands in the Aegean sealed the Turkish Straits, regardless of the provisions of the Montreux Convention and regardless of Turkish administration of the Convention, so that Russia's allies had to get at her by the long and dangerous routes around Africa and through Persia, and across the top of the world to Murmansk.

Russia is determined that this shall not happen again. Bases in the Dardanelles would go a long way toward preventing it, but not all the way, supposing that other powers

had strong air defenses in the Greek Islands near by. The next obvious step would be control of the Greek Islands.*

Whatever Russia's intentions may be—whether purely defensive or to break through the thin waist of the British Empire in the Middle East, where the United States is also vitally interested both defensively and commercially—the Western Allies see the shadow, at least, of the latter in the Russian demand for bases in the Straits. And they see much the same shadow, but even more pronounced, in the Russian demands for the Turkish provinces of Kars and Ardahan, which are the keys to Turkey's defense of her eastern frontier and thus the key, or keys, to the defense of the Middle East as a whole.

* At the green table Russia has asked for, but given up, the Dodecanese Islands south of the Greek Islands, which are to go to Greece.

XX

TURKEY—YELL BEFORE YOU'RE HURT!



RUSSIA demands the two Turkish provinces in the north-eastern corner of Turkey adjacent to Russia—Kars and Ardahan. If she succeeds in getting them, the result will be the possibility of outflanking the classical invasion route from the East into Turkey and the Turkish bastions along the way: Kars, Erzerum, and Erzincan. The route runs from Tiflis, in the center of the great valley that lies south and west of the Caucasus ranges in the Georgian Soviet Republic, diagonally across the rump of Turkish Anatolia to Iskenderun (Alexandretta). It takes advantage of the gaps smashed through the great mountain ranges of eastern and southern Anatolia (Asia Minor) by the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. It slices in two the rugged and otherwise almost impenetrable Anatolia. Any invader who succeeds in running the course emerges on the shores of the Mediterranean and the edges of the immense Syrian and Irakian deserts. Irak and Syria cut the Middle East in two, leaving the Turkish Anatolian barrier to the north and Suez to the south.

An invader who stood at Alexandretta with a powerful army would, if he possessed the skill and experience to live and fight in the deserts, have the Middle East pierced and almost within his grasp, its best natural defenses already passed.

Whether or not this is what lies behind the Soviet de-

mand for Kars and Ardahan—made known publicly from Russia through the pens of two Georgian Professors just before Christmas 1945, but made known privately by Russia to Turkey considerably earlier—is a conjecture. The facts of the strategic implications cannot be escaped.

Russia claims the two provinces are irredenti taken from her at the time of her weakness after the Communist Revolution in Russia during World War I. The Georgian professors declared that the provinces are peopled with Georgians who want to be reunited with their kinfolk in the Georgian Soviet Republic.

These eastern provinces of Turkey, like much of the territory that lies along Russia's western borders, have changed hands frequently, as tribes or nations on one side or the other temporarily gained the upper hand. As previously pointed out, the Ottoman Turks at one time controlled all of the Caucasus. The Russians—or, rather, the Georgians, Armenians, and others who live along what is now the Turkish frontier with Soviet Russia—have at various times controlled much of what is now Turkey, including Kars and Ardahan. These historical claims can have little bearing on the problem, since they never had any meaning so far as the nature of the population in the disputed provinces is concerned.

Turkey ceded the two provinces to Russia after the Turco-Russian war of 1878. After World War I a plebiscite was held there to determine, for the first time so far as is known, the wishes of the population. This plebiscite voted the provinces into Turkey by 85,124 yeas against 1,924 nays and 1,483 abstentions, according to Turkish figures. It is important to note the fact that Turkey controlled the provinces at the time of the plebiscite, and that much of the bitterest fighting of World War I, so far as Turkey was concerned, took place there. Given the usual character of European or Middle Eastern plebiscites, it is reasonable to sup-

pose that those who controlled the provinces at the time also took care to control the vote. However, Russia at the time consented to the plebiscite.

Soviet Russia now claims that these two provinces were taken from her in Russia's moment of greatest weakness, when she was in the throes of a great revolution.

In this connection the then Turkish premier, Shukru Saracoglu, declared on January 6, 1946, in reply to the blast from the two Georgian professors who in the name of Georgia laid claim to the provinces: "In the days when Russia could be regarded as weak, Turkey could be regarded as so weak as to be nonexistent."

That is true. The further truth is that at the time of the transfer, both Turkey and Russia were outlaw nations, each having just experienced a revolution which was contrary to the wishes of the victors of World War I. Russia, Bolshevik Russia, seeking any friend it could, held out the hand of friendship to outlawed Kemalist Turkey. As the binding ingredient to the new friendship between nations that were hereditary enemies, Russia offered a final settlement of the status of Kars and Ardahan. The offer came from Russia (although Turkey held the provinces, which may have had some bearing).

Accordingly, on October 13, 1921, the Soviet Republics of Armenia, Azerbaijan, and Georgia concluded treaties with Turkey confirming Turkish possession of Kars, Ardahan, and the further province of Batum, but minus the oil-terminal town of Batum which stayed with Russia.

This is Turkey's chief argument: that Russia as a gesture of friendship held out the provinces with the acknowledgment that they are Turkish and that three Soviet Republics signed treaties with her acknowledging the Turkish claim to possession.

However, Saracoglu offered other arguments in his speech of January 6th—one of the few times on record when a

prime minister has stooped to answer claims made by mere professors of another country, and constituting clear evidence of Turkish conviction that the demands were official Russian policy. He said:

"Not a single Armenian lives in these provinces. [This is almost literally borne out by the Turkish census of 1940, but here again a census in such an area is liable to political influences.] The Georgian professors claimed that 15,596 Georgians live in Kars and Ardahan. There are 1,746,329 Turks living there. Soviet Russia has no right to the provinces of Kars and Ardahan."

The premier went on to make it clear that in the event that an attempt should be made to wrest the provinces from Turkey by force, Turkey would fight, no matter what support she got or did not get. Given the intensely patriotic nature of the Turks, and the nationalistic guidance Turkey gets from her government, particularly from Inonu, this is probably what would indeed happen.

At this time Turkish students demonstrated in the Turkish capital, Ankara, shouting: "We shall fight to guard Turkey's territory if she is attacked by anybody!"

Such demonstrations are almost inconceivable in Turkey without the knowledge and backing of the Turkish government. Where Soviet claims on Turkey have been concerned, the Turks have made it a policy to yell before they were hurt. News of Soviet demands on Kars and Ardahan and for bases in the Dardanelles, plus news of a coming Soviet demand (later made) for the Dodecanese Islands and for Libya, leaked out to the press in Ankara as early as mid-summer 1945. It was just at this time that the Turkish ambassador to Moscow, Selim Sarper (inexplicably given this mission despite his widely known pro-German record at the beginning of the war), had heard from Mr. Molotov that any discussion of the formal re-establishment of the Turco-Soviet pact of amity would have to include a consideration

of the status of Kars and Ardahan and of the Straits. Although this was supposed to be a deep diplomatic secret, it slipped out with amazing ease in secretive Ankara, where such institutions as recognized news sources do not exist.

This policy has served Turkey well. It has brought both England and the United States to her defense, diplomatically, long before the actual blow could fall. Public opinion has been mobilized in the United States and Britain in favor of Turkey.

The Turks hope and expect that they will continue to get full backing from the United States and Britain. Both countries have made it plain in published declarations from their responsible statesmen that they would consider a Russian attempt to seize Kars and Ardahan as a violation of Turkish territorial integrity, and that they have set their faces against it. The reason for this can be found not so much in any platonic deprecation of an injustice as in American and British interest in the Soviet project.

As previously pointed out, Kars and Ardahan flank the main route to the heart of the Middle East. Both Britain and America have vital interests near by, chiefly oil, but also strategic. They are obliged to defend these interests, and in the claim to bases in the Dardanelles they see a Soviet attempt to seize or to dominate Azerbaijan (in northern Persia), and in the claim to Kars and Ardahan they see a concert of Russian moves all pointing south. Not west, as Russian expansion toward the Mediterranean has generally been conceived as, but straight south. This conception is undoubtedly correct, for the Middle East lies south, not west, of Russia. A plumb-line south from almost any point in the Russian Caucasus drops through the heart of the Middle East.

Britain and the United States already face the painful problem of Palestine, and in addition a wave of Arab race and nationality consciousness which amounts to an Arab

renaissance. The British are trying to hold on to Palestine as a fortress, to buttress up Trans-Jordan if that fails, and to meet the Arab renaissance by retiring behind the scenes in Egypt.

If Russia has any desire to fish in troubled waters, the waters are ready-stirred for her in the Middle East. Her claims to Kars and Ardahan point an arrow directly toward the Middle East. To Britain, struggling to keep her empire intact economically and strategically (even if not in the same actual form that it has existed in up to now), and to the United States, interested in joint use of British bases from which to deploy her sea-power and defend her economic interests in the Middle East, Russian claims in Turkey have to be considered in the light of the strategic dangers implicit in them.

This is the result of the fact that there are, in reality, two worlds, not one. One is Russia's heart-land, oriental, land-power world; the other is Anglo-America's Western-culture sea-world. The two come together in the Balkans, and that they do so as two fundamentally different worlds is evidenced by the facts that Russia controls the countries that are an extension of her own great lands—Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Albania; and that Turkey and Greece, fronting on the Mediterranean, which is one of the world's most important links between seas and continents, are under the wings of the United States and Britain.

The two worlds are different. Whether they are fundamentally antagonistic, only time can tell, but the fate of Kars and Ardahan and that of the Turkish Straits will be important signposts.

XXI

GREECE—FOREVER CATASTROPHE



ON A continent plunged into stark tragedy by World War II, the rocky, barren, and semi-isolated Greek Peninsula has had more than its rightful share of tragedy. The horrors of war and the maladjustments of peace were doled out to Greece in tenfold quantities.

The story of Greece in the war and the uneasy peace that has followed has been like a badly written movie serial in which the beautiful heroine falls into one melodramatic catastrophe after another, and—pursued by an evil fate from holocaust to horror—has survived only to encounter new difficulties in the next installment.

The analogy between the story of Greece and a corny movie serial can be carried a step farther and still escape absurdity. The heroine of the melodrama—the Greek people—is attractive and lovable. She is of one of the best families; she can and does point proudly to her classical antecedents. She claims the sympathy of the audience as she blithely faces dangers she obviously is too frail and delicate to bear. But she also has that inevitable quality of all movie-serial queens—an innate stupidity which prompts her to stumble surely into the traps set by spiteful fate. The observer of Greek affairs has the same impulse that makes the small boy shout out in the darkened cinema: "Look out—you're heading for the open drawbridge!" The movie queen

never hears, and the small boy must suffer with her as she hangs by weakening fingers over the raging rapids until the next installment rescues her, only to fling her down a mine-shaft moments later.

As good a point as any for beginning the modern Greek tragedy is August 1936. It was then that King George II of Greece—having only recently returned from exile—countered an overwhelming vote for the republican parties by naming old General Metaxas as premier. Metaxas suspended the constitution and saddled Greece with a totalitarian dictatorship, which compared favorably—perhaps unfavorably is a better word—with those of the European countries which were to become our enemies in the approaching world war. Metaxas held his power through suppression and police terror which ran roughshod over the Greek heritage of democracy. It was a period of unhappiness for the Greek people, and even in the days of civil strife and political upheaval which followed the war they recalled it with abhorrence.

The ghost of Metaxas has more to answer for than his use of the weapons of terror, political persecution, jails, and exile to remain in power. There is little doubt that the debilitating influence of the years of suppression was directly reflected in the inept efforts of the Greek people and their leaders to steer through the political maelstrom that followed the war. When the people needed political acumen most they had the years of straitjacket rule sapping their strength and warping their views.

It was a demonstration of the strength of the Greek people that, even in the time of the stifling dictatorship, they rallied solidly to face the danger when blustering Benito Mussolini's army swept down on them from Albania. The Greek performance in that war is one of the classics of modern history. With little more than spirit to sustain them

against the better-equipped Italians, they swept the enemy back and fought him to a standstill in the Albanian mountains.

The Greeks had won their war with the Italians when, in 1941, the Germans turned on them as well to pluck the weak Italian end of the Axis from an embarrassing situation and to strike another blow at the British fighting their uneven battle in the Middle East.

The Greeks already had done the "impossible" in holding the Italians at bay. It was an accomplishment based almost entirely on spirit bolstered by an inbred contempt for the Italians. That heady spirit disappeared in the face of the Germans. Instead of the contempt they felt for the Italians, the Greeks had an overblown respect and fear of German military might. The psychological factors that made it possible for the Greeks to stand up against the Italians worked in reverse to make them crumble immediately before the Germans. Of course, the Greeks were right; no amount of psychology could have availed against the crack German military machine of 1941.

The Nazi drive against the Greeks was hardly a war at all so far as the Greeks were concerned. The Greek army made one brave stand in their northern mountains, but it was a stand for posterity's record. None expected it to succeed.

The British army that moved into Greece to oppose the German advance was also little more than a token force. Transferred from the desert theater of Africa where it was badly needed, it was hardly more than a costly demonstration of Britain's solidarity with Greece, a demonstration that Greece did not stand alone and a promise of more help when the tides of battle should turn.

The German drive into Greece ushered in the darkest period of modern Greek history, blacker even than the days of Turkish occupation which blighted the Greek

spirit for centuries. Bulgarian troops followed on the heels of the German conquerors to occupy—with the intention of eventual annexation—large parts of Greek Macedonia and Thrace.

It was German economic policy to loot conquered countries of their substance for the enrichment of the Reich. For Greece, a food-importing country in the best of times, this meant starvation. And starvation followed. The crops of tobacco, dried fruit, and olives on which she depended for trade which would bring her vital grain were confiscated by the Germans. Even without an enemy army grabbing off the best for itself, Greece could not live without trading her "luxury" products for necessities.

There is little doubt that Greece during the first year of the Nazi occupation experienced severer and more widespread suffering than any other country of Europe. People died on the streets of Athens from starvation and in the smaller communities conditions were worse. Apparently the appalling conditions shocked even the Germans because some food was brought in during the occupation years that followed. International Red Cross ships were allowed to put into Greek ports with food cargoes that mitigated somewhat the ghastly starvation conditions.

Throughout this dark period the Greek people never lost their spirit of resistance. Australian and British soldiers who were lost or left behind by the retreat from the ill-fated resistance to the initial German assault found protection in villages and towns until they could be smuggled from the country. Some stayed to do intelligence work. During all the occupation, Greece was thronged with agents flown in from British and American headquarters in Cairo to gather information or for liaison with the rightist and leftist resistance groups organized in the hills.

It is fortunate that exhausted Greece was liberated, not by another military campaign through its cities and hills,

but by the tides of the European war which forced the Germans to retreat as their flanks in Russia and Italy were menaced. True to the promise its soldiers made as they evacuated Greece in defeat in 1941, the British army returned. But it returned in small numbers, close on the heels of the retreating Germans but with no attempt at a pitched battle.

The Greece that was reopened to the non-Axis world was like a man half-recovered from a serious illness. Evidence of malnutrition was on every hand. There was complete economic decay. Money, printed freely throughout the German occupation, plunged in value until it was worthless. Apathy held the people. Laborers showed no desire to work, farmers to farm, or politicians to wrestle realistically with the overwhelming problems before them. Streets were filled with beggars. Men fought for places at the doors of relief agencies. After the first intoxication of the liberation faces were glum. Those who did not have to beg seemed imbued with the beggar's philosophy that someone else would solve their problems.

That a civil war should have broken out in Greece at this point was the sheerest tragedy. Its one good point was that it did not directly involve the bulk of the Greek people. On one side the burden of the fight was carried by a confused British soldiery who had no clear conception of what was involved. On the other side the battle was waged almost entirely by a Communist-inspired corps who knew what they wanted and thought they had much of the country behind them. But more of that later.

UNRRA, which had only started its work when it was interrupted by the civil war, was able to accomplish little until the British-imposed peace. Its work was simple in its hugeness. Greece needed everything and needed it urgently. UNRRA's problem in Greece was the direct opposite of the one it faced in Yugoslavia. Instead of official insistence

that the distribution of UNRRA aid should be carried out by local functionaries without supervision, there was an official apathy which looked to the UNRRA mission to do everything.

UNRRA did a good job in Greece. Where the need was so great it could hardly have done otherwise so long as allotments from the world pool of supplies were made available to it. Its difficulties were in the size of its job and the reluctance of the Greeks to do their part in the beginning. In its final phase it suffered from the over-organization and pettishness which seem to be the occupational diseases of governmental workers everywhere.

Greece is the only country this correspondent has seen in which UNRRA literally changed the face of the country. When its work began, Athens was drab and depressing. The streets swarmed with filthy, ragged small boys who seemed to live by begging. Grown-ups dressed in drab clothes that obviously had been worn constantly years on end. Shops had only luxury items at fantastic prices.

Six months later—it was spring then, which helped—there was an air almost of well-being. The small beggar-boys, their rags replaced with cleaner though sometimes ill-fitting clothes, had become shoeshine boys or cigarette and chocolate black marketeers. The latter type of trade, dear to the hearts of Greeks of all ages, implies a weakness in UNRRA administration, but at least it was better than the former condition. Women wore brighter clothes. Men had regained their interest in the life of endless discussion which centers about the sidewalk café. And shops at last carried staples that were obtainable by people other than the rich.

When Greeks and Britons get together for a dinner where toasts are in order, or at a gathering where speeches are made, mention of Lord Byron and his death for the cause of Greek independence from the Ottoman empire is a must.

Praise for the colorful English poet who died for Greece is as much a traditional reference on such occasions as mention of George Washington and Valley Forge is to an American Fourth of July orator. Just as Valley Forge has become a symbol of our struggle for independence, Byron has become a symbol of the relationship between Great Britain and the modern Greek state.

So British influence in Greek affairs is nothing new. It is inherent in the common maritime character of the two countries and in Britain's influence in the Mediterranean and the Middle East. It is a fact that is accepted—or has been in the past—by Greeks as a necessary part of their national policy. It is doubtful that postwar activities of Britain in Greece have, in the long run, either increased or decreased that influence. However, postwar developments in other Balkan countries have spotlighted the British position there.

In a body, the Balkan countries, except Turkey, have been drawn into the orbit of Russian influence. There is a section of the Greek population that would take Greece along with those countries. In opposing that, Britain has for a time dominated Greece militarily and appeared to dominate her politically.

There can be no denial that Britain played a large part in molding Greece's political future in the days that followed the leftist defeat in the civil war. Governments stayed in power or fell on British initiative. It is unlikely, however, that such direct British influence can be a lasting part of Greek politics. It goes against the grain of the political-minded Greeks, and it hardly fits into the scheme of British foreign policy in its postwar development.

There is a story that was told with great relish in Greece in the days that followed the civil war. It is doubtless apocryphal but even so its currency has significance.

It is said that when Winston Churchill, then Britain's prime minister, arrived in Athens at the tail-end of the

civil war to help make sense of the political muddle, he was discussing with his ambassador, Rex Leeper, the possibilities of a regency to provide an interim of stability until the Greek people could vote on the question of the return of King George.

"Who is this Archbishop Damoskinos?" Churchill is said to have asked. "Is he a calculating, scheming, medieval-minded prelate?"

"The Archbishop might be described in those words," Leeper is said to have replied.

"Then he is just our man," said Churchill.

Whatever the true story of how it happened, Damoskinos was installed as regent of Greece. A giant of a man with a flowing gray beard and the billowing black robes of the Orthodox clergy, Damoskinos had the background that fitted him for the rough-and-tumble of Greek politics. In his youth he was a wrestler and a soldier. He had a record of fearless opposition to Nazi repressive measures during the occupation. There was a British officer who made the Archbishop's home his headquarters on frequent underground visits to Greece while the Germans were there. Damoskinos had the respect of the Greek people and he represented stability at a time of crisis and political uncertainty in his country.

Damoskinos frankly played the British game in Greek politics. He played it, however, in the spirit that the story implies. He saw clearly as a Greek that the British role in Greece could not be denied at the time. To him and his class temporary British domination was preferable to the alternative of a leftist power grab.

Probably Britain's greatest strength during this period lay in the apathy of a large section of the Greek population. Greeks, their initiative blunted by the years of dictatorship followed by the years of occupation, were content to let someone else solve their problems. They became convinced

—in the face of British denials—that the British were committed to the return of King George to the Greek throne. They accepted this; even got enthusiastic about it, if for no other reason than to be on what they became convinced would be the winning side. Others, among the thinking Greeks, became royalists as a difficult choice between the return of the king and the grim fear of what might follow a successful leftist revolution.

America's role in the postwar Greek tragedy was that of a cautious spectator and nothing more. Diplomatically she was enthralled by the unfolding story of civil strife followed by diplomatic maneuver, but there was a studied avoidance of any expression of official opinion about what went on. The American public was deeply moved and intensely interested in the trials of the gallant little country, but it had no feeling of participation. That came later.

The United States was—and is—represented in Greece by a man of sound judgment who has spent years in the country. It is no exaggeration to say that genial, gray-haired Ambassador Lincoln MacVeagh understands the intricacies of Greek politics, the vagaries of Greek character, and the cross-currents of Greek influences as well as any man in the country. Yet—either on his own initiative or on orders from the State department—he studiously avoided any constructive use of this admirable background at that time.

To an outsider it appeared that the United States decided that the whole problem of Greece was Britain's baby and that we would have none of it.

America's decision was certainly the easy way out. To have actively supported Britain in her forcible suppression of the leftist insurrection would have subjected the United States government—as it did the British government—to severe criticism. To have opposed Britain diplomatically would have shown a lack of realism. The clear fact is that in the interplay of world politics we stood to gain by Britain's

stand in Greece. However much we may disagree with the British on many fundamental facts, her interests and ours are identical in many parts of the world. For Britain to have lost her influence in Greece, with all that it implies in global position, would have been a blow against us as well. Since those days the "Truman Doctrine" has arrived to save the faltering British position and put us into Greece without reservations.

XXII

GREECE—WHO WON THE CIVIL WAR?



THE tides of revolution rose throughout the Balkan peninsula during the dark years of German occupation. It was the natural human reaction to suppression and misery. It was human, too, that men should dream of a new day when they should be rid not only of the hated occupation armies but also of abusive practices of their own prewar governments. Of such yearnings are revolutions made. In a pattern so precise as to look like an overall design, a group of purposeful Communists worked themselves into the core of these popular movements in all the countries where the latter arose.

We have seen how the communist revolution was fought and won in Yugoslavia. By somewhat less violent means it succeeded in Albania and Bulgaria. The same revolution was fought and lost in Greece, but until Greece attains economic and political stability there is always a good chance that it will be fought again.

During the German occupation of the Balkans when Marshal Josip Broz-Tito and his Partisan movement were fighting and gaining ascendancy over all other groups in Yugoslavia, a similar resistance movement arose in occupied Greece. It was known as EAM—the initials standing for the Greek phrase translated “National Liberation Front,” the same name that Tito called his movement. Like Tito’s movement, EAM drew its adherents from a wide base of the

population. It provided the best means for the persecuted Greeks to fight back at the Nazi occupier. The mountain resistance camps offered refuge for men who found it no longer safe to remain in the occupied cities.

Another element in the growth of the resistance was the Greek tradition of guerrilla fighting, which grew up in the years of Turkish domination. It was not until the late twenties that the last of the bandit gangs were cleared from the mountains of Greece where they had continued to operate as a direct outgrowth of the groups formed to raid the Turks.

Thus it is obvious that, while this leftist resistance movement drew its fighters from widely separated elements of the population, not all of its members were impelled by a revolutionary fervor.

EAM professed general democratic principles, but it became clear early that the predominant group in the movement—which was represented as a coalition of all liberal parties in Greece—was the communist party, known as K.K.E. and pronounced coo-coo-eh. As had happened in other countries, the Communists alone had a real program and knew just what they wanted to do. They had disciplined adherents. It was easy for them to win dominance over their milder colleagues whose programs were negative at best.

At the same time a second resistance movement arose in Greece, known as EDES (National Democratic Greek Army). Its politics were to the right of EAM and its resistance to the Germans was considerably less effective. Here also is an obvious parallel to the situation in Yugoslavia, although there have been no substantial charges that EDES went so far as to collaborate with the enemy. The Greeks did have Security Battalions, however, which were formed by the Germans from among the sections of the Greek population which feared the implications of the EAM movement.

As might have been expected, both EAM (or its military

arm, ELAS) and EDES spent more time fighting each other than either did in harassing or sabotaging the Germans. This went on although the American and British armies had OSS men and liaison officers with units of both sides. There was one absurd instance of a running battle between two groups, one of which was accompanied by a British officer and the other by an American officer. These brave liaison officers, performing one of the war's most difficult and thankless tasks, in many cases unwittingly contributed to later difficulties by giving each side the impression that it could depend on Anglo-American support in the postwar period.

Airborne supplies were dropped to both sides, but in the final phase of the German occupation of Greece the great bulk of this help from Anglo-American headquarters went to EDES units. Since in the same period all of our airborne aid to Yugoslavia was going to Marshal Tito, one wonders whether the high-level decisions that govern such things were based on an ignorance of the political factors involved or on an early agreement to divide spheres of influence.

The conflict between the two Greek resistance groups reached such a point that General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Middle-East commander, issued a call for unity in October 1943. There is no indication that it did any good.

Both guerrilla outfits sent deputations from occupied Greece to ask representation in the government-in-exile, which had been carrying out its functions in London and Cairo. They were refused, and this may be considered one of the first steps toward the civil war that ripped Greece asunder only a few weeks after its liberation. This decision predicated the return of a government to war-ravaged Greece which was out of touch with new and important political feelings in the country. Inevitably, it quickly demonstrated its inability to unify the country.

When, in the late fall of 1944, the Germans began to

withdraw from Greece, the British sent a small force into the country—a force it could ill afford to withdraw from the Italian battlefield. It was not large enough to give battle, even to a retreating enemy, and contented itself with occupying territory as the Germans pulled out. Obviously a major purpose of the British force was to keep order until a stable government should be re-established. In effect, its job was to pave the way for the return of the exile government, which had already by its shortsighted policy doomed itself to failure.

This land of islands and rugged, stony mountains—poverty-stricken even in peacetimes—was a sad sight after the ravages of war and occupation. A food-importing country in periods of full agricultural production, Greece felt even more than others the heavy, grasping hand of the occupier. As a nation Greece was like an ancient tumbledown mansion, ravaged by thieves and time alike.

The political mind of the average Greek—normally one of the keenest in the world—was stultified by the repressive prewar dictatorship and the harsher abuse of the long Axis occupation. It has been said that every Greek is his own political party; this was more than ever true in the days following the liberation.

Full details of the intricacies of postwar Greek political maneuvers have no place here; and except when treated fully these complexities become even more confusing. Suffice it to say that the still strong EAM suspected, with some justification, that rightist elements were grabbing the government. In any case, EAM's program called for complete domination of the government and through it domination by its communist wing, K.K.E.

There has been much discussion about who started the civil war that broke out in the latter part of 1944. Essentially, of course, a revolution is always started by the rebels, and Greece in this case was no exception. However, the govern-

ment provided more than sufficient provocations to becloud the whole issue. Best evidence indicates that ELAS troops already had begun a stealthy military operation against outlying police stations in the Athens area before the fateful morning when government policemen fired into demonstrators on the main square of Athens and set the country aflame with insurrection.

As a battle, the civil war was essentially a fight for the physical possession of Athens, and thereby the government of Greece. The insurrectionists almost succeeded when the small British force was compelled to withdraw into an ever-tightening circle in the center of the city. It was only when rocket-firing planes and reinforcements arrived that the attackers were forced to give in. Greek forces drawn from the rightist resistance group gave only nominal aid in the fight, leaving it almost entirely in the hands of the British. On the other hand, the main burden of the fighting for the insurrectionists was carried not by the rank and file of ELAS—which remained in the mountains in confusion and some doubt about the whole matter—but by a unit known as the Athens Corps. While ELAS truly drew its followers from the large mass of poor and laboring people, the Athens Corps was made up of frankly communist shock troops.

Fighting the Greek civil war was a distasteful job for the British Tommy, who was fully aware of the criticism of his country's action both at home and in the United States. His confusion over the political factors involved was as great as the rest of the world's.

For American and British correspondents daily risking their lives to cover one of the most difficult stories of the war, there also was confusion. The British military establishment showed normal willingness to furnish military information within the limits of security. British diplomacy, on the other hand, treated legitimate quests for information with contempt and in return was treated with contempt by

the correspondents. In the weeks before the outbreak of hostilities, when British diplomacy had, with smug stupidity, cut itself off from the press of the world, EAM operated an efficient, conveniently located, and courteous press office.

The tragedy of the Greek civil war was that it crippled a genuinely popular movement in Greece, which had attracted honest men who hoped for a better life and a political voice for the masses. Impressed by its democratic pronouncements, people had flocked to the EAM banner in protest against the reactionary regimes of the past. The ideal solution for postwar Greece would have been to prevent the communist extremists from capturing this popular movement so that the large group of repressed poor could have legitimately claimed its political rights.

That popular game of "if" that imaginative people like to play with history is fairly simple in this case. What would have happened *if* EAM had won its civil war in Greece? One has only to look to other European countries where movements professing democracy but dominated by Communism have won their battles.

The failure of ELAS in the fight led to the immediate divergence of groups and individuals who had small political affinity with its leadership. Many of these had stuck with EAM when it looked as if this would become the ruling group in Greece, even while they disapproved of some of its obvious political intentions. Just as EAM lost support in failure, the Royalists gained support. Many flocked to the monarchist banners under the conviction that the British were committed to follow up their military action by re-enthroning King George. Many saw the monarchy as an answer to leftist excesses they had tasted during the insurrection, and many simply jumped again to be on the winning side.

In truth it was just another logical step from the defeat of EAM to the recall of King George from exile in the

plebiscite of September 1, 1946. In spite of himself, George was symbolic of the extreme wing of the pendulum from left to right. He had either to live down his past or live up to it. The latter course almost inevitably meant more trouble for Greece.

This German prince, of mingled Hohenzollern and Glücksburg but no Greek blood, was born in Athens on July 20, 1890, to the then heir to the throne, Prince Constantine, and Princess Sofia. He had an unpopular and mediocre career in the Greek military school, and by the time the Balkan wars of 1912 flared into full-fledged campaigns he was one of King Constantine's numerous aides. He was a colorless character, completely eclipsed by other personalities of the day.

In World War I, which followed closely on the heels of the Balkan conflict, King Constantine tried hard but unsuccessfully to take Greece into the war on the side of Germany. Prince George was so thoroughly involved in his father's plot that the Allies refused to allow him to take the throne made vacant by Constantine's expulsion. Instead, his younger brother, Alexander, who—unusual for Balkan royalty—was known to be genuinely in favor of constitutional rule, succeeded to the throne of Greece. All might have gone well if a monkey had not changed the course of history. Alexander died of the bite of a pet monkey, and once more Constantine, against the will of the Allies, returned as king and George as heir.

With this new prospect of succeeding in his hereditary profession opening before him, George took a royal wife on February 27, 1921. He married Princess Elizabeth of Rumania, sister of noisy, blatant King Carol. Elizabeth, a true sister of the dissolute Rumanian monarch, had no love for her colorless royal husband. Rumor said she had an affair with a Greek in Rumania, but in any case the marriage was a failure.

Off-again, on-again Constantine had to abdicate once more in the crisis that followed Greece's complete defeat in her ill-advised campaign against Kemalist Turkey, and George had his first go at being king. Many things, including the previous conduct of its royal house, set the Greeks to thinking of the virtues of a republican form of government, and to achieve it they seized the first pretext to kick George out. The King and a group of royalist generals furnished the provocation in December 1923 when they staged a revolution to overthrow the cabinet that had been set up after the rout in Asia Minor.

King George was forced to leave the country in April 1924. In exile for eleven years he was able to mull over this first failure in strong-arm politics. The jobless king wandered Europe awhile and ended up in London where he lived quietly in a hotel on Dover Street. The playful international set of the day remember him as a mousy little man who was always available as an extra man at dinner. He picked up a mistress but eschewed the extravagant pranks that have made tabloid characters of other deposed monarchs.

As royalist rumblings in Greece began to set the stage for his return to the throne, George forced through his divorce from his Rumanian queen in order to escape the necessity of taking her back with him. It was completed in July 1935. In November of the same year a carefully arranged plebiscite showed 97.5 percent of the Greek population in favor of a return to the monarchical form of government. No informed Greek denies today that this election was the most blatant fraud. There is evidence that George himself knew this was so—he must have if he knew anything of Greek politics—and was doubtful about the advisability of returning. For some strange reason, British diplomacy smoothed the way for him and he once more took up residence in the royal palace in Athens.

King George made a vow to rule constitutionally and kept his promise faithfully—for a few months. In the one free election he permitted, the people voted overwhelmingly for the republican parties. George countered this by naming tough old General Metaxas premier, and in August 1936 Metaxas suspended the constitution and saddled Greece with a totalitarian dictatorship. Only by becoming a model constitutional monarch could George have lived down the cruelties inflicted on the Greek people during the years of the Metaxas dictatorship.

The German invasion on April 6, 1941 drove King George into exile once more and he made his way to his old stamping grounds in London. This time he was better heeled with ready cash and lived in a better hotel. This time, too, he kept a lively finger in Greek politics, working always for the royalist cause and for his eventual return. King George was, in fact, ruling Greece by long-distance wire-pulling long before he returned at the bidding of another plebiscite.

Already, before his return to Greece and since, the Greek government has been using its old absolutist methods to put down leftist opposition. Jails are crowded once more and people are driven from their homes for political opinions.

Greece escaped a full blown communist revolution and in swinging away from it has swept to the opposite extreme. The sensible middle way has been ignored. If Greece persists in strong-arm suppression of political opposition, further violent reaction is almost inevitable. If the Communists lead that reaction, which seems likely, the result will not be just another power struggle of the type that has pockmarked Greek history in the past. It will be international Communism, using the legitimate complaints of a downtrodden people, attempting to spread its rule to yet another part of

the world, and in this case a very strategic part. Such an explosive situation has brought the Western democracies into conflict with the Russian bloc.

It is a contingency for which Americans should have been prepared. They should understand what it means now that it has come.

XXIII

GREECE—AND HER NEIGHBORS



THE northern frontier of Greece runs for some six hundred miles through the steep barren hills and sparsely populated valleys of Thrace, Macedonia, and Epirus. The atmosphere of peace that came to most of the world at the end of the war seems to have missed this border area where Greece meets her northern neighbors, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Albania. These frontiers have grown more warlike, instead of less, in the days of peace. Armies stand ready and incidents multiply. Recriminations sound from the capitals of Athens, Belgrade, Tirana, and Sofia, and daily the situation grows more uncertain and explosive.

The Security Council of the United Nations sent a commission in January 1947 to investigate Greek charges of border violations against her three northern neighbors. For their pains the mission heard an embittered rehash of old and new hatreds, exaggerated charges and countercharges, and frank expressions of fear for the future peace.

These borders, which have been the cause of wars in the past, continue to be a matter of dispute. Both Greece and Bulgaria went to the Paris Peace Conference of Twenty-One Nations demanding generous slices of each other's territory. Greece refuses to forget her claim for Albanian territory in northern Epirus. Even in the absence of nationalistic claims the line that runs through Macedonia, dividing Greek and Yugoslav domains, is even more of a potential trouble spot.

If the conflict in this area flares into open warfare, one of the keys to the situation will be the old dream of Macedonian independence. Macedonia is an ill-defined area in the heart of the Balkans, whose people have an urge toward united autonomy, although it has not known national sovereignty since ancient times when Alexander the Great used it as a jumping-off place for world conquest.

Macedonia consists of a large portion of northern Greece and southern Yugoslavia and a small section of Bulgaria. The language is a Slav dialect that varies from section to section, and the people are mostly of Slav blood, though blood and peoples from every Balkan country have mingled there in past centuries. In postwar days local patriots in all three sections have raised the cry for an autonomous Macedonia.

Yugoslav Macedonia, formerly known as South Serbia as a part of a former unsuccessful attempt by the Serbs to destroy the individual character of the area, has already been granted a type of autonomy. It is one of the People's Republics in federated Yugoslavia. Given the character of the Macedonian people, it is only natural that this partial autonomy should lead to agitation for the union of all parts of Macedonia in a single state. This, however, has never been an announced national policy of Tito's Yugoslavia; all such agitation is carefully kept on a strictly local basis.

Greeks, on the other hand, look on any effort toward an autonomous Macedonia as an attempt to steal from them the rich grain lands of the north upon which their whole national economy is dependent. To raise the cry for any change in the status of Greek Macedonia is to commit treason in the eyes of the Greeks. They even go to the opposite extreme, as Greeks are wont to do, denying the Slav character of a large portion of their citizens and using as a basis for persecution the mere fact that this section of their people prefer to speak the Slav dialect.

Since her beginning as a modern state Bulgaria has claimed the whole of Macedonia as rightfully hers. The hope of getting it has twice been the major prod to that country's jumping into a world war on the wrong side. Bulgarian troops occupied much of Macedonia as vassals of the Germans in the hope of eventually annexing the area. The result was that there was unnecessary cruelty in its occupation as Bulgar troops attempted to eliminate all elements of the population which would be expected to interfere with eventual annexation. Bulgaria, as it has been forced to do after other wars, has put the damper on any claims for Macedonia. But it is still possible to get into a lively argument in a Sofia café by suggesting that Macedonia is not truly Bulgarian in character.

Each of the countries that share Macedonian territory has attempted to integrate the Macedonian peoples with its own by repressive measures seeking to destroy the idea of a separate Macedonian language, culture, or background. In the brief periods allotted them by history the Bulgars have tried it with violence. In the past the Serbs tried it by an imposed governmental administration based on the fiction that Macedonia was a part of Serbia. It is to Marshal Tito's credit—and probably his eventual benefit—that he recognized this feeling of Macedonian nationalism and gave limited rein to its development. The Greeks, on the other hand, continue to deny the individual character of the Macedonians. The efforts to make them as typically Greek as Athens continue.

"Of course those people should be forced to speak Greek," said an otherwise sensible Athenian recently. "It is their proper language. Some of them just won't admit it."

As a result of this past and continuing attitude on the part of the Greeks, they have lost the loyalty of a section of their northern population. In punishing this disloyalty they drive dissidents to look across the borders for aid and

guidance. This factor is a small part of the cause of past—and possibly future—troubles.

The Macedonians—the last of the Balkan peoples to be freed from the yoke of the Ottoman Empire—have resisted modern efforts at assimilation with the dogged tenacity that they learned in generations of Turkish domination.

There was a little-publicized bit of drama in the establishment of autonomous Macedonia within the new Yugoslav postwar state which symbolizes the Macedonian urge toward expression on an international scale. In the early days of the liberation of Yugoslavia, when provisional governments were being set up in each of what were to become the federated republics, the Macedonians attempted to take their new statehood too seriously. They appointed their own foreign minister and began negotiating for diplomatic representation with their neighbors. That was not at all what the central government in Belgrade had in mind. With a scratch of Marshal Tito's pen a whole new government was set up in Skopje, capital of Yugoslav Macedonia, with strict instructions that hereafter foreign policy was solely the business of the Belgrade government.

As early as the summer of 1945 a tour of both sides of the Greco-Yugoslav border revealed the elements of what was a year and a half later to boil up into charges and counter-charges before the Security Council. That the situation was a threat to peace was patent even then. Fixing blame was difficult to the point of impossibility then; it is doubtful whether it is any easier now.

Go with us first to the little Macedonian town of Bitolj. It is in Yugoslav territory a few miles from the Greek border in what is known as the Monastir Gap, a natural pass through the mountains. There you see and talk to a group of about a hundred ragged, bedraggled, unhappy refugees who say they have fled across the frontier in terror of Greek army and police reprisals against them. They are noisy

and clamor for a chance to speak when they learn that you are Americans. They tell of murders, of rapes, of villages burned, of hiding in the hills until they can escape across the border leaving crops ungathered in the fields.

They name their villages; they name victims; they corroborate each other's stories. They convince you that they have truly fled from a Greek terror. You ask why. Why have the Greeks been persecuting them? "Because we are Macedonians!" a man shouts over the heads of the others. You single out a barefooted woman in ragged black and ask her. "Because we love Tito!" she answers. With a straight face, your self-appointed interpreter translates her answer as: "Because we are Macedonians!"—and gives the woman a warning look.*

There you perhaps have the key to an explanation—but certainly not an excuse—for the Greek action. In the days of the German occupation there was working liaison between the Yugoslav Partisans and the Greek resistance forces of leftist EAM. The partisans won control of their country; EAM did not. Many of these refugees probably represented the families of men who continued their guerilla activity, transferring their hatred from the Germans to the Greek government. Although they carefully avoided mentioning it, there were others among them who had, during the days of the Bulgarian occupation, co-operated fully with the Bulgars in severe repressive measures against Greek elements of the population. You could put down the terror they had faced as simple Greek revenge.

Whatever the explanation, the visit to Bitolj convinces you that at least some elements of the Greek population in Greek Macedonia were continuing to use that old Balkan weapon, terror, for political reasons.

* A mangled version of the Associated Press account of this visit to Bitolj was presented by the Yugoslavs in evidence before the investigation commission of the Security Council in Athens.

A few weeks later, still in the summer of 1945, you visit the Greek side of the same frontier. You visit a frontier post where the small Greek garrison is neatly outfitted in British battle-dress uniforms. They tell you how, a few days before, a Yugoslav patrol crept over the line and captured a Greek soldier as he was relieving himself behind a bush. You walk a few yards down the highway to the opposing Yugoslav frontier post. A surly officer motions you back a few feet to the border line, which is crudely defined by a row of white posts. You ask if you may take his picture. He slaps his pistol holster and assures you that he will shoot if you do.

A Greek official will tell you of the "bandit" bands still operating in the frontier area, looting villages and attacking small police posts. He will insist that these bands are armed by Yugoslavs and that Yugoslavia gives them refuge when the chase becomes too hot. You find a British officer commanding one of the units in the area, and you ask him if the Greek charges are true. He answers you with that objectivity that the British seem to maintain even in the most difficult times:

"We can't be sure, but it looks as if the Yugoslav border guards do permit them to pass back and forth." Then he waves his arm toward the gray mountain masses that stretch endlessly into the distance. "How can you tell?" he asks. "You get to chasing a band of fifty to a hundred men in that terrain, and they just disappear. Who can tell where they go?"

You leave the frontier area with a feeling of deep depression. The situation there is something less than warfare, but it is a far cry from the peace that the world hoped would follow VE day.

The situation grew progressively worse from that day until December 4, 1946, when Vassili Dendramis, Greek ambassador to the United States, filed formal charges of border violations with the United Nations.

Macedonia is the historic point of friction, but by far the most important key to the postwar enmity between Greece and her northern neighbors lies in the divergent course of their postwar histories. The northern frontier of Greece is important as a national boundary, but it is more important as the dividing line between the land where Communism has won and the land where Communism has lost.

So long as hatred, friction, and undeclared fighting continue on that frontier there can be no lasting peace for the world.

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